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# THE STUDIO.

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Contents, July 15, 1901.

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TRAFFIC

# THE STUDIO

THE WORK OF JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

M. Jean-François Raffaëlli holds an exceptional place in French art. While his early comrades—Degas, Claude Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, for example, those with whom, about the year 1880, he fought the good fight for individualism as against the "School," for truth against convention, in a word, for light against darkness—while these, I say, remain, so to speak, the pariahs of art, generally discountenanced, despite the admiration of the true artist and the true connoisseur—despite, too, the prices "fetched" by their works on the market and in the public sales, Raffaëlli has contrived to win his position, has acquired substantial foothold among the public, and has even gained recognition in official circles. This, I hasten to proclaim, he has achieved without concession of any sort, without the smallest desire to flatter the taste of the masses, without in the slightest degree sacrificing his artistic convictions; and the case is so rare as to deserve recording. M. Raffaëlli has fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the early promise he displayed; a strict sense of the logical and a powerful will have been ever present in the

development of his personality. Always keenly critical with regard to himself, he has had the good fortune to discover the exact extent of his natural gifts, and thus has been able to march straight towards that goal which his temperament—his particular sentiment—permitted him to reach, thereby revealing a prescience seldom seen in the artists.



JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

(From a photograph by the F. Gutekunst Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

## Jean-François Raffaëlli

Indeed, M. Raffaëlli's gifts are, to my thinking, more intuitive than instinctive; but he is an *intuitif* who, by dint of sound reasoning and long study, has a marvellous knack of making Nature and Life disclose their secrets.

Some of his works will doubtless be regarded by posterity as more significant than others of his "manner of seeing"—will form a "document" more complete, more expressive both of his talent itself and of the *milieu* wherein he laboured; but not one can I find of which it might be said that he misapplied his methods or went astray in realising the effects desired, for there is always perfect equilibrium between his capacity and the purpose to which he intends to put it. Consequently he is never declamatory, never goes beyond the limits of his subject, but knows how to contain his feelings, and is at all times master of himself.

Are we to regard Raffaëlli as an Impressionist?

Has he ever been one? Is he one still? Who shall say? And what does it matter, after all? In the first chapter of his admirable book, "*L'Art Impressionniste*," Georges Lecomte, explaining the "tendencies" of the masters of that school, thus expresses himself: "Even to a greater extent than the painters of the Fontainebleau School they challenged the conventional treatment of rural scenes, with their sentimental 'arrangement' and the commonplace prettiness of their embellished landscapes; still more, too, did they strive to brighten the atmosphere of their canvases.

"Moved by the calm joy, the poetry of the fields, they realised that the aim of every artist should be to record in all sincerity the personal impressions he has received, and, casting aside all academic dogma in order to commune direct with nature, they studied each with his own eyes. Instead of wearisome sessions in the doubtful light of the

studio, under the influence of a master ever suggesting his own manner and his own methods, there were daily excursions into the suburbs, profitable studies in the open air of rural Montmartre and in the neighbouring woods.

"They endeavoured to reconstitute everything, just as it first impressed them — landscapes, trees, and light. In their very first efforts this passion for atmosphere was clearly seen. By means of an absolutely free and individual method, which aimed at the realisation of instinctive sensations, they sought to enfold the fields, the woods and the streams in a sunny radiance, or in those shaded mists which veil them so delicately."

"The New School," remarks M. J. K. Huysmans in "*L'Art Moderne*," "proclaimed this scientific truth: that broad daylight diminishes the colour of tones; that the outline, the colour of a house or



"THE GRANDFATHER"

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI  
(In the Collection of M. P. Gallimard)





"THE SALVATION ARMY AT JERSEY"  
BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

(In the Widener Collection, Philadelphia—  
Photograph by MM. Braun, Clément et Cie.)

## Jean-François Raffaëlli



"JARDIN D'INVALIDE"

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

a tree, for example, painted indoors, differ absolutely from the outline and the colour of a house or a tree painted in the open air."

According to the foregoing definitions it would seem justifiable to dub M. Raffaëlli an Impressionist. Yet it would be rash to do so, for much as he has been indebted to the example and the encouragement of the Impressionist comrades whose names I have mentioned, he does not, I am sure, regard himself as forming one of their group. It is advisable, therefore, to listen to what the painter

has to say of himself, his work and his ideas, and this information may be obtained from the pages written by him as a supplement to the catalogue of an exhibition of his works given in 1884 in a shop rented for the purpose in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Although these fifty pages, modestly entitled "*Étude des Mouvements de l'Art Moderne et du Beau Caractériste*," are marked by a certain obscurity, they contain the wherewithal to enable one to obtain a fairly accurate idea of M. Raffaëlli's manner of regarding art.

At the time when he wrote these notes, "Romanticism," "Classicism," and "Realism" had, in the artist's opinion, ceased to exist. Ingres—the great Ingres—one of the most admirable masters of the French School, was, to quote M. Raffaëlli, "nothing more than an *esprit* suffering from those traditions, with which, in true provincial fashion, he had surfeited himself, without leaving a single work of art which can be called really French—restless and soured by the growth of new ideas springing up around him, and after all his doubtings and angry obstinacy, leaving



"AUX INVALIDES"

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI



*(Photograph by Henri Garnier)*

"LES VIEUX CONVALESCENTS"  
BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI





DEUX VIEUX CANONNIERS

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

emphatically no! And the same with regard to our aristocracy, our grand national sentiments, our latter-day idols. "Where, then," demands M. Raffaëlli, "is the Beauty of our present condition?" And his answer is—"Its Beauty lies in the individual character of men—of those men who by slow degrees have gained their reason, who have won their liberty, after hundreds of centuries of misery and vexation and pitiful affliction, with the strongest ever having the upper hand. There we have the Beautiful!"

nought but the memory of a man who was passionately fond of his art and did portraits in blacklead pencil."

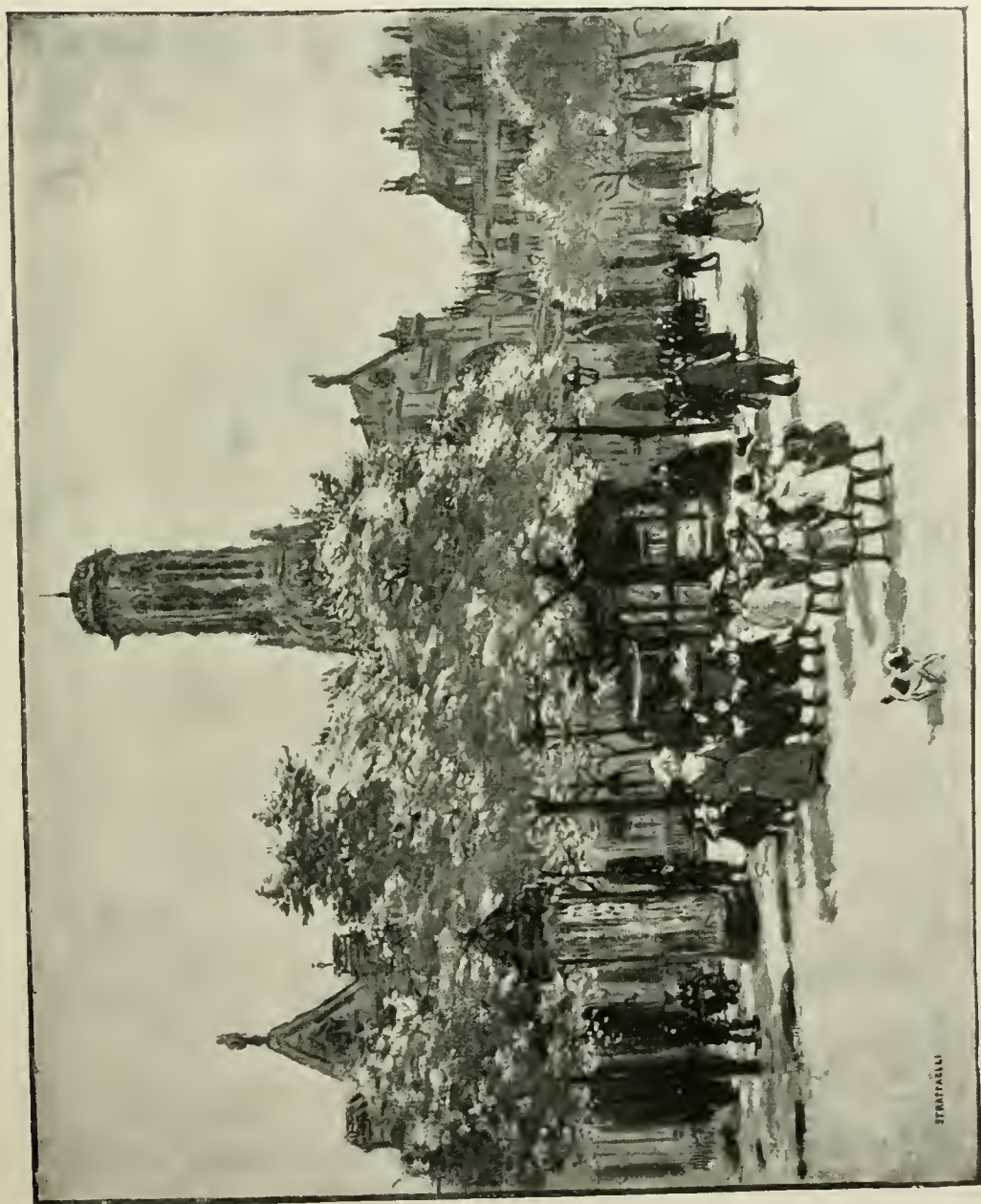
As for Realism, "it was an expression as big and as false as a stage rock," and M. Raffaëlli proceeds to pronounce judgment on Gustave Courbet, whose style he pronounces "too invariably classical." "Realism," he continues, "regarded literally, is neither more nor less than the very negation of art." Realist, then, M. Raffaëlli will decidedly not be, nor Naturalist, nor Impressionist. "I dislike Naturalism," he says, "in the first place, for reasons of colour; it is too purely scientific for us." As regards Impressionism, the author of the *brochure* in question admits that "he has been too much mixed up with its manifestations to be able to discuss it without prejudice." What, then, is M. Raffaëlli? He must be the apostle of the "*beau caractère*," as he terms it. For, in his own bold words, "there is no beauty in Nature; beauty resides in *character*." By which I understand him to mean that all artistic beauty owes its value to the individual *character* of its interpreter. But where is this *beau caractère* to be found by the artist of to-day, all the springs of loveliness, as our forefathers understood the term, being dry? At what source will the painter of to-morrow discover the wherewithal to inspire him? What is there Beautiful in our democratic state? In our army? No! In our kings and grandes? Still more



DRAWING FROM  
"TYPES DE PARIS"

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

(By permission of M.M. Plon, Nourrit et Cie.)



"LA PETITE ÉCOLE"  
BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

(In the Collection of M. E. Sirard—  
Photograph by MM. Braun, Clément et Cie.)

So, we see, the artist of to-day must not cast his eyes in the direction of our great men, those whom Carlyle has so graciously saluted with the name of "hero"; but, to continue the quotation, "let him who feels his soul exalted and his heart stirred by the supreme Beauty of his race, turn his gaze on the humblest around him—on the bare-footed, on the poorest of the poor. For all these have fought, and all have conquered in one way or another, according to their capacity, scarce knowing what they were doing. Therefore let us admire them. I can see but one thing standing erect: man—tall, upright, and bold!"

Excellent sentiments, these, and creditable to the man whose brain they have haunted; but it must be confessed that many, even superficial, minds would hesitate to accept them as the basis of a modern scheme of æsthetics, for they are lacking in solidity and in scope. However, it were best perhaps to attach only a relative importance to them, as showing the *état d'âme* of the artist whose work we are about to consider. For, by knowing his innermost feelings and ideas, we shall be the more easily enabled to get at the true

meaning of his efforts and the better qualified to criticise his practice of the theories he holds so dear.

"The Painter of the Poor"—I suppose the artist would not object to be so styled in the future; for though in the course of his career we have seen him at times devote himself to that which is elegant and graceful and refined, his preference—I had almost said his tenderness—has always been towards the outcast and the unfortunate. And the same with the backgrounds to his pictures. His landscapes are suburban landscapes, with bare, litter-strewn grass and anæmic trees fringing the muddy roads; with a horizon of high factory chimneys, and strange little gardens, lovingly tended by small, retired shop-keepers; with poor cottages built of refuse—all this observed with a melancholy eye which fully grasps its sad, significant beauty; all this transcribed with a skilful brush which unerringly fixes both colour and character without conventionality or trickery of any sort, but with just that precision, just that marvellous knowledge of *what to leave out*, that faculty of generalisation which mark the highest art work and invest it with a human interest, a philosophic charm of its own.

"Everything has been painted, since there have been men and painters." Thus might one paraphrase La Bruyère's celebrated words; but only to deny their truth immediately, for does it not seem, on the contrary, when we come across a fresh and original writer or painter, as though nothing had been written or painted previously, since *he* has something to tell which no one before him had told? And so the world's picture is enriched and enlarged indefinitely? Year by year we are happily increasing the distance separating us from the days when, under the oppressive influence of the academical idea, with its spurious "grand traditions," the artist was constrained to "make up" Nature and Truth with a mask, either heroic or sentimental; when this or that branch of subject or study was interdicted, and when a painter was esteemed great in proportion to the dimensions of his canvases and the grandeur of the ideas expressed thereon. This antiquated "School" tyranny survives to some degree even to-day, and has more influence than might be imagined. For it is the rulers of the Institut and the École des Beaux-Arts who have the distribution of the medals and travelling scholarships,

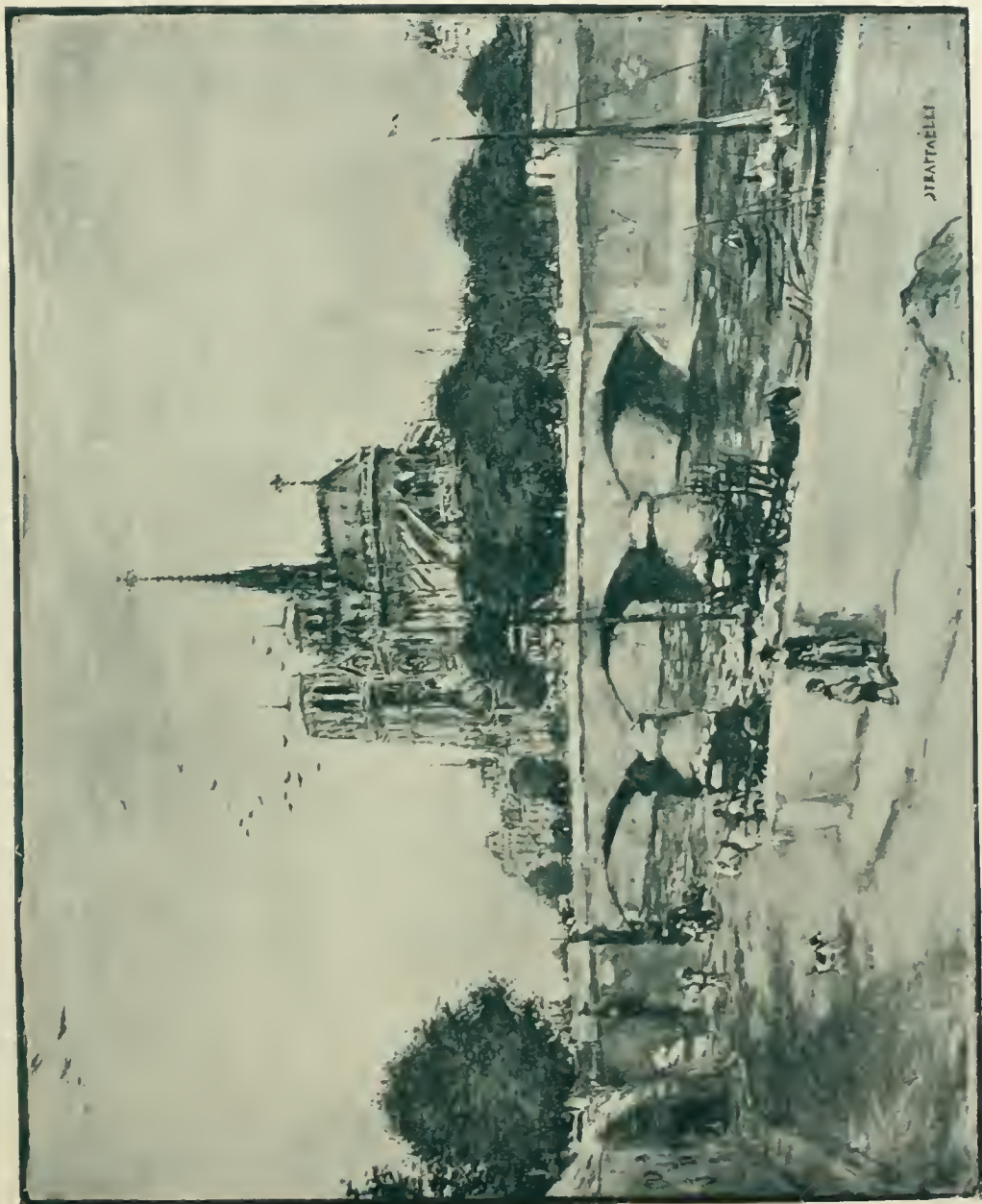


DRAWING FROM  
"TYPES DE PARIS"

BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI

(By permission of MM. Plon, Nourrit et Cie.)









who establish artistic reputations, and obtain for their *protégés* and pupils the important commissions given by the Municipalities and the State—a gang of art politicians who remain as ever the sworn foes of all progress, all originality, all independence.

Of all the opponents of the Impressionist School—the School of Renoir, of Claude Monet, of Sisley—there is none more intolerant than a certain Membre de l'Institut, who has been heard to denounce their works as “the disgrace of French art”! There is thus a touch of delightfully piquant irony in the fact that M. Raffaëlli was once a pupil of this great personage. What more striking proof could one have of the pupil's originality of temperament, in that, as all his works proclaim, he has gone on his way wholly uninfluenced by the Institut and its professors? Who that has seen them can ever forget the extraordinarily striking impression, the sense of novelty and freshness, conveyed in these living pages of colour, wherein the artist opens up to us the existence of the working-man, the tramp, the humbler citizen of the Parisian outskirts, with all its sadness, its pain, its squalor and its irony? Who before him had ever thought of putting on to canvas these rag-pickers, these hawkers of old clothes, these dog fanciers and acrobats and street loafers, these orators spouting at the street corners, these ragged beggars, and these little shop-keepers, decked in “their Sunday best”? Who had ever before deemed them worthy of the painter's brush, or even of so much as a passing glance? At first M. Raffaëlli saw and depicted this special section of humanity in the most tragic light, and his wild, lonely backgrounds were in full harmony with the moral and material misery of his figures. *La Route de la Révolte, par la Neige*; *La Rentrée des Chiffonniers*, and the *Vue de Gennevilliers* (to name but three of the artist's numerous productions) reveal this gloomy view of things, and in their way are as strongly characteristic of their author as are his *Chiffonnier allumant sa Pipe*, his *Loqueteux par la Pluie et le Vent*, his *Buveurs d'Absinthe*, *Le Cabaret de la mère Bullon*, and his *Homme venant de voler un Pain*.

Little by little, however, but without any decrease of sincerity or of sharpness of vision, the artist's manner became somewhat lighter, his range grew wider, till at last he found room for smiles as well as tears. While remaining faithful to his favourite subjects, other types, other surroundings aroused his curiosity. Leaving the dull and murky *banlieues*, the pestilential banks of the Seine, the

mournful *barrières* and fortifications, the painter returned to Paris itself, and there, in the very heart of the city, he cast his eager, restless glance on the public gardens, the squares, the boulevards, the broad and beautiful avenues, on the aristocratic and intellectual *rive gauche*—the “West End” of the capital. Thence sprang the *Nourrices sur la Place de la Concorde*, the *Place Saint-Sulpice*, the *Arc de Triomphe*, the *Champs-Élysées*, *Sur le Boulevard, Parisienne aux Champs-Élysées*, a series of views of *Notre-Dame de Paris*, the square of *La Trinité*, and many other aspects of the city, grave or gay, “fixed” in fine, delicate, clear touches, delightful to the eye, charming in their luminous fidelity, and all composed with evident *amour* and pleasure. And even in the periodical excursions he would make into the poorer quarters his original pessimism now seemed somewhat softened as by a ray of hope. Save in the *Vieux Convalescents*, in the Salon of 1892, where the pitiless observation of his earlier work is again noticeable—a painting, moreover, which will continue to rank among his best achievements—the artist shows unmistakable signs of undergoing a change of feeling.

The artist's saner view of things is revealed plainly in his joyous *Route au Soleil*, a brilliant thing, instinct with the *joie de vivre* inspired by a lovely day of sunshine. Then we have *Le Vieux Chiffonnier* and the *Cheval Blanc*; this last an absolute proof of his change of tone, his new-born *bienveillance*.

This elevation of spirit and of vision, this optimism, if so it may be termed, is endorsed by M. Raffaëlli's most recent works. The *Portrait de ma Fille Germaine* (1896), his *Jeune Fille se regardant dans une glace* (1897), the *Portrait de ma Fille*, the *Portrait de Mlle. Marie Louise* (United States, 1898), and the *Jeune Fille aux Bleuets* mark a new and a genial epoch in the artist's career. With maturity he seems to have arrived at a sort of sweet philosophy, which, while deep as before, regards life less sadly. Thus he cannot be reproached with seeing things in a light altogether different from that of his earlier days. In the former, as in the latter, case he is entirely sincere; and who shall blame him on this account? After all, an artist has to interpret what he sees and what he feels. If it be true that a work of art gains in depth and dignity in proportion as it reveals the secrets of human sensibility, it is equally true that the best equipped and the most fascinating artist is he who is endowed with the richest vision and is most capable of seizing impressions in their most varied forms, quite apart from the means

## Recent Etching and Engraving

employed to impress us with these ideas and these emotions.

M. Raffaëlli has been curious enough to try every process, and one may say without exaggeration that he has succeeded equally in all. Many are the sketches from nature, illustrative of Parisian life and manners, he has published in the papers and magazines, notably the "Revue Illustrée"; while the volume entitled "Types de Paris," issued by the firm of Plon & Nourrit, affords permanent proof of his lively imagination and his suppleness of drawing, whether with pen or pencil. He is an etcher too, as we may discover in the keen and characteristic plates illustrating J. K. Huysmans' "Croquis Parisiens" and the Goncourt's "Germinie Lacerteux."

Not yet have we reached the end of M. Raffaëlli's achievements. He is a sculptor of uncommon ability. In 1890, at Boussod & Valadon's, Boulevard Montmartre, he exhibited a curious series of low-relief work in bronze, which made a great impression—at least on me, if not on the world at large.

Such is the work of M. Jean-François Raffaëlli—work of infinite variety and yet of great unity. "A brain like his," justly remarks M. Roger Marx,

"aims not at one mark only, one invariable object; he is ever aspiring to discover the unknown; evolution and progress are his watchwords!"

GABRIEL MOUREY.

## RECENT ETCHING AND ENGRAVING. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

ON the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Painter Etchers it is well, I think, to found the few things that I here wish to say. I have no intention of writing in *THE STUDIO* a notice of that exhibition. That is not the point. The time is too late; the occasion does not demand it. Therefore two score of prints quite worthy to be mentioned, were I writing such a notice, will go unnamed in this article. I shall name, it may be, but a dozen; but I take the Painter Etchers as the foundation of the business, in part because of that Society's representative character. It has had faults this year, but it does really represent the range of Original Engraving—at all events, in modern practice. One or two Englishmen of note are absent. That need not prevent my referring to them. Two or three of the most notable of living



"PASTORAL."

BY CHARLES HOLROYD





"ON THE RIVER TAFF, NEAR  
LLANDAFF." BY R. E. J. BUSH

## Recent Etching and Engraving

Frenchmen who etch at all, are present; there must be a word for Chahine, for B  jot, for Helleu.

What is borne in upon one as one passes in one's memory over the work exhibited is the evidence that it affords of the capacity of pure black-and-white to express what etching should express. Experiments outside black-and-white there are none in the contributions of the English Society. Really there is no need of them. One looks on such experiments, of course, wherever they are made, sympathetically. The modern coloured etching enlarges the range of the coloured print, but it in no way supersedes the black-and-white, which expressed all that called for expression in Rembrandt's profound mind, and was enabled to embody the graceful vision of Whistler and the sombre dream of Meryon.

The range of Original Engraving is shown in two ways. It is shown by variety of individual temperament, and it is shown by variety of technical method. A word first as to this latter thing. The artist in black-and-white—by which I do

not mean the draughtsman for the illustrated paper—has, in his work of engraving, the choice of many mediums. Dry point and pure etching may themselves always be said to be two mediums—two mediums which it is nevertheless often inconvenient and impossible to distinguish between, seeing that on the very same plate the employment of the one is interwoven, so to say, with the employment of the other. Then, there is soft ground etching—the French *vern   mou*—the process employed by the great Cotman in certain, if not in all, the prints of that *Liber Studiorum* of his, which, in comparison with the *Liber* of Turner, is scarcely known to the public at all. Aquatint—well, I am not very sure whether aquatint happens to be used this year; but, at all events, there *is* aquatint. Another medium used much more extensively is mezzotint. To employ either aquatint or mezzotint in original work, is in some degree a recent practice. Aquatint has been employed of old in combination with etching. Girtin's *Views in Paris* are a case in point; the combination there was



"OFT, TOO, COMES LOOMING VAST ALONG THE SKY—A MARCH OF WATERS"

BY F. BURRIDGE





(By permission of Mr. R. Gutekunst)

17  
"SIENA." BY  
D. Y. CAMERON

## Recent Etching and Engraving

admirably successful. Mezzotint has been allied with etching too, the most notable instance of that alliance being in the *Liber Studiorum* of Turner. But generally mezzotint has been employed alone, and its service has been greatest in the translation of the touch of the painter. It is perfectly adapted to such translation, and the broader the painter's touch the better is mezzotint adapted to render it. For the moment, at the Painter Etchers, what has been seen in mezzotint has been original work wholly—the best of it, perhaps, a lovely little seascape by Mr. Frank Short, which may really hold its own against the *Weymouth Bay* of Constable as translated by David Lucas. But it is premature to speak of particular examples; I am on the track now of the various methods, and we have not got to the end of them. One other method alone, however, so far as I remember, has got to be enumerated, and that is line engraving. Line engraving, like mezzotint, has been much employed in translation; but we must never forget that, unlike mezzotint, it has been largely and most variously employed in original work. In line

engraving were expressed the original conceptions of Andrea Mantegna and of Dürer; of Lucas van Leyden and of the German Little Masters. And it is through line engraving to-day that are made public the ingenious fancies of that modern Little Master, Mr. Sherborn. In that medium we are to admire the skill of handiwork which Aldegrever and the Behams would have been scarcely unwilling to acknowledge.

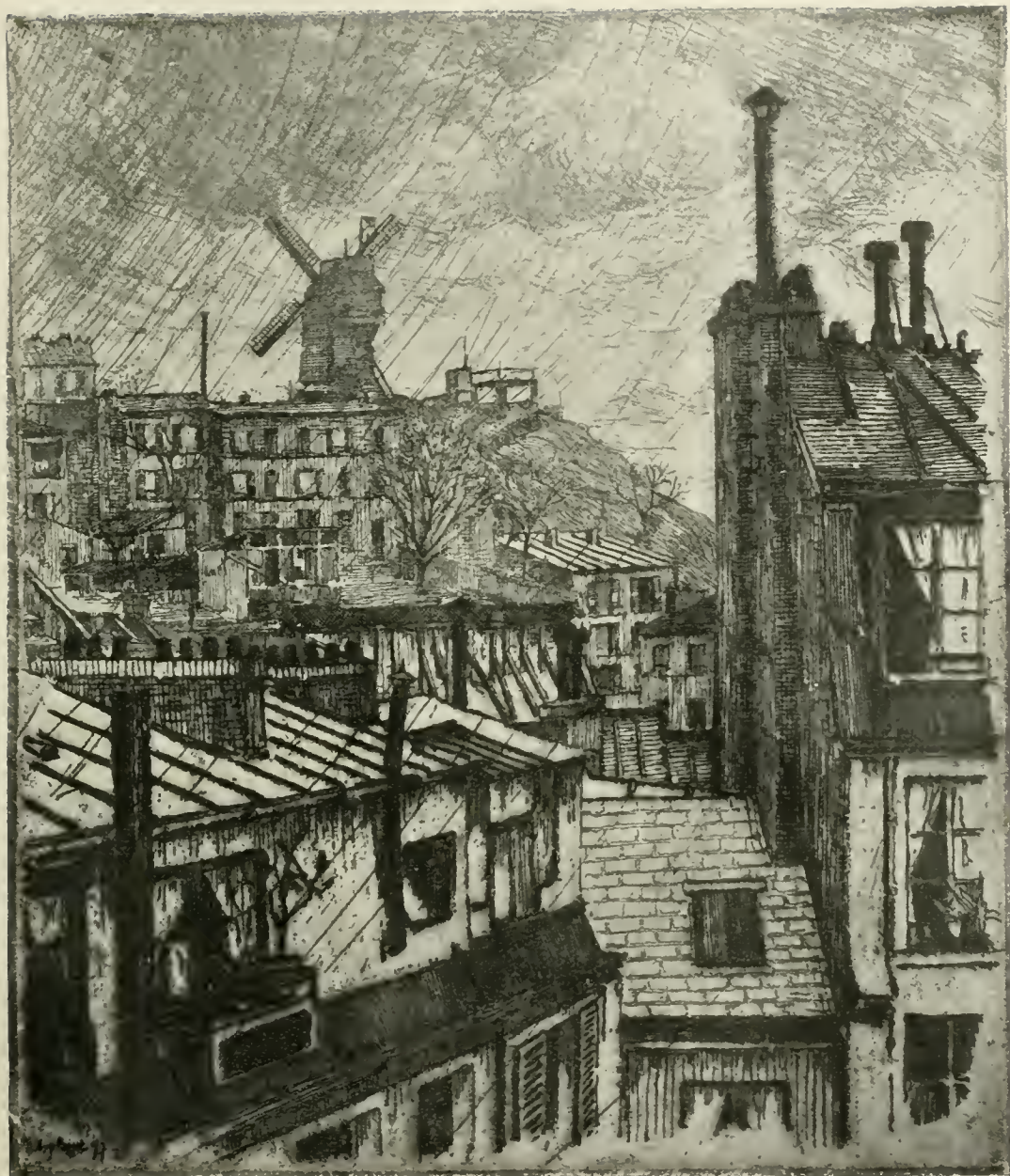
To get to particular engravers then, why not begin with Sherborn himself—a veteran? Seeing that by far the greater part of his work consists in the provision of bookplates for the most studious of the well-to-do and the least impecunious of the learned, and seeing that a bookplate, to be acceptable to its average owner, has got to show some recognition either of that owner's armorial bearings, or of his private fads in matters of taste, and sometimes has got to show both—it is astounding with what fertility and readiness Mr. Sherborn pours out his inventions. Now and then—and I need not assign the cause of it—there is a certain incongruity, a certain crowding of subject-matter in Mr. Sherborn's work, which those great masters



STUDY OF WILLOWS

BY MISS C. M. POTTS





9  
"MONTMARTRE." FROM AN  
ETCHING BY E. BÉJOT

called the Little Masters would have avoided. But instances of this are rare, and generally—as in one of the latest of his little triumphs, the bookplate of “T. Mackenzie”—harmonious design is wedded to execution faultless and brilliant. The etched bookplates of Mr. Eve and Mr. Holroyd are rightly and naturally richer than Mr. Sherborn’s plates in picturesqueness of shadow. Perhaps in general these artists have used their medium wisely, but Mr. Sherborn remains the Master of the Bookplate, and the surviving master of the medium in which he has chosen to labour.

Miss Constance Pott, whose soft ground etching I single out for notice quite as much by reason of the uncompromising vigour of the performance as because of the medium she has elected to employ, is, I believe, a pupil of the veteran master of line whose achievements I have just been discussing, but I know no line engraving by her. She etches, however, in the customary way, like more than one other clever woman numbered among the Associates

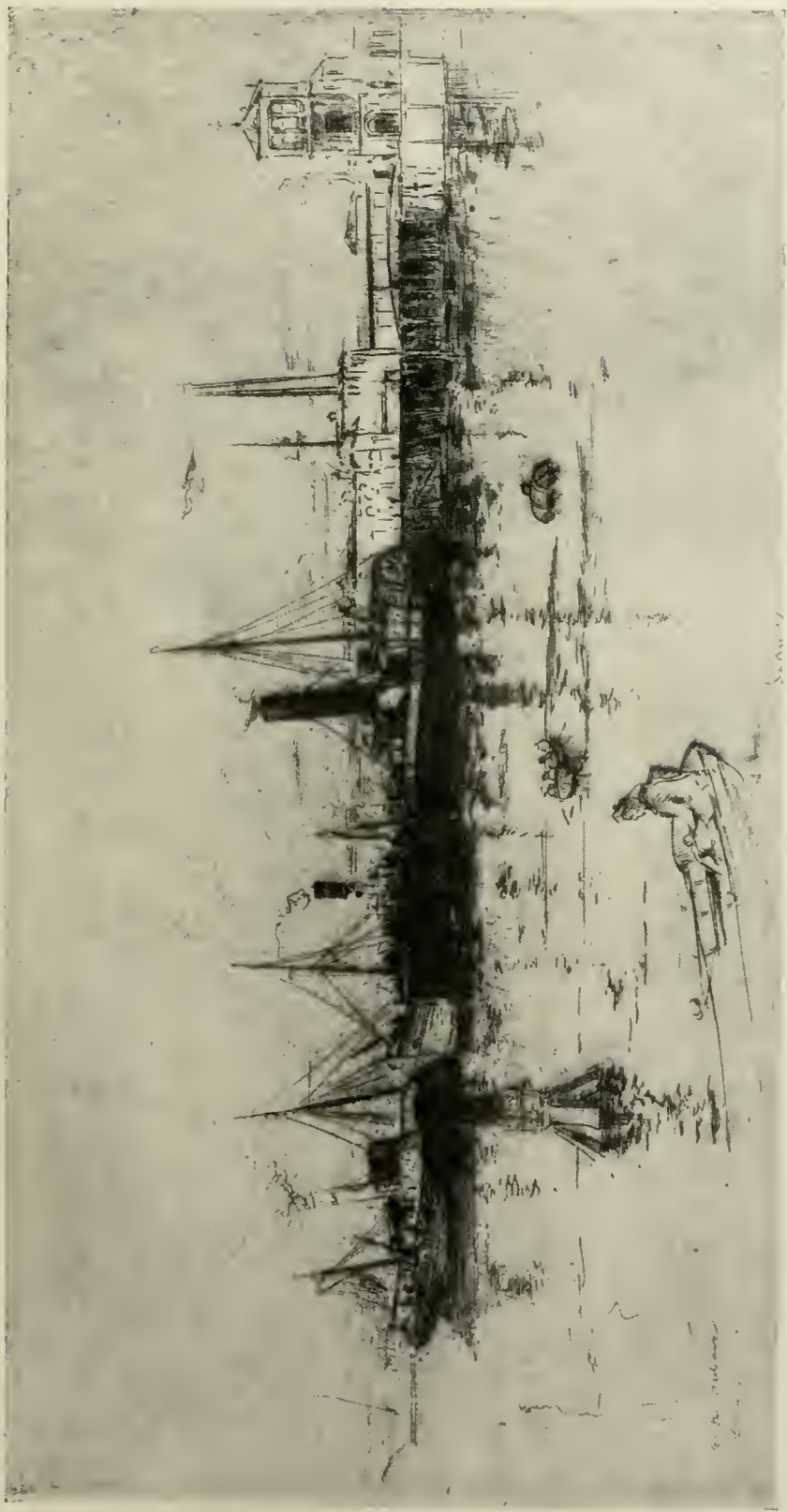
of the Society—like Miss Sloane, whose little memorandum of *Mersea Island* takes us in imagination to the land of the earlier fiction of Baring Gould, and like Miss Kemp Welch, whose best work, so delicate that it could only lose by the reduction of a process block, shows the ordinary English country, the sign-post at the crossways, and the sheep along the lane.

We may turn for a moment to some good etchers not represented in this year’s exhibition of the Society. The weird talent of Mr. Strang, employed in illustration of the uncanny tales of Mr. Kipling, has been in evidence at the gallery of Mr. R. Gutekunst, who shows likewise this year the varied work of Mr. Laing, not exhibited at the Society, and perfectly worthy of notice. I do not hold that there is only one true method in etching, but it is, at all events, in the method most usually accounted *the* true one that Mr. Oliver Hall has worked.

And now we will get back to the Society. And courtesy shall lead us first to the mention of the foreigners. Edgar Chahine, though not, I understand, a Frenchman, is probably of French training. His themes, like those of the two other foreigners that I shall name, are Parisian. I am not impressed tremendously by his technical skill, but he does enter uncompromisingly into the life he wants to show us—the life of people on the fringe and borderland of the recognised world—the tramp, the Bohemian, the acrobat, it may be, who makes ready for the Fair. Even if one does not altogether admire, one cannot quite easily forget the best plate, in which, recording this world, he records the Paris of the Outer Boulevard, which has a life entirely of its own. Sitting on the steps of a caravan, in the plate I am thinking of, is an evil child in whom is concentrated the vice of three generations. She is food for the storyteller. Béjot deals with places, not with people. The “places” are generally one place—Paris, the city of light. He is good on the quay-side, because he is there a bold draughtsman as well as a sound topographer; but in the plate of his I care for the most, *Montmartre*, he is not a topographer at all, and one has scarcely time to notice whether he is bold draughtsman or not. He is charged with his subject; his own sense of it he conveys to you impressively. *Montmartre* is a vision of squalid Paris. Unlike the great work of Mr. Cameron in his Set called *London*, it







"THE TIDAL BASIN, DUNDEE"  
FROM AN ETCHING BY F. LAING

(By permission of Mr. R. Gutekunst)

## Recent Etching and Engraving

is done not in the least in Meryon's way, but the plate has a force of its own—it takes you to Montmartre itself.

My third foreigner is Monsieur Helleu; and perhaps one has no right to grumble if he does not extend his range. It is much, of course, to portray with a sweep of the hand a woman of the elegant world—her gesture, the poise of her hat, the wave of her feather.

And Legros? Is he foreigner now, or Englishman? He is, in either case, genius and classic. Mr. D. Y. Cameron is deserving already of far more detailed analysis than it is possible to afford him just here. The conviction grows on me that the best of his work is near, very near, to the work of the masters, and were I asked to say what, up to the present time, his best work is, I should find an example of it in the sombre *Siena*—a city full of suggestive subjects for the austere artist; and other examples I should find in the best numbers of that *London* set, which Mr. R. Gutekunst has issued, and which—I know I am saying much—do in some measure for London what the noble vision of Meryon did for Paris. Word has been brought to me that Mr. Cameron is not conscious of the influence of Meryon upon his own plates. That may well enough be; the sources of our inspiration are not always revealed to us; and it is certain, moreover, that Mr. Cameron, whatever he may derive from Whistler here, from Meryon there, is far, far more than an imitator. I should not like his *Workshop* or his Venetian Print, the *Abbazia*, if I saw in these only Whistler; I should not consider his *London* impressive if *Newgate* brought me nothing but that which Meryon has brought me in the *Rue des Mauvais Garçons*, and if in *The Admiralty* there was only a reflection of the *Ministère de la Marine*. Cameron's is a potent spirit. This artist has observation and pertinacity and technical excellence. If he did not lay another line upon a plate, the best of his work—some thirty pieces out of a hundred and fifty—would ensure him a place; but what his place will be eventually, depends, in part, on his Future.

Mr. Burridge and Mr. Reginald Bush are artists whose work is engaging. Slightly but vividly does Mr. Burridge lay hold upon those effects of shadowed level landscape and watery sky, which appear to charm him the most, and which are fit and natural subjects for the art of the etcher. The most important plate that Mr. Bush has yet done goes much further than anything I have yet seen of Mr. Burridge's. It is the one that he calls the *Taff near Llandaff*. Although elaborate, it

does not lack unity—unity and concentration are indeed its characteristics. But with its excellent study of atmospheric effect—of the great spaces of a wild, grey day—it combines the fascination of vigorous and interpretative tree-drawing; each tree on the islet, with long, bare trunk and writhing bough, has a life of its own.

It is very seldom nowadays that the art of engraver or etcher is devoted to human drama. The drama of Nature is considered generally so much more worthy of pictorial chronicle. But Mr. Spence, who has shown thus far little care for landscape, has shown in one series of creations much of a dramatist's perceptions of human character. He makes George Fox live. George Fox lives strongly enough indeed for all intelligent people in the pages of his varied Journal, and it is much to be able to add that the whole spirit of George Fox, as that Journal reveals it—his profound earnestness, his steadfastness, his pithiness and penetration, his amazing and surely not unconscious humour—is comprehended and rendered in the series of pictures—not beautiful by any means, but vivid and faultlessly expressive—which Mr. Spence has devoted to the first of the Quakers.

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The summer exhibition at the New Gallery is well up to the average of the shows that have been held there during recent years. It contains few masterpieces, but it presents quite a considerable array of canvases that deserve attention as characteristic examples of the work of men who have made prominent places for themselves in the modern art world. The best pictures are Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of *Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D.*; Mr. J. J. Shannon's group, *The Lady Carbery and her children*; Mr. Alfred East's *September Sunshine*, Mr. J. Coutts Michie's *Autumn Clouds*, Mr. Leslie Thomson's *Mid-day*, Mr. G. H. Boughton's *Diana of the Goose Pastures*, Mr. George Henry's *Gold Fish*, and Mr. F. Brangwyn's *Old Kew Bridge*; and among the more interesting of the other contributions are Mr. Byam Shaw's *Diana*, Mr. Harold Speed's *Miss Muriel Fewster*, Mr. W. Llewellyn's *Viscountess Parker*, Mr. Bertram Priestman's *The Milkmaid*, Mr. Edward Stott's *The Year's Youth*, Sir J. D. Linton's *Casket Scene from the "Merchant of Venice,"* Sir George Reid's *Dr. Pagan*, and *The Slumber of the Ages*, and *Greed and Labour* by Mr. G. F. Watts. Notable, too, are Mr. Herbert Draper's *The Naiad's Pool*, Mr. Greiffenhagen's portrait of *Mrs. Pickford Waller*, Mr. Alfred Hartley's *Winter Sunset*, and a portrait by M. Benjamin Constant.

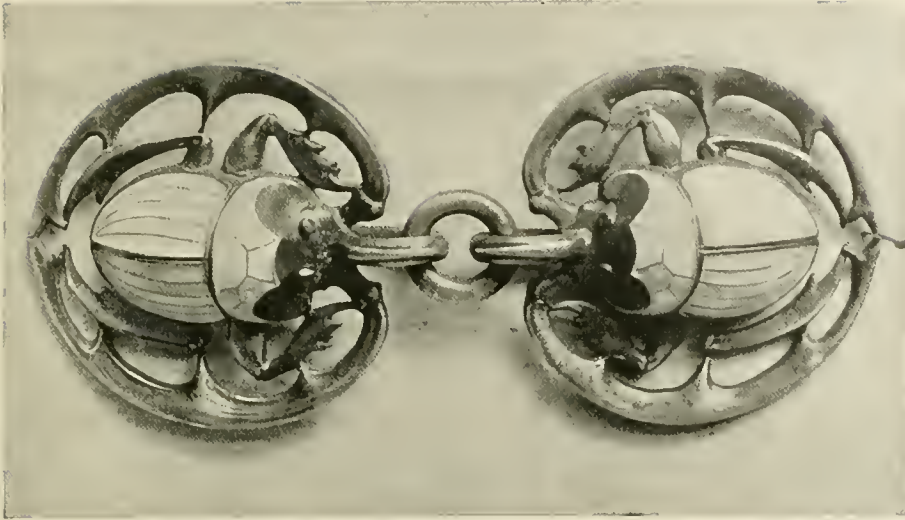


the Cooler, grew very Wicked and Disorderly, and put us down into Dungeons, a nasty Noisy Place where they used to put Witches and Murderers Condemned to Die. The Place was so Noisy, that few that went in did ever come out in Health, for there was no House of Office in it so that it was all like Mire, in some Places to the Top of the Shoes in Water, and he would not let us cleanse it, neither would he let us have Straw to lie upon. At Night some friendly People of the Town brought us a Candle and a little Straw, and we went to burn a little of our Straw to take away the Stink. The Thieves lay over our Heads, and the Cooler lay in a Room by them. Now it seems the Smoke went up into the Room where the Cooler lay: which put him in such a Rage, that he took the Pots of the Thieves and poured them down through a Hole upon our Heads. Moreover he railed upon us most Hideously calling us Hatch-faced Dogs and such strange Names as we had never heard of.

G. Fox, his Journal.







CLASP

BY R. LALIQUE

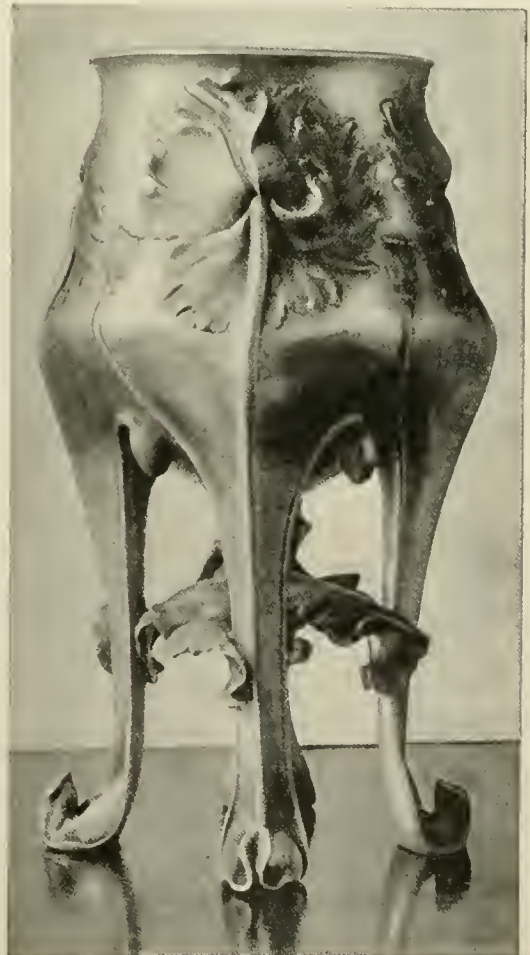
work; they were the first to gain their freedom and to work as "moderns;" the perfection of technique and the freshness of conception seen in their productions are such as to make these latter absolute models of their kind, constituting a source whence

## SOME RECENT EXAMPLES OF THE JEWELLERS' ART IN FRANCE.

It is good to see how, thanks to the intelligent and bold efforts on the part of certain artists and art workers, followed by certain manufacturers—the latter, naturally and quite justifiably, with an eye to the main chance—little by little art is penetrating into every branch of modern activity. Real progress is being made, as even the most obstinate opponents of all novelty in this direction must admit; for the fact stares them in the face. Let us not be lulled, however, into a blissful dream of satisfied optimism. As we have endeavoured more than once to point out in *THE STUDIO*, the movement—so far as French designers are concerned, at least—is beset by dangers springing from certain tendencies, certain excesses against which sound criticism justly protests. There is, indeed, no principle more pernicious, more barren of artistic result, however it may seem, than that of "novelty for novelty's sake; originality for the sake of originality." If a thing is novel and original it is so of itself, and is not due to any striving thereafter; it is novel and original simply because the creator of it is blessed with an honest and personal vision, a special faculty for observing and interpreting Nature.

The jeweller's art has unquestionably made more progress and been more fertile of good results in France than any other branch of applied art during the last few years. The pre-eminence of the French artists is evident in jewellery as in medal

other decorators may draw inexhaustible supplies



SILVER VASE

BY R. LALIQUE

## *Jewellers' Art in France*

of inspiration. The excellence of English work in the nature of *étoffes*, wall-papers, and wrought metals can no more be disputed than can the influence England has exercised all the world over in the revival of the industrial arts. France, for her part, has done as much for the medal and the jewel. It is not new forms alone our French medallists and jewel-makers have produced; they have also spread abroad new principles for the benefit of all and sundry.

All bias apart, and in absolute justice, it must be declared that the chief honours in connection with the renaissance of the "Art du Bijou" belong to M. René Lalique. This is neither more nor less than a bare statement of fact. "To realise the extent of the revolution that has been brought about, it is well," says M. Roger Marx, "to recall the state



BROOCH

BY R. LALIQUE

of things existing when M. Lalique set himself to re-create an art which no longer fulfilled our require-

ments. During the Second Empire, "Society," both French and foreign, was seized with a mad passion for brilliants. The frequent discoveries of diamond mines, the abundant supply, stimulated everyone with a desire to appear at the court balls ablaze with precious stones. No matter how the diamond was cut or set, so long as it was of the first water and weighed a respectable number of carats! The richness of the material was only equalled by the poverty of the workmanship. Then appeared Massin, whose important share in the new movement should not be overlooked; for he opened up new and pleasant paths to the jewel worker—paths so fertile that they were still well-trodden in 1889. In a report on the subject—one of much value to the writer on jewellery—Massin stated that his own formulæ still formed "the creed of the practical worker." These formulæ, popularised by the Exhibition of 1867, taught people how to fashion a flower, a ribbon,

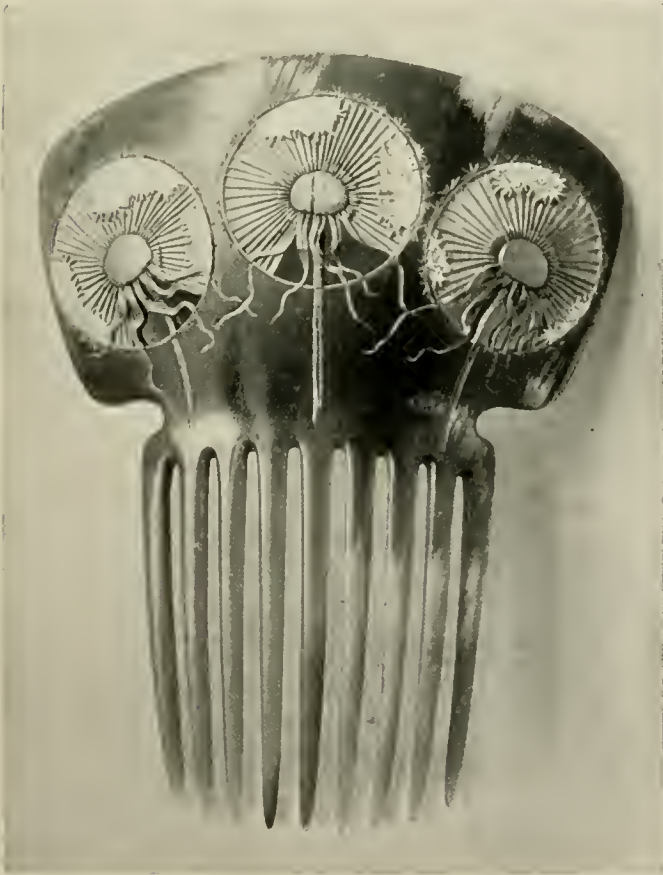


BOUQUET DE CORSAGE

BY R. LALIQUE

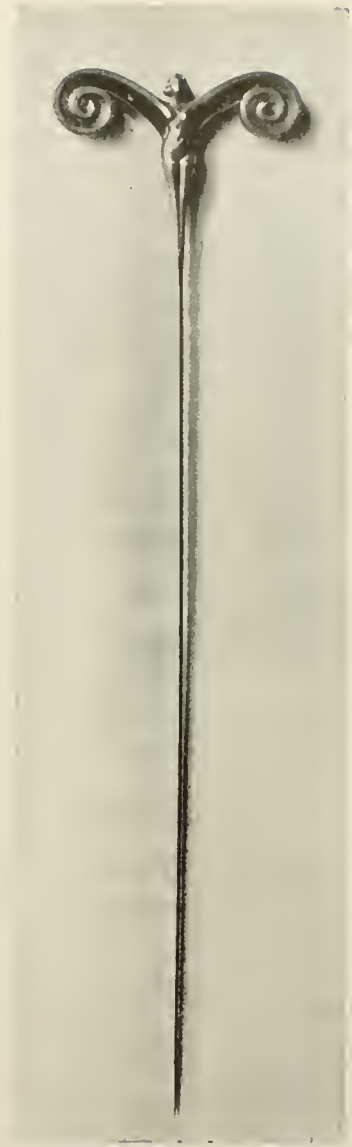
a delicate aigrette in precious stones. At the Exhibition of 1889 there was no sign of progress; our jewellers remained faithful to these styleless ornaments, these floral designs, the value, the rarity of which lay solely in the cost of the precious stones of which they were formed. A quarter of a century had passed without the discovery of anything new, without anyone showing the slightest sign of appreciating the jewel in conformity with the general artistic culture of the day, to say nothing of the growing aspirations of certain circles.

At last, like Malherbe, came M. Lalique. He had fancy, and knowledge, and boldness. He knew the wonders of Egyptian and Grecian and Florentine jewellery, the splendours of Byzantine art, the minute marvels of the Japanese. He realised the possibilities of all this, the fortune it held for the jeweller of to-day. People held up their hands in amazement, as at sight of a miracle, when M. Lalique began to produce the results of his labours; and well they might, for, in comparison with the other jewellery of the time, his were so many absolute masterpieces! Despite the suggestions of the past in form and in idea easily discovered in these works, not one of them but had undoubted originality of its own, a sort of strange—sometimes even unhealthy—complexity. The jeweller broke away audaciously from all the "School" traditions,



COMB

BY R. LALIQUE



HATPIN

BY R. LALIQUE

widened the scope of his work, restored to honour the precious stones lately despised, and reintroduced enamels, the glory of the jewellery work of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, giving full rein to his imagination, the abundance and the richness of which are well known to all who have seen M. Lalique's work.

In truth, M. Lalique is rather a renovator than an innovator. A craftsman endowed with uncommon intelligence and deep knowledge of



his art, he was the first to feel the necessity, and at the same time realise the opportunity, of applying modern decorative principles to the art of the jeweller and the goldsmith; that is to say, the abandonment of the ordinary forms, greater liberty and fancy in composition, a return to the use of



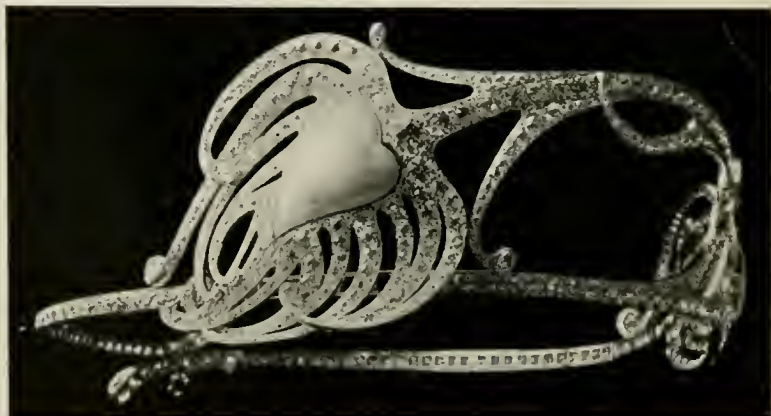
COMB, WITH ENAMELS AND PEARLS BY M. VEVEE



IVORY COMB WITH ENAMELS AND OPALS BY M. VEVEE

made methods, all the comparatively modern ideas whereby the art of the goldsmith and the engraver, together with the designer's fancy, had to efface themselves in order to display the precious stone to

old-fashioned ornaments—such as pendants for neck and brow, diadems, large necklaces, stout clasps, broad waist buckles, and combs—the utilisation of precious stones long since abandoned in favour of the diamond and other stones of great price, the reintroduction of enamel and ivory, and *pierres fines*—in a word, the revival of polychrome jewellery. He completely disregarded all ready-



DIADEM, WITH DIAMONDS AND OPALS BY M. VEVEE



full advantage. Particularly did he oppose the use of the diamond—the vulgar diamond, the *barvenu's* delight.



PENDANT, WITH DIAMONDS AND PEARLS BY M. VEVER



BELT BUCKLE

DESIGNED BY GRASSET  
EXECUTED BY VEVER

to a half-forgotten school of poetry. What I mean to suggest is, that he seems sometimes to attach too much importance to certain ideas, certain forms, certain *motifs*—call it what you will—which do not deserve this excess of honour.

Many and various are the influences by which M. René Lalique has been impelled. Here, for instance, in this really charming hat-pin, we find traces of the decorative school of Glasgow. Here, again, in this comb is the suggestion of some Japanese draughtsman; elsewhere are frequent echoes of ancient art—Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance—with not a few reminders of the English school of decorators. Nevertheless, as has been said, his is always so original as fully to deserve the place he occupies in the movement for the renovation of the jeweller's art. For M. Lalique is modern, ultra-modern. At times he might even be described as "decadent," in the sense in which certain literary critics apply the word



ORNEMENT DE CORSAGE, IN DIAMONDS,  
TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS AND OPALS

BY M. VEVER

The chief thing lacking in M. Lalique's jewellery, as in that of his imitators, is style. And it is for this reason that so many people, even those most devoted to that which is novel, refuse to regard his productions as other than vain and transitory things. Certain it is that the composition of some of M. Lalique's work suggests haste—*facile haste*; this or that detail deserved closer study, demanded firmer drawing, stronger characterisation. Thus, while acknowledging fully our indebtedness to M. Lalique for having renovated and revived the art of jewel-working, one cannot but regret that he should too often have been content to make a direct copy of floral forms when a careful *stylisation* would have been far more effective. A natural flower is decorative of itself, and no jewel however precious can compare with it on a woman's breast or in her hair. Here, as elsewhere in art, transposition is necessary, and M. Lalique seems to forget this too frequently.



COMB IN IVORY, OPALS AND ENAMELS BY M. VEVEK



COMB IN TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS BY M. VEVEK

In any case, M. Lalique deserves to hold the first place in the new movement; and although he has given birth to numerous inferior imitators, yet future generations will rejoice in the renovating influence he has had on the jeweller's art.

A jeweller like M. Vever, indeed, has his own conception of the modern jewel. He cares far more than M. Lalique for the *bijou de parure* than for the *bijou de vitrine*—the shop jewellery! M. Vever is, so to speak, more moderate, less audacious in his "modernism" than M. Lalique; but at the same time he is less artistic, less imaginative, and, to put it bluntly, more *bourgeois*.

The success of M. Vever is, to a large extent, due to the collaboration of M. Eugène Grasset; for the jewellery they have produced together is worthy to rank among the best and the most original of its kind produced of recent years.

Among the other jewellers deserving of mention

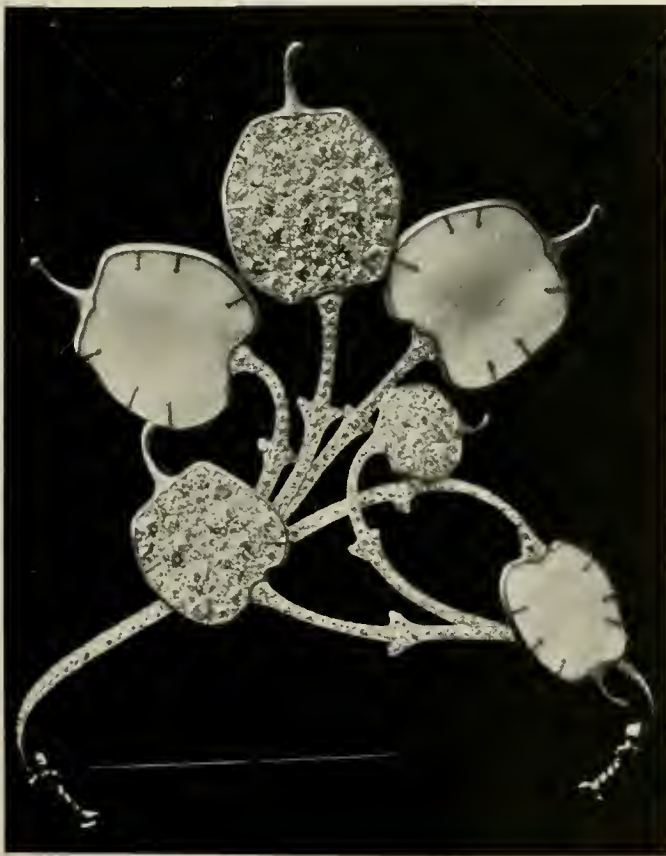


—and more than the mere mention that the exigencies of space demand — are MM. Colonna, G. Fouguet, René Foy and Teterger, and the painters, the sculptors, the medallists, the isolated artists, in a word — MM. Alexandre Charpentier, Dampf, Vallgren, Prouvé, and Henry Nocq, Mlle. Hallé, Mlle. Noufflard, MM. Carabin, Brateau, and Robert Oran — to name but a few among many. All these have designed and executed jewellery work which has at least the great merit of originality and fancy — and that is much nowadays!



DIADEM

BY R. LALIQUE



DIADEM, WITH DIAMONDS AND OPALS

BY M. VEVER

ON SOME WATER-COLOUR PICTURES BY MISS ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE. BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

MISS FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE is an artist, and her varied and thorough art as a painter in water-colours, now on view at the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street, proves her to be a lady of real genius. And this being so, what are the qualities of such a genuine woman-artist? What purpose in the drama of high ambitions ought to be served by her good gifts? Is it her privilege to work under a guidance that is instinctive rather than technical, or should she attempt to vie with men in the use of such a fine artifice of method as cannot with justice be described as spontaneous or instinctive? In other words, should a woman of genius make herself the imitative slave of men-artists and



NECKLACE, WITH DIAMONDS AND TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS  
(See Article on French Jewellery)

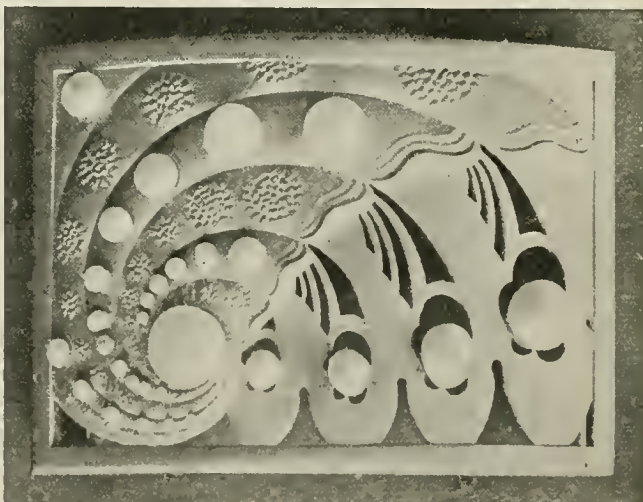
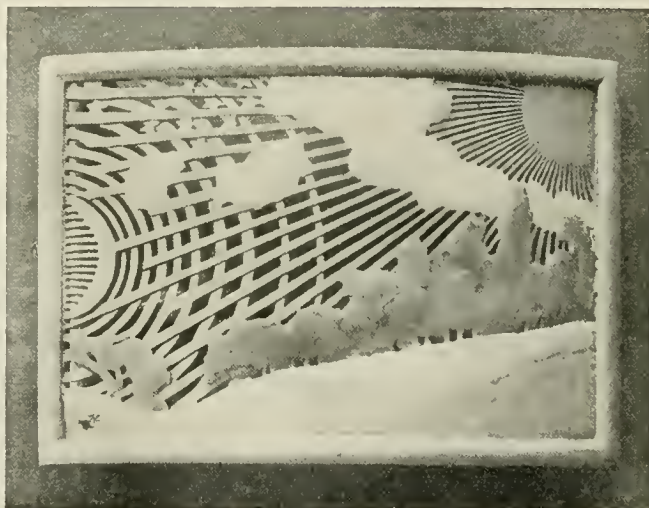
BY M. VEVER

not aim at becoming *un homme manqué*. There are but few such ladies at the present time. They certainly owe much to men, but their work is—not an adaptation, but a gracious daughter of what men have achieved; charmed with true womanliness, it is complementary to the masculine arts out of which it grew. Sometimes, under the influence of a chosen subject, these sisters of art “play the man,” but they act the part like Rosalind, in “As You

their ways of work, or should she, controlled by “her sweet and wayward earthliness,” keep us all in mind of the old saying that Intuition is to her sex both Impulse and Law?

Such a woman, no doubt, by setting herself to imitate the methods and the styles of men, may succeed in developing the masculine traits of her genius at the expense of the feminine; and in course of time, as experience bears witness, she may make a well-nigh complete sacrifice of the separate and peculiar advantages belonging to her woman-nature. But this loss has no compensation: it does not enable her to call into existence those special feelings and thoughts that form the inner essence and the life of a man’s manhood. Shakespeare, in his character-sketch of Osric, sneers for all time at the man who tries to improve himself by assuming womanish graces. To anyone whose tastes are wholesome, a woman who endeavours to be manish in art is no less absurd and contemptible. Like it or not, it is her office to reveal nature in a feminine guise, transformed by passing through the alembic of her womanhood.

In speaking thus I know that I am at variance with the great majority of my contemporaries. There is at the present time very little recognition for any lady of artistic genius who does



PLAQUES

DESIGNED BY T. LAMBERT, EXECUTED BY P. TEMPLIER  
(See Article on French Jewellery)





RINGS IN GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES  
DESIGNED BY T. LAMBERT  
EXECUTED BY P. TEMPLIER  
(See Article on French Jewellery)

Like It," and not as Audrey would were this rough peasant girl in Rosalind's place and hose and doublet. That these true and generous women-artists wait for a just recognition, that they stand in need of pen-knights, cannot be questioned; and for this reason, as an introduction to a few remarks on one of the most brilliant of them all, it seems necessary to point out not only why a just recognition is withheld, but also what limitations ought to be anticipated by those who wish to study without bias a woman's contributions to art.

By this means two purposes will be served at once, both germane to my subject. It will stir up some necessary reflection on a few æsthetic questions which man's Narcissus-pride of sex has too long obscured; and it will be an indirect way of doing honour to Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, whose noble and strong genius has a woman's heart and a woman's prescient intuition. We

have here a Rosalind that speaks to us, but a Rosalind of a type rare in painting, because this genius, unmistakably, has what one may call a Spenserian fondness both for remote, old-fashioned ways of expression, and also for those veiled and familiar criticisms of life that good allegories renew with romance from generation to generation. And this means that Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, like Edmund Spenser, appears to have been to some extent impressed and inspired by the Masques, the Moralities, and the Miracle Plays that form a vagrant bond of loose union between the drama of classical antiquity and the greatest plays produced in the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth.

In any case, however, there are two current prejudices that tell against a full and just appreciation of Miss Fortescue-Brickdale and the real sisterhood of artists. The first one is connected with an idea that came into vogue before the Victorian era had cut its wisdom teeth;



"THE CUNNING SKILL TO BREAK A HEART"

BY E. FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell)

the idea, namely, that artists lost nothing as such if they were false to their sex attributes of temperament and character. Influenced by this false idea, not a few gifted Englishmen went far away from the time-honoured insignia of the Anglo-Saxon genius, putting vastly too much store by insipid delicacies of thought, of sentiment, and of style. "Refinement," so-called, was everything to them. They seemed to think in sugar-candy. When painted for the market even their sheep and cattle were as clean as lapdogs. My lady's boudoir was always in their gentle minds. Meanwhile, in singular contrast to all this absurd philandering with "refinement," the gentlewomen of England had begun to revolt against their too sequestered home life, in order to hark back both to that love of field sports which their foremothers had enjoyed until the Puritans suppressed it, and also to a quasi-masculine education similar to that which Sir Thomas More, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, had not only advocated but given to his daughters. The reaction brought about by these revived incentives to emulation soon made itself felt in art and in literature; and at last it became evident that the gentler sex desired to rescue the manful qualities cast away by so many men of known name. All this, viewed as a Gilbertian comedy in æsthetics, was delightful; but let us rejoice that the art-work of Englishmen is becoming much less dainty and "refined," much less effete, and therefore better able to give birth to strong, abiding traditions.

What the world needs now is a general return to womanliness by the ladies who try to be artists. At the present moment, unfortunately, there are but few hopeful signs of such a return. Most women of talent now feel called upon to waste their youth on pretentious efforts to be men—in dull imitations. Of intuition—a gift of inestimable value to women—there is very much less to-day than in years long past, in the old samplers and embroideries; it has been forced to yield empire and precedence to that modern bane, self-consciousness. Even the delicate sense

of colour-harmonies—another good gift that women possess more frequently than men—commonly shows itself not in the hues and tones that lady artists see in external nature with their own eyes, but in blatant plagiarisms of what certain of their male rivals have seen there. And most men, somehow, are pleased with this foolish, inept flattery. If they can say of a woman's work in art that it is a *tour de force*, "almost bold enough to be a man's, you know," they put on a ludicrous air of mingled pride and condescension; but when the work is a Lady Waterford's, instinct with womanly grace, fancy, waywardness, tenderness, and intuition, they marvel, more often than not, why anyone should speak of it enthusiastically, as though its limitations were not clear for all folk to see.

And this brings one in touch with the second



"THE GUESTS"

BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell)





"RICHES." FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING  
(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell) BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE 35



## Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale

prejudice that operates to the disadvantage of the true sisterhood of artists. Those who keep this prejudice alive seem to glory in the fact that women, as a rule, are far more *positive*, more matter-of-fact than the great majority of men. They may have presences all of poetry, but their minds are usually all of prose. Imagination in its highest form, that of stamping *il più nell' uno*, they have never as yet possessed. Their genius "may be compared more justly to the bee, that keeps industriously close to the earth, than to the skylark in a song-flight, that is 'near at once to the point of heaven and the point of home.'" To this genius the world owes many debts of gratitude, but it has never produced its own Phidias, nor a Donna Raphael, nor a Mrs. Shakespeare, nor any sculptor, painter, poet, or musician who has taken rank with the most gifted.

There are men so constituted that they cannot mention this fact without sneering. But discourtesy is not criticism; and if, as Napoleon said, a child's future, its destiny, is always a mother's achievement, then the greatest of all great artists were the mothers of those men whom we now regard as peerless. Certain it is, at least, that women are grandmothers to all human excellence. And this ought to be more than enough to reconcile one's common sense to the familiar limits set by nature to their own imaginative attainments. The useful and necessary thing is to recognise gladly that a woman in order to do her best in art, must take instinctive delight in being faithful to her own nature. To encourage her to compete with men in a masculine manner is a thing which, thousands of times, has been proved futile, and even disastrous. Oaks cannot be grafted upon rose trees, nor can wrens be taught to sing like nightingales; and we may be sure, too, that Mde. Le Brun's picture of herself and daughter, wherein motherhood has made itself nobly real in its adorable homeliness, has a value greater than anyone should claim for all the affectations of mannishness that silly female artists now turn out in such astounding numbers. Last of all, to draw fault-finding comparisons between the artwork of true women and true men, or between any other various forms of complementary beauty, cleverness, or greatness, will ever be a sure proof of inferiority.

Altogether, the highest praise that can be given to a sister of art is to say that her genius grows in strength without losing its womanliness. This can be said of very few women, but it is beyond question true in the case of Miss Fortescue-Brickdale. Her genius, happily, is as feminine as that, say, of Elisabetta Sirani (1640-1665), a wonderful girl whom Owen Meredith tried in a poem to rescue from undeserved neglect. But Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, before she found her true self, did some work which did not hint at the present character of her thought and manner. One has in mind several pen-drawings wherein she aimed at a kind of strength quite at variance with her own personality. The sentiment is forced, and the craft of line is not only unrhythmic, it is sometimes even rude and uncouth. The truth is that Miss Fortescue-Brickdale had just



"AN OPPORTUNITY"

BY E. FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell)





37  
"LOVE AND ADVERSITY." FROM  
A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY  
ELEANOR FORTESUCE-BRICKDALE

*(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell)*

## Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale

then been trained in a school of art, and, like all girl students, had suffered in two ways; for the rule-of-thumb precepts had made her self-timorous and self-conscious, while the hourly influence of clever studies by young men had also a disturbing effect, as it appealed strongly and constantly to her feminine aptitude for simulating various styles. For these reasons, during the time she spent in the Royal Academy Schools, Miss Fortescue-Brickdale was not really herself, and some friend ought to have said to her, what Ruskin said to Lady Waterford, that her best guides in art were Nature and her own intuitive delight in the best work. Nor did she begin to come by her own until circumstances forced her to abandon all the tricks and methods which she had acquired so laboriously in the schools. Those circumstances came into play when Miss Fortescue-

Brickdale, about two years ago, started to work in water-colours, a medium of which she had no school knowledge. It was entirely new to her; hence she had to find out her own way of making it serve as a means of expressing ideas. This was the self-discipline that Miss Fortescue-Brickdale needed, and its effects are admirably various and very attractive. The medium itself is never paraded, as in most modern water-colours; it is always a quiet, unobtrusive servant to the artist's play of thought, fancy, and sentiment; and this result is entirely in accordance with instinctive ways of work most suitable to women of genius. But it has a few drawbacks as well as many inestimable advantages. Again and again, in the art practice of true women, technical defects must be pardoned, not reluctantly, but with as much readiness as we excuse the errors of archæology in the

plays of Shakespeare. As an example of this in the work by Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, let me remind you of the colour-print representing a picture entitled *Chance*, a page of sunlight that appeared in *THE STUDIO* for April. The oversight to be forgiven in this water-colour is the face that peers out from the background, just behind the raised hand of the principal figure. The composition would be much improved if that face were hidden by the leafed, tapestry-like background; and yet one is willing to be annoyed by it for the sake of the notable good qualities, like the exquisite handling of the flowing red robe, the subtle and beautiful colour, the gentle seriousness and sincerity of the general treatment, and the delicate spirit of high comedy, so fresh and yet so scenic in lightness, that gives so much charm to the pretty girl in the act of questioning Chance, as youngsters do it in the fields.



"THE CUP OF HAPPINESS"

BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell)







For the rest, it is far from easy to write of any artist whose appeal is made through subjects having an allegorical significance. Allegories in art have one thing in common with jokes—they must be enjoyed at first-hand; they ought never to be explained. To describe what they mean is to degrade them into flat, dead prose, greatly to the annoyance of those who can appreciate their message without the least help from the stubborn realism of words. Apart from this, moreover, the water-colours by Miss Fortescue-Brickdale are good pictures, no less than thoughtful allegories; and hence it would be unfair to lay stress on their literary allusiveness. On these accounts, and no others, it seems to me best simply to draw attention to their most important merits when considered as works of art; and in doing so, for the sake of clearness, I shall speak of each characteristic under a separate heading.

1. *Intuition.* An instinctive habit of mind

is so strong in the case of Miss Fortescue-Brickdale that she finds it well-nigh impossible to translate her pictured ideas out of art into descriptive prose. Her subjects not only present themselves to her mind in forms and colours, but, in her efforts to call them up into pictorial presence, they do not take shape in words, as conceptions are apt to do in the minds of men-painters. Miss Fortescue-Brickdale arrives at her ends without becoming conscious of the steps by which she gets there. Even the task of finding titles for her pictures not only troubles her, but leads her at times into such difficulties as might be easily avoided by anyone who understands her work. Too often, like a young writer who has yet to learn how to begin an article, Miss Fortescue-Brickdale seeks refuge between quotation marks. Titles of quoted poetry for works of art may have been excusable years ago, in the most sentimental days of the Victorian era, but the painters of to-day



"THE TRAVESTIES OF LIFE"

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell)

BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE



should not stoop to excite interest by making their own efforts more or less dependent on the emotion called into being by quoted lines or words. It is never unavoidable, as Miss Fortescue-Brickdale reminds us in a few fortunate titles, like *The Duenna*, *Chance*, *The Guests*, *To-morrow*, and *Riches*. These labels are simple and expressive, and others not less so could be found for those pictures which, in the catalogue of the Dowdeswell Galleries, bear quotations. There is one, for example, in which an Italian murderer, as he passes hurriedly at midnight over a bridge, beholds, all at once, in a wooden shrine, a figure of Christ upon the Cross, lit up by the moon's light and a taper's glimmer. The title of this drama is taken from the Prayer Book version of Psalm cxxxix, verse 10:—*If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me*. Yet the story told would be none the less impressive if it were labelled *Conscience*, for it shows how the conscience of one man is all at once startled by the crucified image of the Saviour, whose teaching has entered into the conscience of all the most progressive nations. Nevertheless, if Miss Fortescue-Brickdale thought more in her own words and less in quotations, her art might not be as intuitive as it is in these water-colour pictures.

2. *A scenic manner of dealing with character and with situation*. This trait has been noted in *Chance*, and it is more or less evident in most of her pictures. There is a flavour of Goldsmith's comedy in the illustration of the coquette near the bridge; while in *The Travesties of Life*, illustrated on page 41, there is a touch of that burlesqued satire and humour which seem to have been common in early Elizabethan masques.

3. *A surprising aptitude for working in known styles that please her*. Nearly all women-artists have an aptitude akin to this, but Miss Fortescue-Brickdale is now so unself-conscious that she assimilates her borrowed means of expression, making them her own. They are not superfetations upon her own personal manner; they become for the time being an essential part of its Protean womanliness and gracious waywardness. Like a good actress, she can be her true

self *plus* someone else. There are pictures wherein she is Miss Fortescue-Brickdale and a follower of Mr. Byam Shaw; in others, as in *The Duenna*, Van Eyck is recognised *incognito*, and it is only a wide sympathy both with these transformations and with several others that gives one the full scope and the varied feminine charm of the artist's genius.

4. *A close and wise observation of things seen*. Everything is well observed in her pictures, from the manner in which a tree's roots grip the earth to the most delicate tones of grey in a piece of rich drapery touched with sunlight.

5. *An exceedingly good eye for colour*. No amount of writing could give a really clear notion of this invaluable gift, but such a notion of it may be obtained by studying the two reproductions in facsimile, *Chance* and *The Duenna*.

6. *A genuine delight in the human nature that*



"UNCOUNTED HOURS"

BY E. FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE



John J. Bacon





*Gareloch*, Mr. Albert Godwin's *Durham*, Mr. James Paterson's *Glencrosh*, and in the sea-piece, *Way Enough*, by Mr. R. W. Allan; Mr. R. Anning Bell's decorative fancies, *The Mirror* and *A Cup of Water*, the two dainty little figure subjects, *Turtle Doves* and *A Reverie*, by Mr. Walter West, and the fascinating, *Mermaid*, by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, are more than ordinarily attractive; and *The Stable*, by Mr. G. Clausen, can be reckoned as one of the cleverest pieces of handling, and one of the most subtle studies of light and shade, that he has ever exhibited. The *View of the River from above Aysgarth Force*, by Mr. Eyre Walker, is delicate in colour and tenderly treated; and as a technical exercise the large study of a peacock by Mr. Edwin Alexander is most memorable. A note must also be made of the *Silvery Sunset*, by Mr. David Murray, a prettily rendered effect of gentle colour.

The New English Art Club made during April and May an admirable assertion of the convictions of the group of young artists who are responsible for its policy and direct its operations. Among the shows that have been held this season the exhibition at the Dudley Gallery certainly ranks as one of the most consistent and best balanced, and as one of the best all-round displays of artistic effort. Mr. P. W. Steer's delightful colour arrangement, *Hydrangea*; Mr. W. W. Russell's broadly painted and luminous landscape, *A Holiday*; Mr. J. L. Henry's atmospheric notes, *Hayle Harbour* and *The River Bar*; Mr. Moffat Lindner's *St. Ives Harbour: Moonlight*; and *The Pool*, by Mr. Mark Fisher, were, perhaps, the most striking contributions. But there were also good pictures from Mr. A. S. Hartrick, Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. Hugh Carter, Mr. Rothenstein, and Mr. Orpen: excellent portraits from Mr. George Thomson, Mr. C. W. Furse, and Mr. P. W. Steer; and notable water-colours by Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. F. E. James, and Mr. H. B. Brabazon. Most of the more prominent members of the club were represented, and a great deal of good work came from outsiders as well.

The summer show of modern Dutch art that has been arranged at the Holland Fine Art Gallery is in every way convincing. The pictures and drawings brought together include some of the best examples of the school that have been seen in London for some considerable time. A particularly fine work, *The Harbour, Dordrecht*, by James Maris; two delightful little landscapes by M. Boks; a cleverly painted snow-scene by L. Apol; Bosboom's broadly handled *Stavoren*; *In the Wood*, by J. Neuhuys; and a little grey and green landscape, *In the Meadows*, by W. Maris, are the most notable of the oil pictures; and among the water-colours there are good things by Th. de Bock, W. Maris, and G. Poggenbeek, and a superb sketch, *Fishing Boats*, by James Maris. The selection of material for the Exhibition has been made with very sound judgment, and the arrangement is thoroughly effective.

The founders of the institution which is known as the Poster Academy may congratulate themselves upon the results of their efforts. The first exhibition of art posters gave every promise of good things to follow, and if the Poster Academy succeeds in attaining the ends for which it has been established a very great move in the right direction will have been made. The chief object which this new institution has in view is "to convince the advertiser that the artistic poster is more effective than an inartistic one"—that is to say, the Poster Academy is striving by more diplo-



"AFTER YOU, SIR!" POSTER

BY CECIL ALDIN



POSTER

BY JOHN HASSALL

matic means to achieve the same end as the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising; and there is no reason why the two bodies should not work in unison—though it must be owned that the ideal of the Academy is higher than that of the Society, for the one aims at educating, while the other seeks to compel the advertiser to come to a more enlightened view as regards his work.

The best poster artists of the day were represented by original designs, and in all considerably over two hundred works were collected for the occasion. Conspicuous amongst the designs of the well-known artists were the handsome and striking pictures by J. Hassall, Cecil Aldin, Dudley Hardy, and Tom Browne. The posters from the brushes of these artists were good examples of what is best in the poster school—bold and striking, yet harmonious in colouring and picturesque in effect. Among other well-known exhibitors were Bernard Partridge, J. Pryde, W. True, and W. T. Rogers. All these gentlemen formed the committee of the new Academy, and so the value of its awards is vouched for.

Amongst the many other posters which were exhibited, special praise is due to the 'Cellist, by A. J. Munnings, which took the gold medal as the best poster sent in, excluding those contributed by the committee; *The Peacock Library*, by

George R. Rigby, awarded the second prize, silver medal; *A Night Out*, by A. G. Watts, awarded the silver medal in the theatrical poster class; and a very quaint and pretty set of pictures by T. and A. Pickwick—the chief fault in which being dulness of colour.

**M**UNICH. — In March and April the "Secession" opened an Exhibition in their rooms consisting almost entirely of the work of Munich artists, most of them young men. Some few of the leaders of the

Secessionists, however, exhibited beautiful and important pictures, and one of the gems of the collection was a painting by the celebrated master, Fritz von Uhde, representing his three daughters



"THE 'CELLIST" POSTER

BY A. J. MUNNINGS



in an arbour situated in a park-like garden. Two other pictures must also be mentioned, neither of them so important as the first-named, but both charming and interesting, giving glimpses into his home-life, for they also represent bits of the garden of his summer residence, with his daughters introduced as figures in the landscape.

With Fritz von Uhde must be named another of the older masters whose works are remarkably fine. We allude to Christian Landenberger, who exhibited two beautiful interiors of peasants' huts in the Black Forest, and a large open-air subject, *Two boys bathing in a forest lake*. The nude bodies, gleaming white in the bright sunshine, stand out vividly against a background of dark green trees bordering the water. The treatment is altogether original, as is the case in all the excellent landscape work produced by the members of the Secessionist Society, such as Benno Becker, Paul Crodell, Bernhard Buttersack, Theodor Hummel, Richard Kaiser, W. H. Lehmann, and others. Philipp Klein is also very successful with his portraits, painted in the open-air with very happy results, the personality of the sitter being admirably brought out, whilst the atmospheric effects of the environment are most truly rendered. Very noteworthy, too, were the portraits by Margarethe von Kurowski, with their finely rendered greyish-gold tones; and another lady, Sophie von Scheve, showed no little skill in her work.

A very special feature of this year's Spring Exhibition was the great advance made by many young artists, who, though they have not yet come into



"A STREET IN ROTHENBURG"

FROM A DRAWING BY ANGELO JANK

the full possession of their powers, have produced many works giving great promise for the future. Some of them have already become known to the regular visitors to the gallery; but, for all that, their pictures are something of a revelation on account of their increased power of seeing nature truly, and their great advance in technique. This is especially the case with certain pupils of the distinguished animal painter Heinrich Zuegel, who this year, as on two previous occasions, had a whole room reserved for them. Hans von Hayek devotes himself, more than the rest of the group to which he belongs, to pure landscape, but without altogether omitting the figures of animals. Rudolf Schramm-Zittau and Emmanuel Hegenbarth are especially



successful in emulating their master's rendering of clear sunlight as it plays upon the bodies of animals, whether they are in repose or in motion, and they know how to blend them and their surroundings into one harmonious whole, with absolute truth to the actual effect before them. Eugen Wolff has also made most rapid progress. Two years ago his landscapes, with their hard crude colouring and stiff ungraceful outlines, left much to be desired, whilst now, though they have lost none of their freshness or force, his peaceful evening scenes, his old courtyards painted in the tender twilight hour, his winter mornings in the lonely forest, are full of poetic feeling.

Very different from the style of work produced by the pupils of Heinrich Zuegel is that of A. Thomann, whose name we met with for the first time at this exhibition. He loves to paint animals in quiet, neutral light. A few white or mottled cattle on a mountain pasture, beneath a clouded sky or in the subdued glow of sunset, are his favourite subjects. Two such canvases were shown at the exhibition under notice, both quiet in tone and feeling but powerful for all that, and with no flaw in their *technique*. His water-colours, which are almost without opaque colours, painted broadly and simply, are full of spirit and feeling.

A few new names also appear amongst the painters of figure subjects and interiors in connection with works full of power and promise. We can only mention here Ernst Stern and H. R. Lichtenberger, who, without being actually his pupils, have learnt much from Slevogt, one of the most gifted of the younger Munich artists. Stern has

endeavoured to emulate his simplicity of treatment and breadth of manner, in the truth of atmospheric effect and sense of space characteristic of his interiors; whilst Lichtenberger has been more influenced by his colouring.

There is no lack of powerful drawings in this characteristic exhibition, and as a noteworthy example may be mentioned a work by a young painter, Attilio Sacchetto, a simple street scene, in which, however, he has dealt successfully with a very difficult problem of perspective. Angelo Jank exhibited a whole series of coloured drawings, not unlike those he showed in previous years, most



"NEAR ROTHENBURG"

FROM A DRAWING BY ANGELO JANK



THE BISHOP ABSOLON    DESIGNED BY MARTIN NYROP  
MEMORIAL TABLET    MODELLED BY PROFESSOR BISSEN

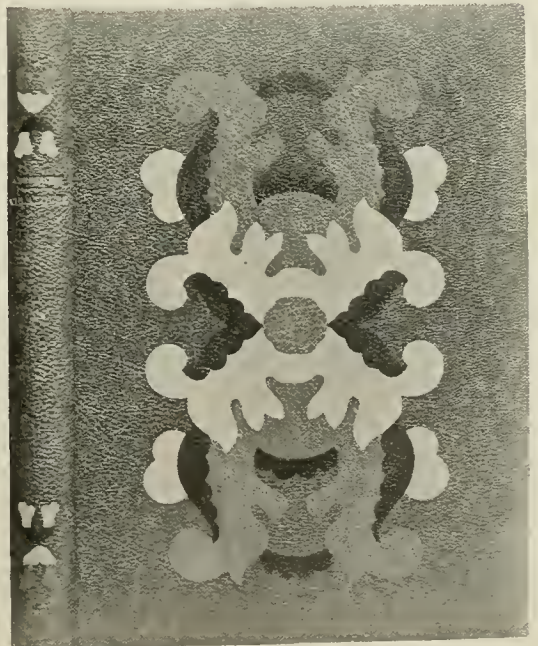
of them inspired by the quaint old town of Rothenburg. Originally intended to be mere studies for oil pictures, the artist has worked them up with colour till they have become really quite finished works of art in themselves.

The brilliant display of good work at the Spring Exhibition of the Secession Society is especially gratifying, as it gives such admirable promise for the future, so many young men having come to the front in it, and because it proves that the veterans of the Club are ready and eager to welcome newcomers of talent, and to give them a chance of becoming as favourably known to the public as they themselves already are. These two facts are, indeed, of vital importance at the present time, when

other German towns, notably Berlin and Dresden, are straining every nerve to contest the position of Munich in the art world. For all that, however, Munich still displays far more productive power than any other city of Germany, not only in pictorial but in all kindred arts. G. K.

COPENHAGEN.—Danish bookbinders have on several recent occasions succeeded in attracting considerable attention, and the accompanying illustrations will bear additional testimony as to how fully this attention is deserved. The binding for "The Elder Edda" (page 56), by Karl Gjellerup, is designed by F. A. Hallin, and is an elaborate and unique piece of craftsmanship, admirably suited to the book in question. The colouring is sombre and discreet. The tree is a dark green, the atmosphere a somewhat slaty grey, the eagle in the centre of the tree is black, and the swans are white. The foliage is done in gold, all by hand, and with much variety in the details. The material is full morocco, the different colours being laid in mosaic fashion. This splendid binding at once found its way into the collection of one of the best-known English connoisseurs.

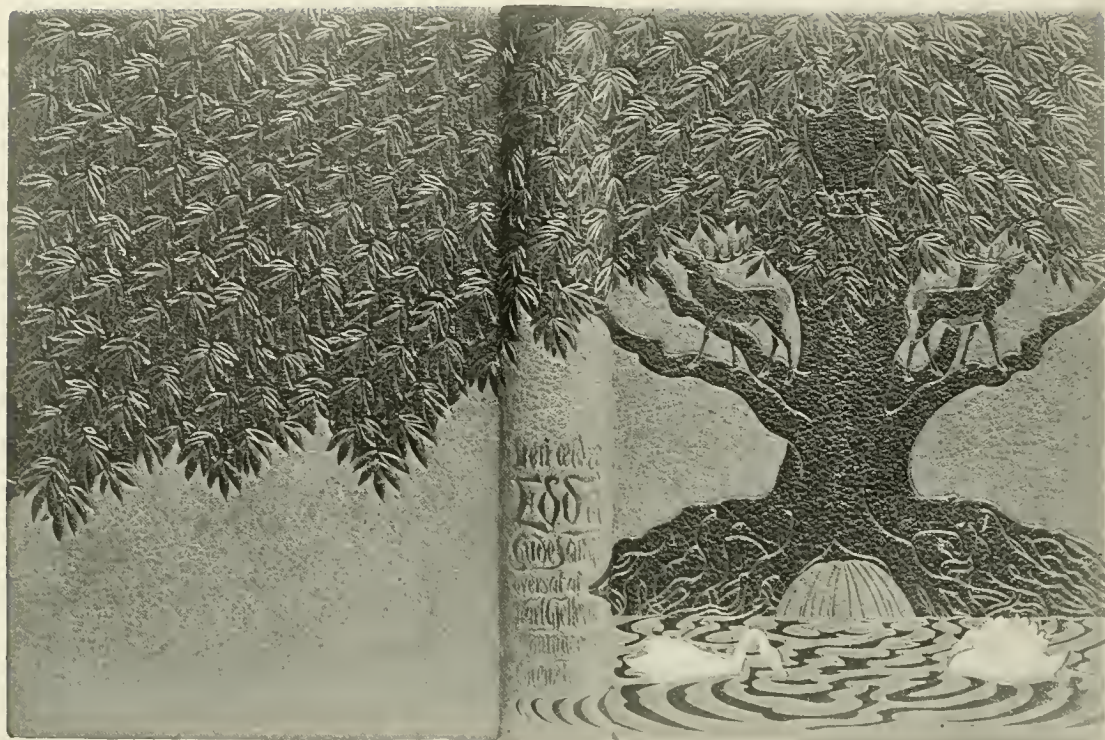
The other binding illustrated is designed by Thomas Bindesböll. This is considerably more



BOOKBINDING

BY T. BINDESBÖLL





BOOKBINDING

DESIGNED BY F. A. HALLIN  
EXECUTED BY KARL GJELLERUP

gay in tone, but the colours chosen match exceedingly well. The ground is a rich, somewhat reddish orange, and the ornamental design is inlaid in a dark sage-green, a well-tempered blue, and a pale yellow. The material is morocco.

On the seven-hundredth anniversary of the death of Bishop Absolon, the founder of Copenhagen, was unveiled a tablet in bold relief of this great man—prelate, warrior, statesman—placed most appropriately above the main entrance to that magnificent town-hall which Mr. Martin Nyrop has designed for the Danish capital, and which is now approaching its completion. The tablet, too, is designed by Mr. Nyrop, while the modelling has been done by Professor Bissen. The figure stands out well against a highly-ornamental copper ground, the whole, with the exception of a portion of the Bishop's vestment, being richly gilt. In its newness all this gold has a somewhat isolated, patchy effect against the red walls, but time will very soon mend that and further enhance the historic style and the decorative effect of the tablet.

G. B.

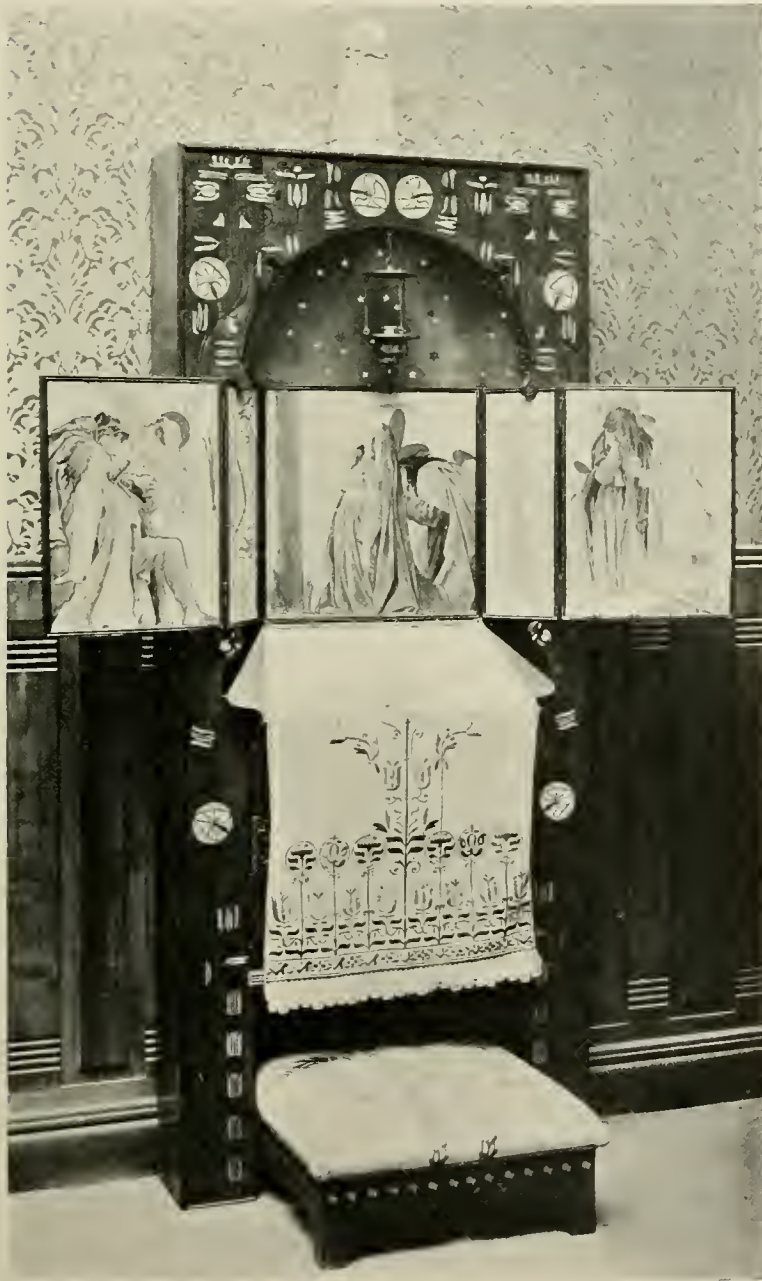
**P**RAGUE.—In much the same sense as we can speak of a Viennese or Hungarian style of art craftsmanship, we can now refer to one peculiar to Bohemia, the rapid growth of which has been greatly fostered by the exhibition of various ethnographical collections made under the superintendence of a staff of native teachers remarkable alike for their general art culture and their technical skill.

The Royal School of Art Craftsmanship in Prague owes to its Director, Professor Stibral, the fact that the work produced in it is known outside Bohemia. Already at the recent Paris Exhibition Bohemian craftsmanship was worthily represented, and I now propose to introduce to the readers of *THE STUDIO* some characteristic examples of Bohemian work, beginning with the *Allar* (see p. 62), designed by Professor Kastner, and carried out by students of the Royal School of Art Craftsmanship in Prague, in which the general conception of the design, representing St. Ludmill, a patron saint of Bohemia, and the technical execution are alike admirable. The entire group is full of repose, dignity, simplicity, and religious feeling. Its author, Kastner, is indeed a man of great origin-



ality, practising with equal skill the professions of a painter, an architect, and a sculptor. His figures are remarkable for their interpretation of character. He is a modeller of rare skill, and in his hands the very first evolution of plastic form is full of individuality. More widely known than his sculptures are the various articles of furniture designed by him to meet the taste of the present day, which are noticeable for the simplicity of their

general lines and angles and the effectiveness of their decoration, consisting generally of inlaid wood of various colours. Peasant craftsmen, who have never left their remote native villages, have devoted themselves to the production of this quite modern style of furniture, and if it be true, as many claim, that men are to be judged by their homes and their surroundings in those homes, surely the cupboards and chests of solid, uncompromising construction, with their simple ornamentation, may be looked upon as a very sure index to the character of the sturdy, unemotional Czech nation! With the graceful elegance of the people of Vienna, or the refined and elevated taste of the English, the Bohemians have absolutely nothing in common. The austere solemnity of the Bohemian domestic hearth has none of the bright charm peculiar to Belgium. The melancholy inherent in the very blood of the sensitive, reserved Bohemian race is, in fact, hostile to any art relying upon outward effect only. An ornately decorated wardrobe is the expression of the taste of its producer; it is no revelation of the character of its owner, but simply a piece of good modern work, generally in oak of a reddish colour which has been skilfully preserved and modulated. Kastner well understands how to use iron as well as wood in his work, and the two materials are, in fact, often combined in one piece of furniture. He does not aim at surprising his admirers by constantly producing new effects; indeed, novelty has for him no special charm. What pleases us most in his works are their substantial, solid



SIDE ALTAR

BY PROFESSOR KASTNER

character ; they are not the result of a facile and inexhaustible fancy, but of careful, well-considered toil, and they are all, without exception, thoroughly suitable to the purpose for which they are intended. It is, indeed, this simple probity of purpose which makes Kastner so worthy a representative of Bohemian art.

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Professor Kloůcek is one of the most prolific and many-sided of the crowds of Bohemian artists who have of late years done much for the cause of art-craftsmanship in their native land. His work, and that produced from his initiative, prove him to be a talented master of considerable individuality. He is specially anxious that Nature, the greatest of all teachers, should be carefully followed. He is himself perfectly indefatigable in making studies from nature, and his majolica and terra-cotta flower vases, etc., remarkable though they are for their great simplicity, prove with what thoroughness he has studied his subjects. However primitive the means employed, the result is thoroughly artistic. The famous Bohemian pottery used by the peasants is made from the models originated by Professor Kloůcek, which have given a very great impulse to the natural taste. Their simple form is peculiarly suitable to Bohemian decorative motives, and they retain a delightful individuality altogether wanting where foreign influence has resulted in the conventional treatment of flowers and foliage.

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The plastic and embossed work of Herr Novak is also remarkable for the feeling for nature it betrays and the very evident desire of its author

to avoid conventionality. All he produces is bold in conception and skilful in execution ; but pliant as is the material in the clever hands of this experienced artist, he never allows himself to forget its true limitations. Constantly evolving new ideas, as illustrated by his finely designed and delicately executed letter cases, tobacco pouches, etc., he shows a very great aptitude for decorative work, avoiding any slavish copying. Especially noteworthy for their excellent taste and appropriateness are the floral and foliage ornamentation of his letter cases.

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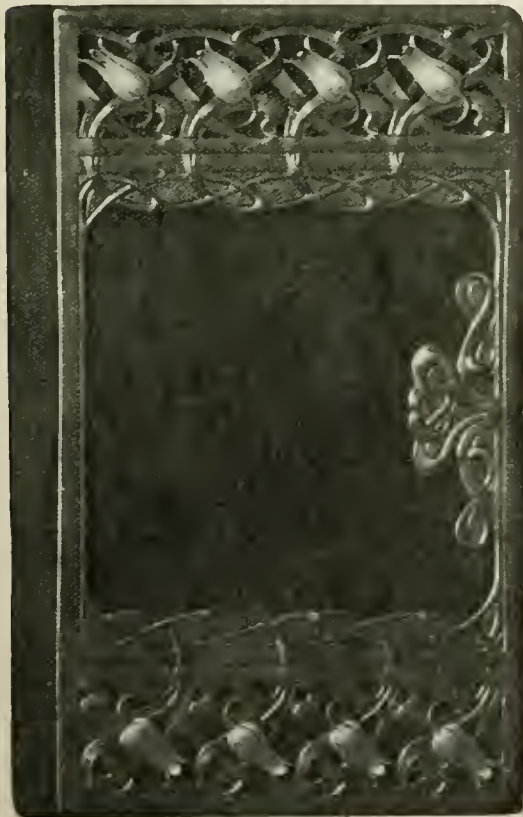
CABINET

BY PROFESSOR KASTNER AND HIS PUPILS



The designs for embroidery are equally remarkable for what may be called the natural, healthy beauty of their form and colouring. They are worked out in Bohemian, Moravian and Slavonian villages with rare skill, and in many a remote district a new impulse has of recent years been given to domestic industries. In many cases, however, the patterns and colour schemes have been handed down from generation to generation, exercising a very great influence upon the taste of the present day. Indeed, we find technical methods, such as were employed hundreds of years ago, in general use in modern times, so that the new activity is rather a revival, with modern modifications, than an absolutely fresh departure.

Designs sketched on vellum or parchment by Professor Kastner have been, at his wish, worked out in the School of Embroidery. In suitable environment these designs are thoroughly effective, but such environment is actually essential to their success, and they are, as a general rule,



LETTER-CASE

BY PROFESSOR E. NOVAK



LETTER-CASE

BY PROFESSOR E. NOVAK

only in the right place in the houses for which they have been specially made.

Bohemian artists have done much to encourage art craftsmanship in their native land, and very great strides in advance have been made in that direction; indeed, the Bohemians may now pride themselves on having a certain number of followers and imitators. At the Paris Exhibition their work attracted a great deal of attention. We may name in this connection, as especially successful, Ian Kotera, Mauder and Nemec. Professor Scala, Director of the Austrian Museum, manifested a very great interest in their exhibits. In the capital of Bohemia itself also, the efforts of native artists have had a very marked result on the taste of the public who patronize the shops. The new impulse thus given to the production of a simple, natural style of art craftsmanship has not, however, yet filtered through to the trade. There is no lack of artists, no lack of good craftsmen, all that is really needed is the education of the public and the manufacturer who caters for the public.

M. G.



MILAN.—At the end of March every three years there is held, in the *grande cour* of the Ospedale Maggiore, the wonderful building raised by the greatest of the Viscontis, an exhibition of all the portraits which, during the past four centuries, have been dedicated to the memory of the benefactors of the Institution. This superb collection, which numbers 500 canvases and includes several masterpieces (the portrait of Calcaterra by Bertini and Segantini's portrait of Rotta, for example), has just been increased by the addition of several new



EMBROIDERY  
DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR KASTNER  
EXECUTED BY HIS PUPILS  
(See *Prague Studio-Talk*)



ASH TRAY IN COPPER  
BY PROFESSOR E. NOVAK  
(See *Prague Studio-Talk*)



ASH TRAY IN BRONZE  
BY PROFESSOR E. NOVAK  
(See *Prague Studio-Talk*)

works of varying merit. The portraits painted by Bianchi, Bartesago and Magistretti are of only minor importance, while the portrait of M. Botta by Carcano shows marked deterioration on the part of the great landscapist of Lombardy; indeed, it is a rather mediocre piece of work. Much superior is the portrait by Sottocornola. The portrait of M. Sarina Alfieri, by Longone, is a remarkable production, not only as a portrait, but for its delicate effects of light and its truly decorative spirit. A bright, flowery landscape, bathed in sunshine and life, forms the luminous background of the picture.



*(See Prague Studio-Talk)*

POTTERY WARE BY PROFESSOR  
KLOUČEK AND HIS PUPILS



In the Hospital Chapel some new decoration has just been erected, so commonplace and so devoid of interest as to be unworthy of description. When clever and capable decorative artists exist, it is a pity that their services are not requisitioned for work of this kind.

The jury of selection for the Venice International Exhibition has recently inspected a large number of works sent in for acceptance. The members of the jury were the painters Previati and Fragiacomio, the sculptors Butti and Trentacoste, and the art critic Primo Levi. Among the painters whose works have been accepted are Borgo Manieri, Bertani, Belloni, Vezetti, Macchiati, Castelli, Chiesa, Cavaleri, Carozzi, Grubicy, Longoni, and Quarantelli; while the successful sculptors are Bialetti and Quadrelli.

U. M. DE V.

BERLIN.—The latter part of the winter art season produced nothing remarkable. It is to be regretted that the Fritz Gurlitt Art Gallery, wherein for years past so many rising artists have made their first appearance, will shortly close its portals. The proprietor, Herr Waldecker, intends to confine himself for the future to the publication of engravings. Despite the large number of show-rooms in Berlin, the lack of art of the highest order, such as we generally see at the Gurlitt Gallery, is conspicuous. The exhibitions at Schulte's Salon are merely the reflections of the fashion of the moment, and, artistically, count for little. Here and there we find a genuine work of art, but it has to be picked out, as it were, from a rubbish heap. Among the worthier exhibitors at Schulte's are several members of the Hamburg Art

Club—Ernst Eitner, Artur Illies, Siebelist, and Schaper.

An exhibition of modern portraits, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to charity, was opened in April in the Künstlerhaus. The general level was distinctly low, but was redeemed by contributions from Böcklin, Liebermann, Leibl, Stauffer-Bern, Dora Hitz, Anders Zorn, Rysselberghe, and Lesser Ury.

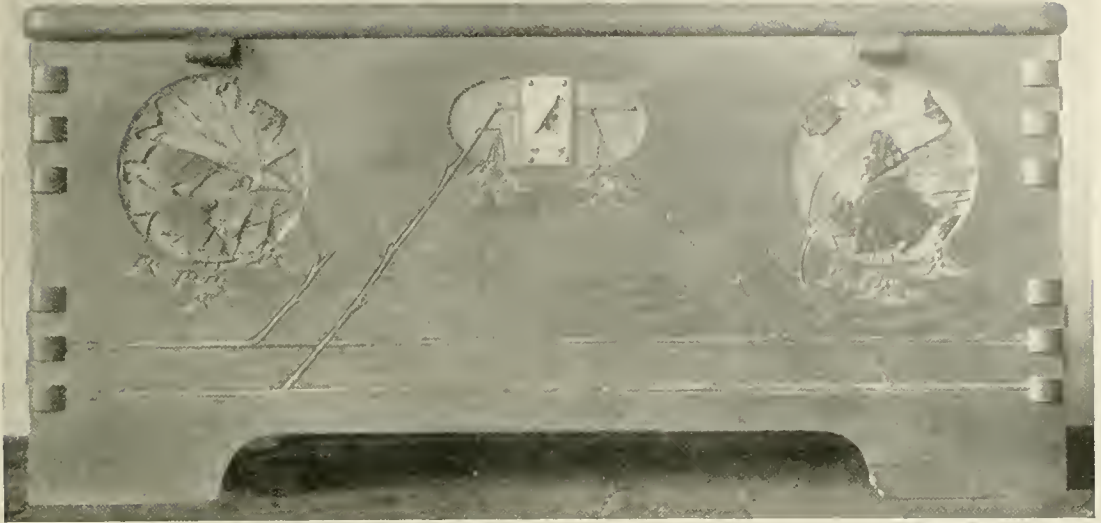
The National Gallery is to be congratulated on its exhibition of the Königs collection. Felix Königs, who was a banker, died last year at Berlin. He came of a Rhineland stock, and during the last sixteen years of his life had collected a very valuable gallery of paintings and sculptures by modern artists. The catalogue of the exhibition included thirty-four works of sculpture and seventy



ALTAR

BY PROFESSOR J. KASTNER AND HIS PUPILS  
(See *Progne Studio-Talk*)





STAINED OAK CHEST

(See Prague Studio-Talk)

BY PROFESSOR J. KASTNER

paintings, and among the artists' names were those of Max Klinger, Paul Troubetzkoy, Böcklin, Emile Claus, Feuerbach, Leibl, Liebermann, Segantini, William Strang, Anders Zorn, and Heinrich Zügel. Herr Königs' heirs deserve the warmest thanks for having presented a selection of the masters' best works to the National Gallery of Berlin. This priceless gift to the nation includes Max Klinger's *Amphitrite*, chiselled in beautiful Parian marble, Rodin's *L'Homme et sa pensée*, a bronze group by Van der Stappen, three smaller works by the Russian artist Troubetzkoy, and the beautiful bust of his particular friend, the lamented Segantini. The *Ritorno del Paese*, by Segantini, a painting imbued by earnest solemnity, is also given to the National Gallery; likewise a portrait by Böcklin, an interesting landscape by Feuerbach, an excellent Leibl, and an artistic female study by Anders Zorn.

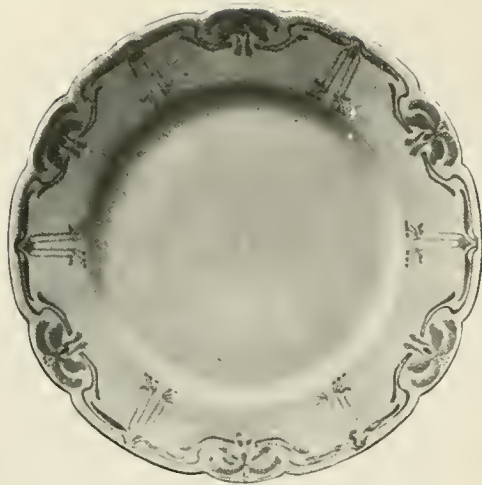
The late *genre* painter, Paul Klette, little known in Berlin, was also there—somewhat as a surprise. Königs had five of his works. Two little impressionist landscapes by a comparatively unknown artist, Victor Thomas of Berlin, also attracted attention.

L. K.

PARIS.—An exhibition of the work of Honoré Daumier, organised by the "Syndicat de la Presse Artistique," has just been opened at the École des Beaux-Arts. One can have nothing but praise for

such an enterprise, and special congratulations are due to M. Frantz Jourdain, who has been at great pains to display the most important and most significant of the master's works to the best advantage. Thus the exhibition fully merits the success it is having. "As painter, draughtsman, lithographer, and sculptor Daumier is seen here in all his versatility," as M. Gustave Geoffroy aptly remarks in his preface to the catalogue, adding, "and in everything he will be found equal to himself." The full genius of this great artist is, indeed, strikingly demonstrated by this display, which plainly shows him to be a bigger man than many people ever imagined. A special word of acknowledgment is due to those collectors who have lent their treasures on this occasion—to MM. Arsène Alexandre, Gallimard, Bureau, Cordey, Donop de Mouchy, Feydeau, Ollendorff, Natanson, Cheramy, Viau, Rouart, and Tavernier, thanks to whom it may be said that the majority of Daumier's most suggestive works are now displayed on the Quai Malaquais.

There has been no space available hitherto to describe the chief exhibitions which marked the close of the art season before the opening of the two Salons. I must content myself with the briefest mention thereof, just by way of record. At the Bernheim Gallery we had a display by a most talented young landscapist, M. René Seyssaud, a bold and powerful impressionist;



PLATE

DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE

at Hessèle's, Mme. Renée Davids showed a series of delightful drawings, full of charm and character. The second exhibition of the "Société Nouvelle de Peintres et de Sculpteurs" at Georges Petit's was followed by the annual display of the Pastellists; and in the same galleries was to be seen an exhibition of "medianomic" drawings by M. Fernand Desmoulin, strangely captivating in style; also a display of M. Victor Vignon's luminous landscapes. Moreover, at Tooth's, Gaston La Touche showed a series of twenty-six highly original water-colours (at present on view in a special room at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts), and the famous engraver, Félix Bracquemond, a collection of twenty-nine original etchings. A most interesting exhibition was given at Durand-Ruel's by MM. Albert André, G. d'Espagnat, G. Daniel-Monfreid, E. Durenne, L. Paviot, H. Roussel-Masure, and L. Valtat; and in the Galerie des Artistes Modernes the "Demi-Douzaine" held their annual display, the works shown including delightful examples by MM. Ferdinand Luigini, Charles Huard, Camille Bourget, Pierre Bracquemond, and others.

Under the title of "Les Enlaidissements de Paris," a series of articles by M. Robert de Souza is appearing in "L'Illustration," the author prosecuting a vigorous campaign therein against the transformations and deformations which, thanks to the advance of modern industrialism, the capital is undergoing. M. de Souza deserves cordial support, for if we do not take care, Paris will soon be robbed of nearly all its beauty, its charm, and its special character. M. de Souza is a poet, a lover of beauty; and all who think as he thinks should combine with him in his happily inspired effort to make Paris the exquisite city it was in days gone by.

It behoves the true artist ever to be on the lookout for the means whereby the domain of art may be enlarged, ever to seek "fresh worlds to conquer." Such is the opinion of M. Georges de Feure, who, at the Salon of the Beaux-Arts, is now displaying in a showcase of gilded wood—a real work of art, of his own designing—a collection of decorated porcelain of the utmost interest technically and otherwise. Produced by one of the best firms in Limoges—Gérard, Dufraissex & Cie.—this porcelain presents



PLATE

DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE



PLATE

DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE





Some Monograms by George Auriol



Magazine  
français illustré



Ernest  
Flammarion



Ernest  
Laumann



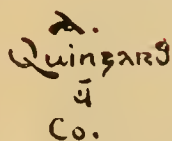
Henri Floury



Mademoiselle  
Jeannine  
Chennetière



Madame  
Paul  
Blondeau



A.  
Quingard  
&  
Co.



Henri  
Rivière



Hachette  
& Cie.



Enoch & Co.



Léopold  
Dauphin



Félix  
Fénéon



Tadamasa Hayashi



George Auriol's  
home-mark

Eugène  
Demolder



Charles Vos



Some Monograms by George Auriol



Gabriel  
Mourey



Hugues  
Delorme



Madame  
Jeanne  
Marini



Alphonse  
Daudet



Henri  
Lavedan



Th   tre  
Antoine



Fernand  
Vanderem

Steinlen



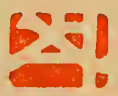
L  on Blondel



Paul  
Robert



Madame  
Georges Moreau



Alexandre  
Hepp

Eug  ne  
B  jot



Octave  
Mirbeau



Anatole  
France

Jean-Louis  
Forain



Ren    
Wi  ner



Mademoiselle  
Marcelle  
Vedel



Paul Fabre









VASE

DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE

with the shapes employed, now by their absolute harmony, now by their effective contrast. These are M. de Feure's first experiments in this direction, yet they come very near to perfection. Who can doubt that at his next attempt he will achieve even greater results?

There are but few French artists devoting themselves to decorative art who, to my mind, are more gifted than M. Georges Auriol in all that concerns book ornamentation in all its branches. He is responsible for several charming book covers, programmes, music covers, and head and tail pieces, all revealing a keen sense of the logical, and at the same time of the fanciful.

For his intimate friends in art and letters, and for the publishers he has designed numerous monograms in the Japanese style—all remarkable for their rare sense of nature and their perfect balance. The two illustrations now reproduced give a good idea of his gifts in this direction.

M. Robert Nau recently displayed some jewellery designed by him at George Petit's. There is novelty in his work, without doubt; but that is all. He must be content to wait a few years for his laurels; meanwhile—he is only twenty—his great abilities deserve encouragement.

G. M.

a most successful combination of coloured *pâte appliquée* on a white ground. Instead of the great masses of colour usually seen in pieces baked *au grand feu*, M. de Feure and his collaborators have succeeded in producing much more delicate effects, the subtle tones obtained being quite uncommon, at least in Europe, in fired porcelain. The colours range from blue to yellow, including a grey green, a reseda green, a grey, a brown of extraordinary delicacy, and lastly a greyish pink, exquisitely charming in its freshness. Thanks to M. de Feure's subtle methods, these colours are wonderfully well adapted to porcelain decoration. The plates, the flower-vase, and the bon-bon box are among the best of these things, the ornamentation blending most admirably

[Owing to great pressure upon our space, several important Reviews are held over until next month.]



PORCELAIN CARD-TRAY

DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE

## Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



BON-BON BOX

DESIGNED BY  
G. DE FEURE

(See *Paris Studio-Talk*)

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Tramp* (David Veazey, 27 Rectory Place, Woolwich).

Honourable mention is given to the following: *Mario* (Marion Blanche Martin); *Jat* (John A. Tidmus); and *Craft* (Fred White).

### DESIGN FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD.

(B V.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *West Countryman* (Edward H. Atwell, 12 Gay Street, Bath).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to

## AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

### DESIGN FOR A MAGAZINE COVER.

(A VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE in this Competition (*Three Pounds*) has been awarded to *Pan* (Fred. H. Ball, Elmley House, Worcester).

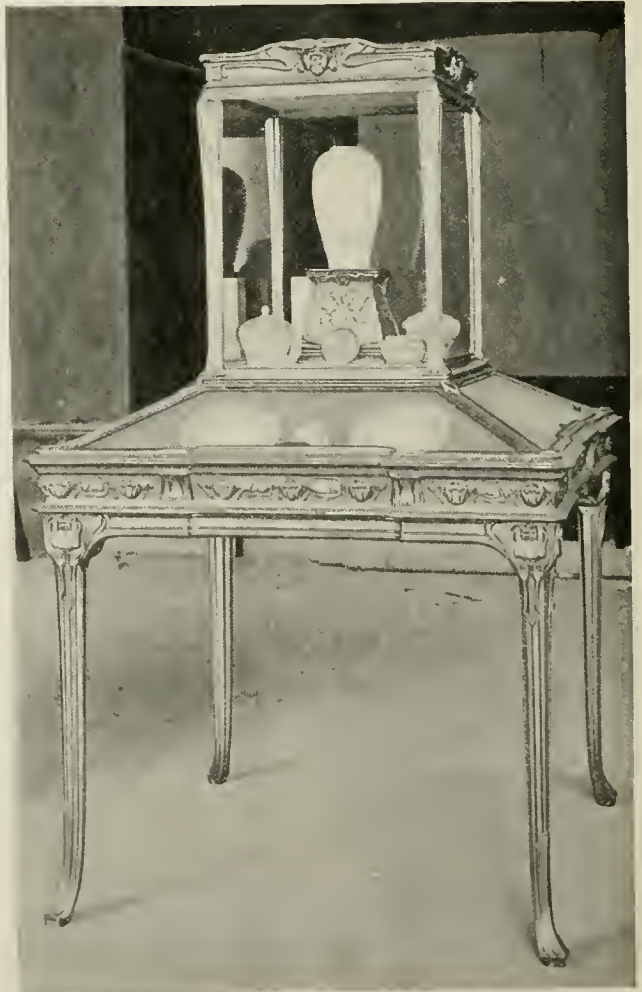
The SECOND PRIZE (of *Two Pounds*) to *San-Toy* (John Arthur Chell, 7 Oakfield Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham).

Honourable mention is given to *Fearless* (Walt Gilliard); to *Pearson's* (Ronald White); to *Levy* (Mark Levy); to *Excelsior* (Augusta Kichler); and to *Werewolf* (Miss Margaret Clayton); and *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe).

### DESIGN FOR A PEWTER HOT-WATER JUG.

(A VII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *Parnassus* (Charlotte E. Elliot, 111 Chatham Street, Liverpool).



SHOW-CASE IN GILDED WOOD

DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE

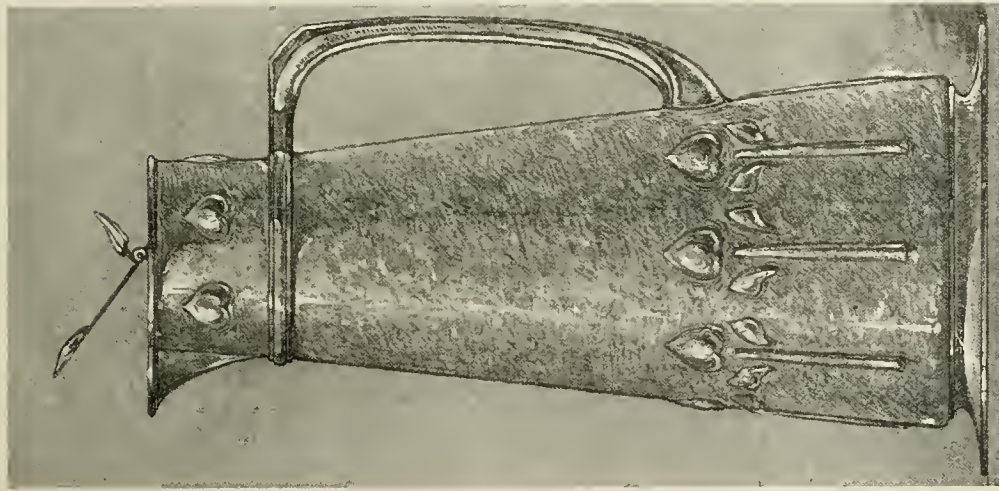
(See *Paris Studio-Talk*)





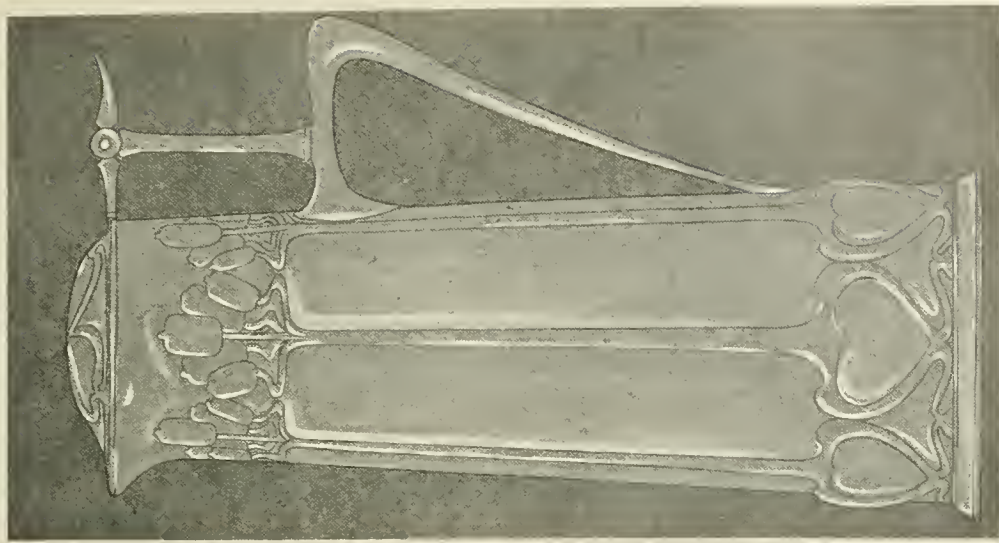
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A VII.)

"PARNASSUS"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A VII.)

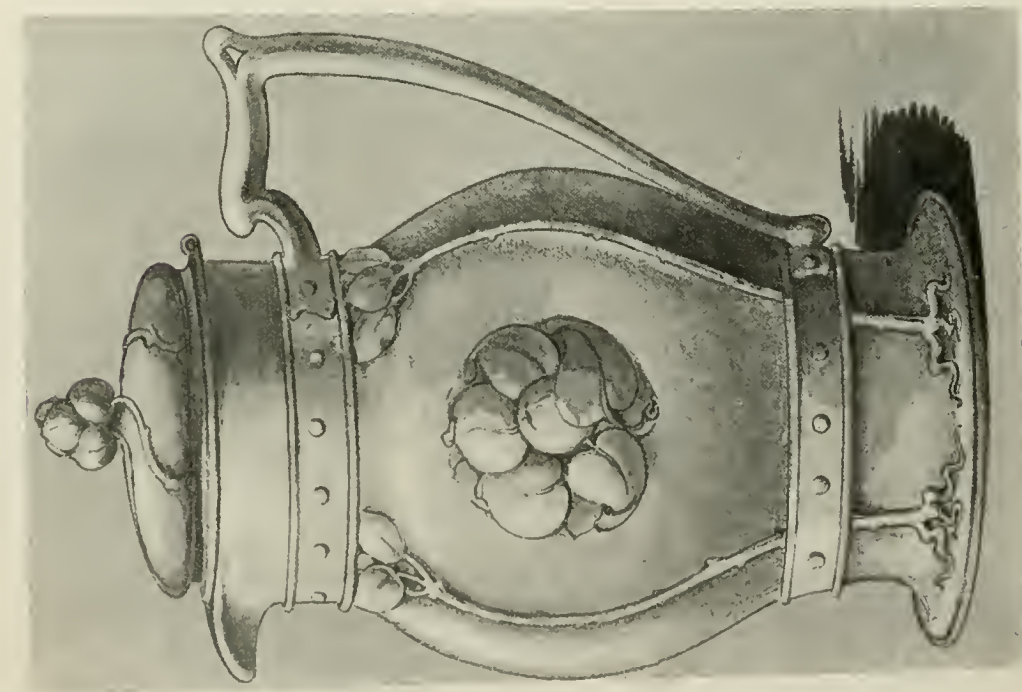
"TRAMP"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.)

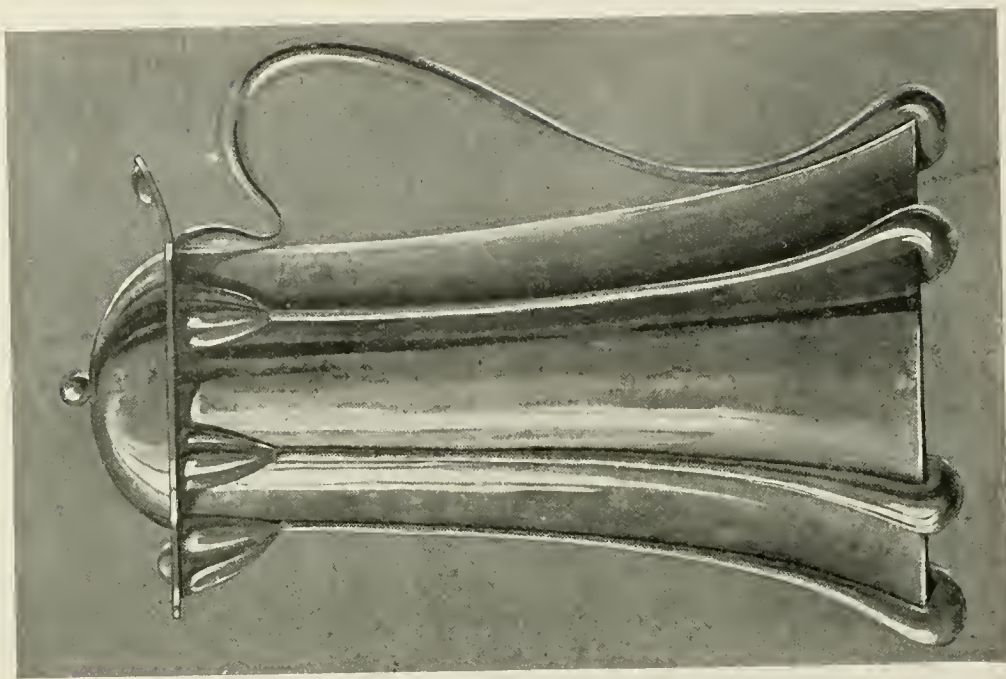
"MARIO"





HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.)

“JAT”



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.)

“CRAFT”



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"BRUSH"

*Orthodoxy* (Claire Murrell, 5 Burwood Park Road, Walton-on-Thames).

Honourable mention to the following:—*Scout* (B. H. Smale); *Black Spear* (Marjory Parker Rhodes); and *Pan* (Fred. H. Ball).

DESIGN FOR A MENU CARD.

(B VII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been won by *Coridon* (Edward Pax, 27 Milton Court Road, New Cross, London, S.E.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) to *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter).

# MENU



## THE OLD SHIP INN EDINBURGH

HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"DAHOO"

Honourable mention is given to the following: *Brush* (Percy Lancaster); *Dahood* (David H. Smith); *Jawkor* (Janet S. C. Simpson); *Apple and Hop* (B. H. Smale); and *Tatcho* (Ellis Martin).

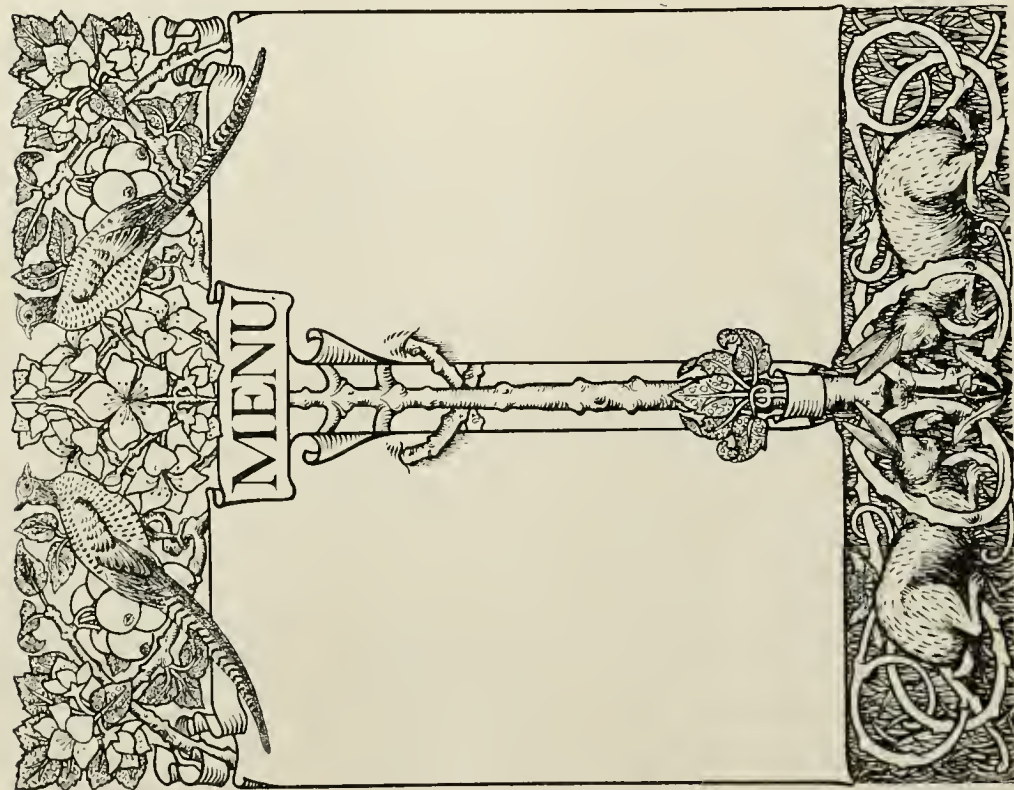
PORTRAIT OF A CHILD, OR A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

(C VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) in this Competition has been gained by *Sutton* (J. Cruwys Richards, Maple Road, Bournville, near Birmingham).

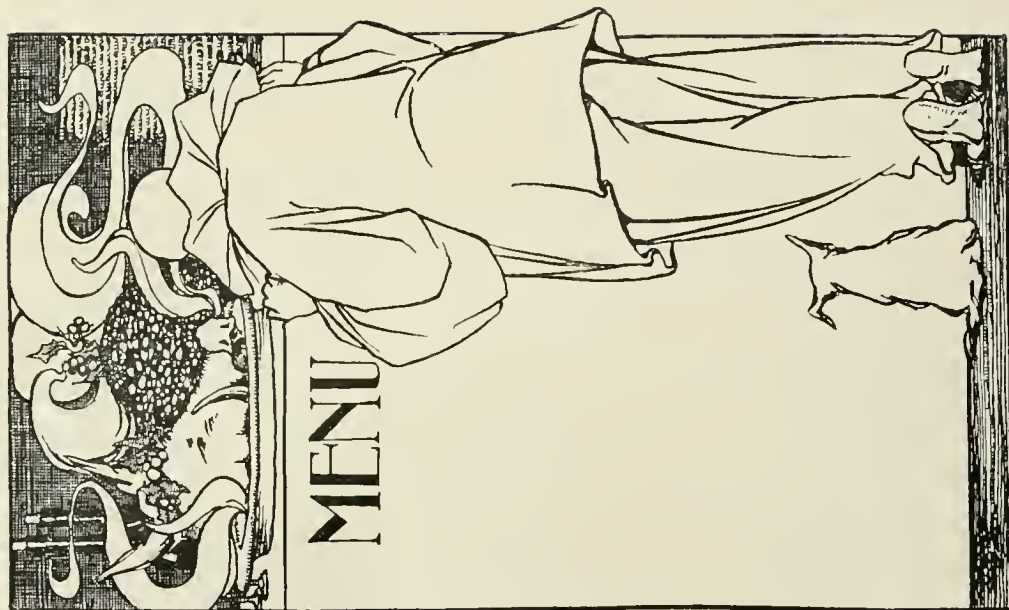
The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) by *No. 14* (John Cunnam, 41 Ashley Road, Bristol).

Honourable mention is awarded to *Volendam* (Walter S. Corder).



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B VII.)

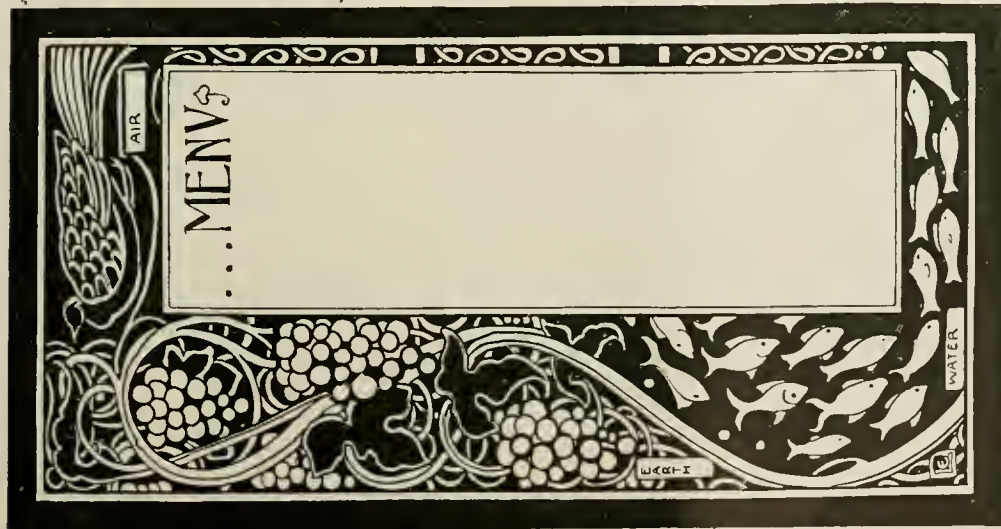
"CORIDON"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"JAWKOR"





HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"ISCA"



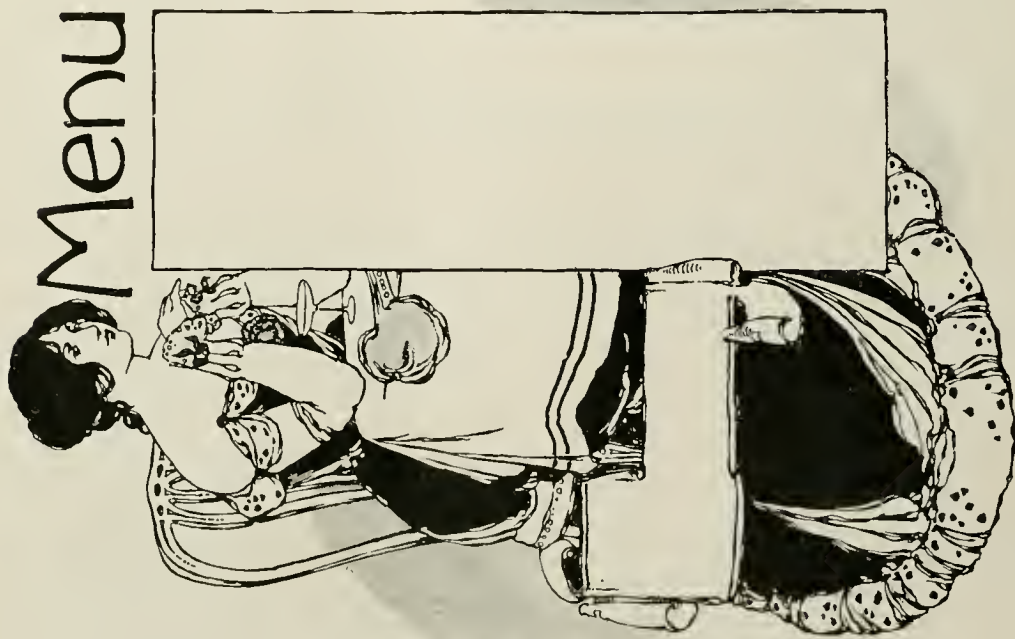
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B VII.)

"ISCA"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"ISCA"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"APPLE AND HOP"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.)

"TATCHO"



*Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions*



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C VI.)

"SUTTON"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C VI.) "NO. 14"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VI.)

"VOLENDAM"



THE LAY FIGURE. ARE WE STILL OBSESSED BY THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE?

THE old Reviewer is seldom present in the studio, and when he is present he rarely takes part in the friendly conflicts of opinion. Short of leg, and exceedingly long of body, he sits quietly and bolt-upright all the evening, with a comical self-satisfaction akin to that of a sleek penguin digesting its food. But every man has a hobby, and a hobby is a thing which will out, like truth and murder.

A few days ago the Reviewer turned up unexpectedly, carrying in his hand a large packet of new books. He looked full of worry and self-pity.

"Is it the coal tax?" asked the Journalist. "There is a doleful epitaph in your face. What's the meaning of it?"

"Meaning enough," replied the other, with a snarling snap of the teeth. "Look at this packet of books. I've read every one of them from the apologetic preface to the last word of the last page, and, believe me, every one not only deals with the Italian Old Masters, but, worse luck, is a repetition of what has been well written hundreds of times during the last sixty years. Is not that enough to sour the gay good temper of a Mark Tapley?"

"Perhaps so," said the Journalist. "But why do you read the things? Why not glance at them here and there, and then damn them with too much praise, or make them attractive by too much fault-finding?"

"I can't do it," replied the Reviewer. "I've inherited a conscience very difficult to live with. Unless I read every word in a book concerning which I have to scribble, I'm as wretched as I used to be as a child after stealing biscuits and lump sugar. As a consequence, I have made my weary way through all these superfluous books on the Italian Old Masters. That is why I weep inwardly."

"Are they all superfluous?" asked the Critic.

"That depends upon your point of view," said the Reviewer. "If you think that the arts of the Italian Renaissance can be brought nearer to the business and the bosom of modern life by means of such a literature of echoes as may be found in this parcel of new books—if you think *that*, then I am ready to squabble with you from this moment till breakfast-time to-morrow morning. But if you feel sure that the arts in question have appealed already

far too often and too much to the irrepressible vanity of loquacious scribblers, who prefer words to a silent enjoyment of forms and colours, then you and I are fellow skirmishers in a common cause. No good was ever yet done by over much writing about a great subject. Is not that perfectly true?"

"True as the flavour of good tobacco!" cried the Man with the Briar Pipe. "Human nature revolts against anything which is cried up incessantly. Take Charles Reade as an example. This man of real genius, the author of 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' studied not only with delight but with astonishing success the infinitely varied life of Europe in the days following the death of Hubert and John Van Eyck. He possessed what most historians lack—an imagination that saw the far-off past as a great drama, and not merely as a dead thing fossilised in scattered documents. Yet even this thorough student of the past grew sick and tired of the endless chatter in superlatives about the Italian Old Masters. It got on his nerves; then it appealed to his sense of the ridiculous, seeming as unreal in its strain of culture as was the Bunthorne wildness of the *Æsthetes*."

"But that is not all," said the Reviewer. "Those who can realise to themselves, vividly and truthfully, what any period of the past was like, learn thereby many a thing that gives interest and value to the aims and the hopes of their own time and country. They learn, for instance, that the art of the past must be studied at first-hand, in its legacies of good and bad work, and not in books written by modern enthusiasts, who (as a rule) are more or less at odds with the spirit of their own age."

"Besides," remarked the Critic, "the present has a just claim on the talents of its more gifted children. Why write about Cimabue and Giotto, or the later men who travelled so far from their predecessors' young methods, when the arts of the present day need all the artistic enthusiasm that can help to make them better and more popular?"

"The answer to that is easy," said the Reviewer. "To write about the Old Masters needs but a practised habit of paraphrasing, whereas the arts of to-day require a thorough first-hand knowledge of the thousand and one conditions governing their character and their various means of expression. It is one of the most difficult things to write well about modern art subjects."

THE LAY FIGURE.







THE WORK OF STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A. BY NORMAN GARSTIN.

MR. STANHOPE FORBES comes of a great railway family, whose daily life consists in arranging intricate combinations and manœuvres necessitating the extremes of forethought, and compelling unflagging attention and precise obedience throughout all the various grades of their army of workers. They are in their own province lords over men and controllers of forces and finances that might make many princelings envious. It is hardly a metaphor to say that Mr. Forbes has been nourished by steam and electricity, and that iron has entered into his soul in a sense not intended by the sacred writer.

This is not mere rhetoric; we are all moulded by circumstances, though their vast number and complexity make it almost impossible to pronounce as to which has been a chief factor in forming our characters. But what I want to say is, that Mr. Forbes comes of a stock which is essentially of the nineteenth century, full of its movement and its restless activity.

His nature is an unusual compound of enthusiasm and scepticism, of strong opinions and generous deference to the ideas of others, the whole blended and kept sane and wholesome by an unfailing sense of humour. This is an elixir of good sense, a drop of which, falling into some wrong-headed argument or exaggerated proposition, explodes all the nonsense and party feeling, and clears the air of heat and vaporous obscurity, and no one has done so much to hold the little community of Newlyn together as Mr. Stanhope Forbes. His pretty home is the centre

of its hospitalities; it is a cottage on a high-lying farm, where he lives as idyllic an existence as is permitted to men so far removed from the Golden Age.

Mr. Forbes possesses to a supreme degree the capacity of appreciation; the spiral blossoms of a hollyhock move him to admiration, but so does the irresistible force of an ironclad as she sweeps, cleaving great curves of foam, through the blue waters of Mount's Bay stretched out below his home; so does a good story, a concert, or a smooth road under his Dunlop tyres. All this helps us to understand the man—for the artist is after all only a man who deals in pleasurable emotions, and reflects in some medium or another the waves of feeling that fall upon him from the infinite suggestions of nature. Each facet in the complicated



PORTRAIT OF STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

BY MRS. S. A. FORBES

character of man catches some ray and flashes it back, if the soul be artistic, full not only of the light that kindled it, but expressive also of the crystal medium that reflects it.

As I said before, Mr. Forbes is essentially of the nineteenth century: he is penetrated with the actuality of life, he sees no visions, and he dreams no dreams; but, on the other hand, he sees with extraordinary clearness and simplicity, and renders with extraordinary clearness what he sees.

It might be urged, and indeed sometimes is, that he has not enough sentiment, but this idea is due, I hold, to the confusion which the Anglo-Saxon mind is perpetually making concerning the painter's art, mistaking the literary sentiment—the emotions which, having their sources outside and beyond the actual picture, have little or no true concern with the picture itself—for the true artist sentiment, *i.e.* the emotions produced by the manner in which the subject is presented; for herein lies the whole essence of art.

This sentiment is made up of those pleasurable emotions that come from the perception of some

beauty that appeals to the artist's knowledge of his materials, resources and limitations, the loving labour bestowed upon his work, or the discovery of some hitherto neglected view of nature and its fresh presentation—these are the sources of sentiment in a painter's breast, and, being so, must really and logically be the sources of true sentiment in the intelligent contemplation of his work.

I realise that, having said this, I do not cover all the ground, and that many readers will say, "Yes, but there are good sentimental painters as well as good unsentimental ones"; and to them I will answer, "Yes, and Mr. Forbes is not one of the former class; he is a painter of life rather than of contemplation, of doing rather than of suffering: the life of the forge, the farm, the street, the harbour, the normal life of the average man under conditions of light artistically interesting—these are the problems that attract him." His love of truth is perhaps the ruling passion of his art, and if you ask me what is this truth I will answer "probability." The question Mr. Forbes asks



"A FISH SALE ON A CORNISH BEACH"

BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.





*(By permission of the Manchester Corporation)*

"THE LIGHTHOUSE." BY  
STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



## Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.

himself most persistently is, "How would such a one probably act under such and such circumstance?" and no artistic opportunism will make him swerve from the course dictated by the answer. This gives his work a sense of sincerity that appeals to everyone—indeed, his is an art that is very wide-reaching and unusual in the appeal it makes both to the public and to the artist, for a rare combination of sincerity and force in the treatment of subjects of everyday occurrence brings his work home to everyone. The simple public, that have no views except the conviction that they know what they like, are attracted to these scenes which are within their constant experience; while the artist, who may possibly have views very different from those of Mr. Forbes, is still constrained to admire the force and dexterous simplicity of his method. This is the explanation of a popularity which is not often accorded to men of exceptional abilities during their lifetime.

A criticism written to-day and one written twelve years back would necessarily be different, even if Mr. Forbes had not changed in the interim, because the relation of a man to his environment is just that which enables us to know him. Anyone old enough to remember the *Fish Sale on the*

*Cornish Beach*, at the Academy of 1885, and young enough to appreciate its virtues, startling among the surroundings of that date, will understand what I mean. The fresh vitality of it seemed like a wholesome breeze from the sea breathed in a studio reeking with oil and turpentine, while its brilliant new technique fell upon the younger painters as a revelation.

Then the Newlyn artists came to be a name, and the technique was copied and caricatured, and finally abandoned, and other men and other methods rose and fell, and fashions and reactions had their invariable rhythmic ebb and flow, till, in a few years, what had been almost a startling innovation had grown to be a normal, if not a somewhat antiquated, feature in the minds of still younger men; and so things pass and must ever pass. But those sterling qualities that have gone to the making of *The Fish Sale*, *The Village Philharmonic*, *The Health of the Bride*, *The Forging of the Anchor*, etc., these remain; to wit, keen observation, and vehement concentration, an artistic conscience always making for truth, an unerring eye and a powerful grasp of essentials: these remain, and leave their mark year by year on the art of England and the world.



"A RED ROOM IN HOLLAND"

(By permission of L. Dujforest, Esq.)

BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



*(In possession of the Oldham Art Gallery)*

"THE DRINKING PLACE." BY  
STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



It is always interesting to look back and see the forces that have been at the forging of a career, the blows from various sides that give to the nature glowing with hot youth and ductility the form that it will be known by in later years, the generous sparks of enthusiasm that fly from the iron smitten by the hammers of convention and intolerance, and cooling the ultimate shape.

Now, I feel that, touching ever so lightly on Mr. Forbes's career, some apology is due to the reader. The army of martyrs to the cause of genius and fame have the tale that is told of their adventures so nearly uniform that any divergence therefrom seems almost a violation of first principles.

Poverty, early struggles, a fortuitous discovery of the latent genius, a laborious youth, unsuccessful manhood, and tardy recognition—usually posthumous; these make up the printed and stereo-

typed schedule by which the biography of genius is known—the filling in of dates and names is but a detail—so that, when one is face to face with a career that cannot be forced into these descriptions, one is reduced to the alternative that either genius has fortunate exceptions or else Mr. Forbes is not one, for he certainly has had a career of almost monotonous good fortune.

When at school at Dulwich his talents were recognised by Mr. Sparks, late of South Kensington, consequently his career was settled from the first. So he went to the Lambeth School of Art, then to the Academy Schools, thence to Paris to the atelier of M. Bonnat, out-of-door work done in Normandy and Brittany, then Newlyn, then recognition, then fame. This is the story of his artistic career—can anything be duller?

Where is the picturesque struggle and disappointment?—Where is the wolf that ought to be at the door?

During the days of Mr. Forbes's studentship it is not easy to perceive merit of any exceptional order, conscientious good work it certainly was, but not particularly brilliant; he was laying his foundations—the true charm of his personality was to come later, when the fabric rose to view.

This charm came into evidence in some most delightful little pictures painted in France during the summer of '83—a Church Gate and a Château seen across water, floats into my memory from out the somewhat arid wastes of the Academy of '83. Mr. Forbes was associated in those days with Mr. La Thangue, whom he always regards as having had a considerable influence over him; and Mr. La Thangue possessed, even as a student, a remarkable ability, the technical side of his work being especially interesting to those who were struggling



"THE CONVENT"

BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

(By permission of J. Maddocks, Esq.)





"GOOD-BYE." BY  
STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

with the process of painting—the facture, brush-work, or whatever you like to call it, of painting.

Newlyn was the next phase of Mr. Forbes's life, and will probably—though, as George Eliot says, it is always not only foolish but gratuitous to prophesy—be the scene of his most characteristic work. This colony has been written about so much by outside pens that I do not feel inclined to touch it further than to say that friendship and the *camaraderie* of the ateliers of Paris and Antwerp, a sympathy with each other's intentions, a mild climate suitable for out-of-door work, a gray-roofed village overhanging a lovely bay—these were the determining causes that led to the young artists setting up their easels hard by the Cornish sea, and the same causes, aided by that cumulative sedative called habit, have held many of them there ever since.

One circumstance connected with his coming to Newlyn has certainly had the most vital influence upon Mr. Forbes's life. Here it was that he first met Miss Elizabeth Armstrong. Alphonse Daudet has written a book called "*Les Femmes d'Artistes*" which goes to prove by exhaustive illustration that artists ought not to marry; but, on the other hand

—well, perhaps, after all I had better not pursue this subject any farther. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's work does not ask you for any of that chivalrous gentleness which is in itself so derogatory to the powers of women. As an artist she stands shoulder to shoulder with the very best; she has taste and fancy, without which she could not be an artist. But what strikes one about her most is summed up in the word "ability"—she is essentially able. The work which that wonderful left hand of hers finds to do, it does with a certainty that makes most other work look tentative beside hers. The gestures and poses that she chooses in her models show how little she fears drawing, while the gistness of her criticism has a most solvent effect in dissolving the doubts that hover round the making of pictures. These things show, Daudet notwithstanding, that it may be a valuable thing to have such a critic on the hearth.

## THE ART OF TRUE ENAMELLING UPON METAL.—PART II. BY ALEXANDER FISHER.

THERE are two ways of interpreting the words "an enamel." They may signify the substance enamel, or may be applied to the completed work. The substance enamel is a vitreous compound that adheres to the surface of the metal upon which it is fused. Enamels are divided into three kinds, the transparent, the translucent, and the opaque. The transparent are those through which it is possible to see quite clearly the metal and its quality of surface—as, for example, in *bassetaille*, where the whole effect of the process is due to the transparency of the enamel. The translucent are those which are not transparent, but which admit the light through them; the opaque are those which do not.

These enamels are composed of a simple flux, and also of a flux com-



CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL ON SILVER

BY ALEXANDER FISHER





RELIQUARY, ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL  
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

bined with oxides of metals. The flux is composed of silica—that is, of powdered flint or silver sand; minium, which is red lead; nitrate, or carbonate of soda, or potash, all melted together in a crucible until there are no bubbles left in it. This flux, which is the base of all enamels, is combined with different metallic oxides in various proportions. To a certain point, beyond which no combination occurs, the more oxide fused with the flux, the darker in tone and richer in colour will the enamel become, and *vice versa*. Transparent enamels are made opaque either by the addition of calx, which is a mixture of tin and lead calcined, or else by arsenious acid, that is to say, of white arsenic. The flux when combined with a precipitation of gold and tin, called purple of Cassius, gives a beautiful purplish-red; when combined with oxide of copper, green, blue, and red may be obtained; with oxide of cobalt, a blue; with iron, a brown or orange; with manganese, a purple; with silver and gold, an orange red; and with stannic acid or oxide of tin, an opaque white.

These enamels can be mixed together in the crucible to obtain any variety of colour. All of them are made by the flux and the oxides fused together at an even temperature, and the quality of their tone is determined by the intensity of their fusion and the intimacy of their combination. There is no limit to the range of colour, except that vermilion and lemon yellow cannot be obtained.

Enamels are either “soft” or “hard”—that is, they are either easily fused at a comparatively low temperature or they require a great heat. An enamel is perfect when the combination of the component parts of the flux, together with the oxide of metal, is such that there is no difference of colour, opacity, or transparency, throughout the whole mass. The best way to determine whether the combination

is perfect is by dipping a copper rod into the crucible and withdrawing it with a part of the enamel sticking to the end; pull out the rod some distance, so that a fine thread of enamel may be formed; then pass the thread between the thumb and finger, and the slightest difference of surface will be detected throughout its length. The quality of the colour will also be perceptible. Now, the harder the enamel the greater the quantity of silica contained in it, and the greater the resistance to atmospheric or chemical action; the softer the enamel the greater its percentage of lead and potash, and the more liable it is to be decomposed by atmospheric influences and chemical agencies. It is very tempting to use soft enamels, for at first they look so much more brilliant, and are so much easier to work with, but there are dangers to which the harder kinds are less subject. Thus, when in a state of fusion in the furnace, dust and foreign matters may injure them greatly, dulling the surface and destroying their transparency. The soft kinds of enamel contain a large quantity of lead, and sometimes of borax



## Enamelling

—a substance that renders them utterly worthless. The brilliancy and perfection of an enamel will depend upon the intimate combination of its parts : and this depends largely upon an even temperature being sustained throughout its fusion in the crucible. It is better not to make the enamel from the raw materials, but to obtain the best optical Crown glass, and add minium and potash in proportions which I shall give further on. It is advisable to use enamels made with the same base or flux, to prevent their cracking ; for instance, an enamel heavily charged with lead, if fused upon one that is made with a large proportion of silica, will crack very readily, and probably peel off in course of time. It is impossible to obtain all

coloured enamels with the same flux as their base, so that it is best to employ those fluxes which are most nearly allied. After some experience it is possible to ascertain by touch and weight and fracture the kind of substances composing a piece of enamel.

Silica is procured from flint or sand ; if from flint, the white flints and the black are better than the yellow, as they contain less iron. The process of clarification is interesting. The flints are made red-hot, then thrown into cold water ; after this they are pulverised, sieved, and washed several times. This done, they are treated with hydrochloric acid to remove all trace of iron, and finally washed once again in water to remove the acid. Silica has the property of increasing the hardness of an enamel. The minium or red lead is the orange-red coloured oxide of lead, which is easily procurable. It has the power to soften enamels and to give them a greater degree of expansibility. The compositions of flux are as follows :—

First, for copper flux and gold flux, take—

4 parts of silica, 6 minium, 12 nitrate of potash ; or  
4 parts optical glass, 3 minium, 6 nitrate of potash.

Second, for silver flux, take—

4 parts of silica, 6 minium, 20 nitrate of potash.

Cobalt, oxide of cobalt ... ..	1 to flux	50 parts.
Green, black oxide of copper ... ..	1 ,, ,,	40 ,,
Yellow, chloride of silver ... ..	1 ,, ,,	12 ,,
Ruby, purple of Cassius ... ..	1 ,, ,,	112 ,,
Ruby, chloride of gold ... ..	1 ,, ,,	200 ,,
Purple, peroxide of manganese ... ..	1 ,, ,,	200 ,,
Orange red { purple of Cassius ... ..	1 ,, ,,	20 ,,
{ chloride of silver ... ..	2 ,, ,,	20 ,,
White, calx (calcined tin and lead) ... ..	16 ,, ,,	20 ,,
Opalescent yellow, from chloride of silver and arsenic ... ..	6 ,, ,,	24 ,,
Yellow, oxide of antimony ... ..	6 ,, ,,	22 ,,*

Calx is prepared from tin and lead, not only by melting them together, but by exposing them whilst melting to the air, in order that the metals may oxidise. White can be modified to any extent by the addition of a more densely coloured enamel, to make it grey or brown, as the case may be. To do this the coloured enamel is pulverised to a granular state, then put in a crucible and melted in the furnace ; to this is then added the pounded white enamel, the crucible being stirred all the time, and the mixture is ready for the furnace. It may require several firings and good

\* It is necessary to note here that every enamel requires a special treatment in the method of its manufacture, and that it would require a large volume to discuss the making of enamels in all its subtleties. The receipts printed above give only a broad idea of the subject.



SILVER GILT BEAKER WITH "PLIQUE À JOUR" ENAMELS  
(Burgundian, early XV Century)



CANDLESTICK OF CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL ON BRASS  
(English, XVII Century)

stirrings before the ingredients become thoroughly combined. As soon as the combination is complete the mixture is poured into a tin of water.

The enamel substances being made, the next step is to prepare them for use upon the metal. This is done in the following manner. Take an agate mortar measuring 5 ins. in diameter, fill it half full with distilled water, and add a small quantity of enamel; then place the mortar over a leather pad, and holding an agate pestle firmly in the left hand perpendicularly over the enamel, strike the top of it with a wooden mallet, taking care to avoid the sides of the mortar. Continue this operation until the enamel is smashed into fragments. Then take the pestle in the right hand, and hold the mortar firmly with the left, still on

the leather pad; rotate the agate end of the pestle on the enamel, and go on doing so until the enamel is pulverised to the finest powder. Meanwhile the water has become milky, so pour it away, and add a fresh supply, repeating this part of the work until the discoloration of the water disappears. Thoroughness of washing is of the utmost importance in the preparation of a clear transparent enamel. Opaque enamels do not require so much washing.

And now, leaving the enamel corked up securely in a clean bottle, to prevent any dust or foreign matter from getting in, let us see how the metal is prepared. The first process which I shall describe is that known as *champlevé*; the next *bassetaille*; then *cloisonné*; then painted or Limoges enamels; and, last of all, miniature painting in enamel.

*Champlevé* enamelling is so called from the two words *champ*, a field, and *levé*, raised. The field or ground of metal is cut away, leaving bands of metal to form the outlines of the design; then with enamel the part cut away has to be raised flush to the surface of the outlining bands, so that the whole is a uniform surface. The first requirement is a pitch block, that is, a piece of wood on which a composition of two parts of pitch, six of plaster, and one of tallow, all mixed together in a saucepan over the fire, is poured to the thickness of an inch. In the case of large work the wood must be strong and heavy, but when the work is minute the pitch or cement must be placed upon the end of a stick.

There are two ways of using the tools, concerning which it is now necessary to speak.

For large work a chaser's hammer and long steel chisels must be employed; for small work the graver or the scooper is held rigidly in the right hand, and by a firm, restrained pressure the metal is gouged out, as shown in the illustrations. It is very necessary to keep the tools sharp and clean. The design is either drawn on the metal with a hard black lead point or else transferred upon it by means of transfer paper in the usual way, and then the lines are traced with a fine graver, giving a faint hair line of the utmost exactitude. This done, the line is cut deeper with a V-shaped tool, about one-thirty-second of an inch to one-sixteenth, the depth being governed by the strength of colour required. In transparent enamelling on silver or gold, for instance, the darker the colour used the deeper

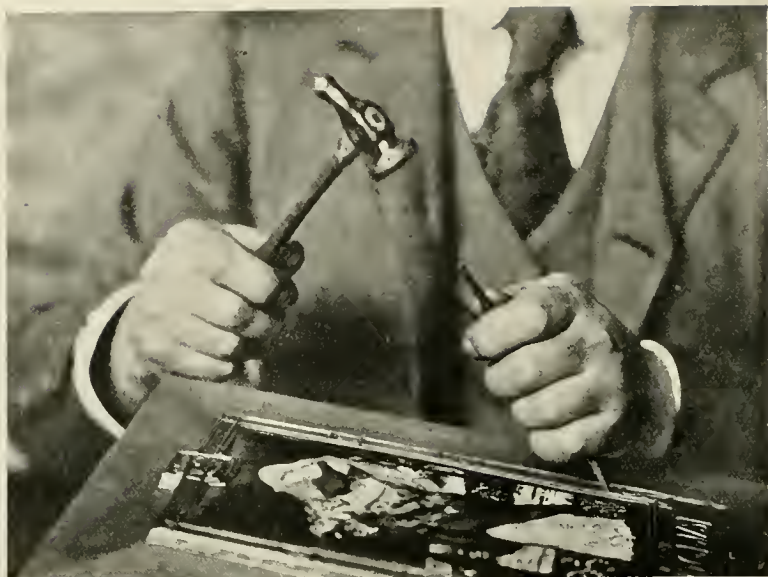


## Enamelling

the cutting ought to be—within limits, of course—one-sixteenth being quite deep enough for an object of any size. When this depth is exceeded the enamel is so thick that it flies off. A trench having thus been chiselled all around the spaces, leaving the line of design untouched, the spaces themselves have to be cut to an equal surface, at the same depth as the surrounding trench—that is, one-thirty-second or one-sixteenth of an inch below their present surface. The metal ought to be fairly thick, either No. 14 or 16 metal gauge, and for larger pieces No. 18 or 20 metal gauge.

This surface, which has been chiselled or “scorped,” must now be cut into a roughened surface, so as to give it a strong key for the enamel to hold on by. Many varieties of textures and patterns may be given to this keying of the surface, which in the case of transparent enamels is of very great importance.

As soon as the surface is well keyed, the metal plate is taken off the pitch by means of a very



CHISELLING CELLS IN THE BORDER OF A FRAME FOR THE INSERTION OF ENAMEL

gentle heat from a blow-pipe flame. The back is cleaned thoroughly with paraffin, and then treated with a hot solution of crystal soda, after which it is finally cleaned with methylated spirits. Then, upon the parts which are cut out, the chosen enamels, mixed with distilled water, are laid with a small spatula. If the piece of work is large, and may take several days or weeks to fill in, it is better to add a few drops of a weak solution

of gum tragacanth or of quince-pips, so that those parts which are set and dry may not be disturbed by the subsequent filling-in of other parts. This being finished, it is necessary to *fire*—that is, to fuse the enamel. For this purpose I find that a gas furnace is greatly superior to any other kind. It is cleaner, it requires less attention, and it gives a more uniform heat, and in many ways saves a good deal of time. If, however, gas cannot be obtained, a furnace heated by coke or by petroleum is sufficiently serviceable. Besides a furnace it is necessary to



STEEL TOOLS—CHISELS, SCOOPERS, GRAVER, CHASER'S HAMMER, AND BURNISHERS

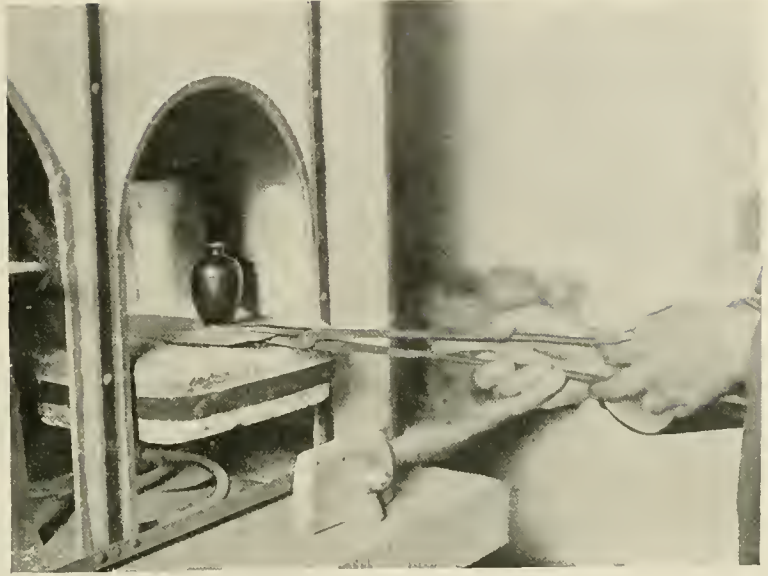


## Enamelling

have supports or "planches" for holding the enamelled metal plate. These may be made of iron, coated with chalk, loam, silica, or rouge; or they may be of fireclay, coated with the same substances. It is better to heat the "planche" before placing the enamelled plate upon it ready for the furnace. The tongs should be long and firm, with long, thin, pointed fingers.

When the muffle of the furnace has reached a pale orange red, the second part of the process begins. It consists in taking firm hold of the planche, with the enamelled plate upon it, and very gently placing it into the furnace. Then

observe it carefully, on no account leaving the furnace at all until the enamel is fused; and when the enamel shines equally all over, withdraw the planche carefully, and lay it gently on the top of the furnace or upon some other warm place near at hand. You will now see that the surface of your enamel is very irregular, so you fill up all the hollow parts, and fire again. This process is to be



PLACING AN ENAMEL VASE INTO THE FURNACE

repeated until the plate is as regular in surface as you can get it. If there are still some irregularities, you take the plate and, while holding it firmly in the left hand under a tap of water, you file it with a corundum file, repeatedly washing the plate and scrubbing it clean with a hard nail-brush. This will give you an even, unpolished surface. To regain a bright surface it is necessary either to put

the plate into the furnace again and fire it as before, or else to polish it. This entails a constant rubbing—first, with a smooth corundum and water until all the roughest scratches are out of the enamel; next, with pumice-stone and water until the surface is much smoother; then with water-of-ayr stone and water, when a dull, smooth surface will appear; then crocus powder and water, with a stick, and leather; and, finally, with rouge, either on a buff fixed on a lathe, or by hand with rouge and chamois leather. This is a laborious process, but it produces a result that no fire polish can give, and is one of the chief charms of



USUAL METHOD OF CUTTING CELLS WITH A SCOOPER. OBSERVE THE POSITION OF THE HANDS. THE LEFT HAND MOVES THE PIECE ON THE SANDBAG HORIZONTALLY AGAINST THE FIXED POINT OF THE TOOL, WHICH IS HELD RIGIDLY

## Le Tréport

the old champlévé work. The metals which lend themselves readily to this class of work are gold, silver, and copper. Copper is the one which has been most commonly used at all times. The best copper for this purpose is not pure: it is composed of 1 lb. of pure copper to 1 oz. of zinc. The alloy of zinc prevents the edges of the copper from oxidising into a rough burr, which is most unpleasant to work with.

(To be continued.)

### LE TRÉPORT AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY FRANK L. EMANUEL.

ABOUT an hour's railway journey from Dieppe is the seaport and bathing-station of Tréport, a town of some 4,500 inhabitants. Although thoroughly appreciated by many of the foremost marine painters of France, it has been almost entirely neglected by British artists. You can, therefore, go and work there without feeling that you are about to tackle a set of hackneyed themes.

There are clean, comfortable hotels, with good views from their windows, wherein one can live well at from about six shillings per diem upwards. Personal experience allows me to recommend the

Grand Hôtel de Calais, situated at a corner where the edge of a small cliff puts an end to the wanderings of the main street, and thus forces all wayfarers to admire the view over the harbour and cliffs to the open sea beyond. The courtyard of this hotel is very paintable: one side of it nestles directly beneath the sixteenth-century church tower; and another, fringed by a tiny garden, is open and overlooks the harbour. An interesting fact about the hotel is, that a former proprietor bequeathed it to the town in trust for the poor.

The fashionable hotels are grouped together near the beach, where a line of piquant villas present their dainty faces to the sea. The whole of the ground-floor front of these houses consists of a large window, and one can peep in and appreciate the admirable taste with which the interiors are decorated. To think of their counterparts in England makes one shudder. Many of these coquettish little houses look too fragile to outlive the violent storms which visit this part of the coast during the winter, and raise the heavy seas for which the place seems noted.

Perhaps the gay little "plage," with its eyesore of a casino, its little street of bathing cabins, its planks, and striped tents, may cause you to shrug your shoulders and ask where the art is going to come in. Perhaps you are not a figure painter. If you were, you would see on this lively fluttering beach subjects innumerable. First, watch the little *tête-à-têtes* in the tents, and then that wonderful stream of humanity in bathing costumes, swathed in flowing white togas, pushing its way through a quizzing crowd up and down the planks to and from the sea. Then the bathing itself—why, the sea is all a-bob and a-splutter with rotund men and coquettish dames. The whole performance of bathing is superintended by a couple of tough seamen in a boat and a score of equally tough and jovial bathing men.

I was nearly forgetting to mention the brusque old Pyrennean milkman with his uncanny flock of grave black goats; and the Italian boy, tramping about with a big red cylinder labelled "*Plaisir des dames*," filled with light cakes to be won by lottery. Then there are troops of slender-ankled, brawny-armed, washerwomen, laying their washing on the sun-heated cobbles to dry. At low tide the weather-worn fishwives come down across the wet sands to trudge for hours in the shallow waters with their shrimp nets. They form a remarkable contrast to their fair-weather rivals, who seem to imagine that they can lure the small fry into their nets by a generous display of their charms.



A STREET IN TRÉPORT

BY F. L. EMANUEL





STREET IN TRÉPORT

BY F. L. EMANUEL

Students of character will revel in the casino, with its "petits chevaux," its baccarat tables, its balls for children and "grown ups," its concerts, its theatre, its café, and its most admirable band of Tziganes.

But perhaps you lean more to the landscape side of art. Well, turn round and tell me if you have ever seen a more imposing range of cliffs than those which here recede from the beach in order to leave a little room for the lower town. They rise almost perpendicularly to an immense height above the houses which crouch humbly at their feet.

The port is full of interest, and gives one an excellent first impression of the place, whether one arrives by boat or by train, for the station is situated on the harbour, at the junction of the two towns of Mers and Le Tréport.

A quay, which crosses a couple of bridges, separates the end of the harbour from the broad valley of the Bresle, and leads us to Tréport. Looking seawards from the first bridge, we notice groups of small craft moored in mid-haven, and a line of vessels being loaded or unloaded at the busy, grimy quay, which eventually prolongs itself into the east pier.

Landwards we see a dilapidated dock wherein are several vessels left by the tide, leaning at different angles on the ooze. For background there is the valley, watered by a meandering river confined by broad-shouldered, smiling downs. In the distance is the little city of Eu, surrounded by its forests. If we skirt the dock, we shall find some most picturesque points of view of Tréport, with the old sluice-gates and bridge as a foreground. Right up to Eu are peaceful river "bits," with fishermen for human interest. Some of the quaint charm of the lower part of this valley will soon be gone, for, Tréport being actually the nearest port to Paris, immense docks are being excavated to attract the traffic to which it feels itself entitled. The upper reaches, however, more especially those above Eu, will retain their delicate, fairy-like beauty.

Returning to our road to town, we pass on our left a few houses (most pictorial in the evening light as seen from the main quay) and a humble little hotel, which has the advantage of looking straight down the harbour to the sea. We then come to the second bridge, beneath which a little torrent fumes and frets as it marks where the river backwaters and Eu canal enter the harbour. Tumbling about in the eddies formed by the waterfall below bridge is a fleet of the smallest class of fishing boats, all gaily painted. Landward is the sheet of rippling water, with a quay and houses running along one side of it and a stretch of open country on the other.

Before crossing the bridge and leaving this end quay, let us look ahead at a view which is always fine, and, under some aspects, superb. We are facing the west bank of the harbour, a broad, bustling quay, backed by a row of shops, chiefly cafés—not very old, certainly, but each differing in size and shape from its neighbour. Rising immediately behind them is a hill overgrown with scrub, and on this, its foundations level with the chimneys, proudly rises the church of St. Jacques, a grand old fane of the sixteenth century. This church lords it over the whole harbour, and always composes well with the shipping below. A roadway slants up to the abrupt end of the main street, under the shadow of the church, while its fellow slants down to the quay again. Along this we saunter past more cafés, thronged with customers taking their little nips at tables on the pavement in true boulevard style. Three or four of these cafés hold concerts in the evening, to which visitors and fisher-folk are alike attracted by the latest songs and eccentricities from Paris.



## Le Tréport

Between these temples of music and the cliff climbs the old town Perched up at a prominent angle, so as to be profitably seen from all sides, the town-hall rears its steep picturesque roof and belfry. A street runs under an archway through the building, and the commencement of the flight of 1618 steps leading to the top of the cliff winds round the back of its roof. This immense cliff, which drops at right angles to the harbour, marks the end of a range of hills which forms one side of the Bresle Valley, just as the cliff over the harbour and beyond Mers forms the other.

The quayside at high water is always agog with excitement, for great three-masted fishing luggers and staunch cutters are coming and going. These boats are manned by fine burly fellows, built straight as a die, powerful, cheery, and light-hearted. To the English ear there appears to be an excess of shouting and excitement aboard their craft; nevertheless a deal of rough heavy work is done, and seems to be done well. Many of the

men have most aristocratic features, clear cut and well chiselled. Their womenkind are also very noticeable. Well grown and very neat, they do real hard work, helping to haul their husbands' boats out of port, besides toiling in other ways. Extra excitement on the quay is caused by the frequent loading of excursion steamers and sailing boats, accompanied by very vigorous touting for custom. The way French trippers sail out in rough weather, despite the shocking examples of empty humanity

brought to shore by the boats just returned, is most remarkable.

Near its end the quay is divided by a block of houses, the road to the left running to a "place" and the sea front, while that to the right, owing to its great breadth, is used as an open-air fish-market before it elongates itself into the west pier terminating at the lighthouse.

Before investigating the fish-market, it is well to look back landwards at one of the most paintable scenes in the town. We are on a broad "place" dotted with fisher-folk; in the foreground is a tall,



LOW TIDE, TRÉPORT

BY F. L. EMANUEL



ON TRÉPORT BEACH

BY F. L. EMANUEL

## Le Tréport

picturesque Calvary ; a tangled mass of masts, rigging, and much be-patched sails leads the eye to the solid mass of the old church, while on the right the line of quayside shops, broken by the turret of the Hôtel de Ville, serves a similar purpose. The whole scene is backed by gently undulating hills. Naturally, the fish-market, with its little rickety stalls presided over by the life-boat bell, its little commercial battles, its fish auctions, and its general flicker of light and splashes of colour, is full of interest to the painter.

Skirting the market is that portion of the harbour-side most dear to anglers. Their rods always make fascinating lines against the sky. From here we pass on to the favourite lounging-place of Tréport, namely, the pier. This pier is not an ideal lounging-place, for every now and then, accompanied by hoarse shouts, and utterly regardless of such human obstacles as day-dreamers, rushes a motley line of men and women, panting as they push forward with the rope that is hauling some stout barque through the narrow way to the sea. Then, just as the loungers have recovered himself and comfortably settled again, back they



HARBOUR MOUTH, TRÉPORT

BY F. L. EMANUEL

come, after having taken a turn round a wheel at the pier head, enjoying immensely the fun of scaring once more "ces types de Paris." This narrow, crowded, little pier has a deal of character of its own ; the more townward half of its length is supported on wooden trestles, between which the life boat runs downrails into the harbour. The pier then rises a few steps, the higher portion being built of stone, and joined by a branch from the beach.

The light house at the end is a good point of vantage. In one direction are the towering cliffs which seem to threaten the dainty lower town

nestling so confidently at their base. This range of cliffs ends in a bold headland, and their line is only taken up again, where, in the dim distance. Dieppe may be faintly discerned. The sea is alive with fishing craft, their sails all patched and mended, varied here and there by some crazy old coasting schooner.

Looking east, across a tiny bay, lies Tréport's half-sister, Mers, a gay little coquette of a rival, presenting a frontage of pretty villas and a fine casino, with a new town springing up behind them, thus effectually hiding from



SUNSET IN TRÉPORT HARBOUR

BY F. L. EMANUEL



## Le Tréport

view the old streets of the original village. As at Tréport, a great white cliff puts an abrupt end to beach and promenade. At its summit is what appears to be a lighthouse, but is in reality a monumental Calvary, to which, at specified periods, interesting pilgrimages wend their way.

Further along the coast a cliff dotted with houses, indicates the whereabouts of Ault-Onival, Ault being an old town, and Onival a young upstart of a place—the former tolerable and the latter intolerable to the artist. Twinkling in the haze of the rich plain beyond, one espies Cayeux the well-beloved of painters. It is a congeries of low thatched cottages and quaint farms, presided over by a great rambling tumble-down church. Further

on a few aspiring houses, grouped round a lighthouse, claim to be known as New Brighton (pronounce "Nevbreton"); and here, within this shallow horn of the bay, all intersected with snake-like channels, the view from the pier is lost.

A splendid composition presents itself on looking straight down the pier townwards. The long lines of the twin piers, broken here and there by groups of figures, converge in the far distance beneath the church. On one side of us is the still water of the harbour, flecked with sails; on the other, the ever-restless waves are rushing to the beach. The horizon is formed by the quay and distant bridges, and the formal array of harbour-side houses is softened by a suave sky-line of sweeping hills.

If we return to the town and ascend a winding flight of 75 steps, which start behind the Hôtel de Calais, we shall find a footway which leads us through the church porch to a sleepy "place," while near at hand is a peaceful little square, tree-embowered and grass-grown, guarded by what remains of the town fortifications. From this shady lawn we overlook the busy town all aglow in the sunshine, and we can watch undisturbed the movement of the port. From here we descend again by a road, which on one or two days every week shares with the main street the bustle and commotion of a general open-air market. It joins this main street at a point where a very beautiful sculptured stone Calvary marks the junction of two other roads. These lead up into the country at the back of the town. That to the right being the more paintable of the two, we will proceed along it, past little houses tenanted by the fisherfolk and remarkable for their characteristic Norman interiors.



"A STREET IN TRÉPORT"

BY F. L. EMANUEL

(In the possession of A. Caro, Esq.)



## *James Pryde's Drawings*

These cottages rapidly give way to a steep lane, overhung with trees. If we look back through the shade of this natural arch, we see the hot, stony street we have ascended, with a boundless stretch of sparkling blue sea beyond. Still mounting what resembles a bowl among the hills, composed of delightfully accidental ground, we find a circle of charming rural subjects within ten minutes' climb of the centre of the town. A network of wayward paths hurry-scurry headlong into the town below, worn by peasants from the neighbouring village and farms, too impatient to descend by the more stately curves of the high-roads. Clumps of wayward trees are scattered about, tall and bent by the wind. Here and there a bye-road has been cut deep in the hillside and climbs to an upland farm. It is a landscape in which Courbet would have revelled. On the brim of the bowl, ensconced in the trees, are a couple of fascinating "auberges," where one can take one's meals in the shade of an orchard and get glimpses between the trees of the little green amphitheatre below, with the town at its base and the great stretch of sea beyond.

At the back of these cafés, hidden from the main road, and still almost within stone's-throw of Tréport church tower, is a moss-grown, forgotten little village, which looks as though it were miles from anywhere. The haphazard village street goes ambling away up the hill to where some immense trees cluster round the remains of a grand old farm. These rugged, storm-beaten trees come well, whether seen from the waving cornfields or from a little further down the road, where, with the cottages sheltering beneath them, they bring irresistibly to mind certain of Hobbema's finest works.

From here we can make our way round the top of the "bowl" to the Calvary which stands on the highest part of the cliff overlooking the town. All over this neighbourhood, known as Tréport Terrasse, the views are fine; but from the cross itself a truly wonderful panorama greets us.

Deep down perpendicularly below us, and looking strangely unreal, is the maze of little grey streets known as the Lower Town. The sea menaces it on its outer edge. The piers, stretching out their long, protecting arms, mark the entrance to the harbour, which curves through the entire depth of the town, and, after dodging under the bridges, disperses itself, through several waterways, up the valley. Just where we lose sight of the river round a spur of the hills, something twinkling merrily in the sunlight attracts the eye.

It is the roofs and towers of the right royal Château of Eu. The interesting old town of Eu, embowered in trees is but two or three miles from Tréport, and, among other attractions, contains a far-famed and splendid cathedral.

From our point of vantage at the Calvary we can trace the two roads back from Eu, one on either side of the river. That on the Mers side follows as magnificent an avenue of trees as eye could desire. A fine road, this is, with the river curvetting about on one side of it and great, wealthy-looking fields climbing the broad downs on the other; in fact, it is a road which must prove a never-ending joy to artists. The eye traces it back into Mers, which, with its dazzling white cliff, stretches round a little bay and back on to the downs above.

Descending into Tréport by the steps, interesting "bits" will be found all the way down. Once on level ground again, one glance at the little Place Notre Dame and the queer little streets running out of it, all blocked at their further end by the sheer cliff, will demonstrate their claims upon brush and pencil.

Most painting materials, except large canvases, are obtainable in the town.

FRANK L. EMANUEL.

## SOME DRAWINGS BY JAMES PRYDE. BY CHARLES HIATT.

SOME years ago not a few English artists of repute turned their attention to the designing of posters. The outcome of the new enthusiasm was sometimes agreeable and even impressive, and at others simply astonishing. At length, certain bills signed "Beggars' Staffs" provoked an amount of discussion such as has been accorded to the work of no other English designer of posters, with the exception, perhaps, of the late Aubrey Beardsley. It was felt at once that here was something new and strange, and, what is much more important, something as intensely English as it was triumphantly successful from the point of view of the advertiser.

All the world knows now that the Beggars' Staffs were Mr. James Pryde and Mr. William Nicholson. The latter has deservedly achieved wide popularity. Mr. Pryde, although his work is not a whit less original and interesting, is better known to those who haunt the studios of Chelsea and Kensington than to the man in the street. Let it be at once admitted that the art of Mr. Pryde is at first caviare to the general. Unlike Charles Keene

## *James Pryde's Drawings*

and Phil May, he does not appeal irresistibly to all sorts and conditions of men. For a designer to delight both his fellow-artists and the great public, which is not specially informed in matters of art and takes no heed of technical skill, is a rare piece of good fortune, destined to only a few men in each generation. For the most part, the designer who is true to himself, who will not for any most tempting consideration win applause in a fashion of which his artistic conscience disapproves, finds that his first, and perhaps his least congenial, business is the education of a public for himself. To this process Mr. Pryde, at all events, has an almost unconquerable repugnance. If he

produces much he exhibits little, and that spasmodically.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Pryde has come to be regarded rather as the partner of a brilliant collaboration than as an artist with a powerful and definite individuality of his own. And yet when he has exhibited with the International Society at Knightsbridge, his work has never encountered that most galling form of destructive criticism which is silence. Some opinion—whether flattering or the reverse—it has never failed to call forth. It would have been extraordinary if this had not been the case, for Mr. Pryde's work is altogether too remarkable to be



FROM A DRAWING

BY JAMES PRYDE.





FROM A DRAWING  
BY JAMES PRYDE





FROM A DRAWING  
BY JAMES PRYDE

## *James Pryde's Drawings*

passed over without comment either by the professional critic or the habitual visitor to the picture galleries.

Mr. Pryde has studied in Paris, but his vigorous artistic personality has prevented his brush and pencil from acquiring that "French accent" which Sir John Millais so energetically deplored. It may well be that he left the French metropolis with new ideas, with increased technical resources, but he returned to England innocent of imitation of the work of any artist however distinguished. He discovered no easy road to popular fame and fortune, and if he had found one he would inevitably have despised it. He is a free-lance in that he will not tread a well-worn path, at the end of which there is the certainty of the applause of many voices and the material advantages which

are the result thereof. The average person who sees Mr. Pryde's work is satisfied to brand it as eccentric and to dismiss it. There is not much to be said for an artist who strenuously makes a virtue of eccentricity, who attempts to hide his weaknesses by the startling presentment of the commonplace. But it is the lot of nearly every English painter who sees things from a new point of view, and who sets down what he sees without compromise, to be dealt with in summary fashion. A short time passes, and the eccentrics of yesterday are duly respected as the classics of to-day. So it was with the pre-Raphaelites; so it was with Mr. Whistler. Whether it will be so with Mr. Pryde I shall not venture to say, for prophecy, in the phrase of George Eliot, is the most gratuitous form of error.



FROM A DRAWING

BY JAMES PRYDE

## Home Arts and Industries

In his pastels Mr. Pryde shows that he frankly accepts the limitations of his medium, and while he gets as much as possible out of that medium, he never commits the crowning stupidity of attempting effects in pastel which properly belong to oil or water-colour painting. If the fantastic nature of his pattern is open to criticism, his colour can hardly fail to satisfy those who sincerely appreciate the pictures of the great colourists of old days. Mr. Pryde is in no sense an adroit trickster who has become the slave of a single happy arrangement; he has no pet scheme which he repeats with tiny variations in every pastel which comes from his hand. No reproductions in black and white, however carefully they are made, can do more than hint at the harmony, the richness, and the dignity of the effects which he produces. He preserves these qualities as conspicuously when he deals with glowing crimsons and insistent blues as when he employs silver greys, subtle browns, and exquisite ivories. Perfect restraint, a total absence of garishness, lend to all his designs a rare degree of distinction. They are restful because they are never over-elaborated; details are not introduced for their own sake; every line is a vital part of the whole. Mr. Pryde's art is very deliberate, and proves conclusively that, before he takes up his brush or

pencil, he has fully made up his mind what he is going to attempt. His work, therefore, is marked by intellectual, as well as purely technical, qualities.

It must not be thought that the subject of this brief note devotes the whole of his time to the production of work in one medium. As I have already remarked, he was one of the pioneers of the artistic poster movement in this country, and his enthusiasm for this branch of design has not waned since the time when he and Mr. Nicholson produced their splendid bills. As an illustrator Mr. Pryde has likewise distinguished himself. Indeed, whatever he does is unmistakably stamped with his own individuality, and whether his work prove agreeable or the reverse to those who see it, nobody can honestly describe it as either commonplace or uninteresting.

### HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION. BY ESTHER WOOD.

THE most pleasing feature of this year's exhibition of Home Arts and Industries, held at the Albert Hall in May, was the improvement in some of the "developed" sections; that is, in the productive and decorative handiwork which the devotion of a good teacher has rescued from amateur methods (or lack of them), and brought successfully into line with expert craftsmanship. This result—to have trained and organised a number of unattached workers with real aptitude for applied art, and enabled them to take their place in the English market with wares of distinct and individual worth—is the best justification of the Home Arts and Industries classes, and the reward (though far too scanty) of classholders working under the Association in obscure and unpromising districts throughout the kingdom.

The group of craftsmen led by Mrs. G. F. Watts at Compton, Surrey, were the only exhibitors of architectural examples, and repeated their excellent work of last year in terra-cotta sundials, carved panels, vases, and structural ornaments. Mrs. Watts showed a very



PLAQUE IN REPOUSSÉ COPPER (VATTENDON CLASS)







HAMMERED COPPER TRAY  
DESIGNED BY MRS. WATERHOUSE  
EXECUTED BY THE CLASS  
(YATTENDON)



HAMMERED COPPER GOBLET  
DESIGNED BY MRS. WATERHOUSE  
EXECUTED BY E. WOODLEY  
(YATTENDON)



HOT WATER JUG IN HAMMERED  
COPPER  
DESIGNED BY MRS. WATERHOUSE  
EXECUTED BY ARTHUR BUNCE  
(YATTENDON)

poetic little design in a panel representing the Gaelic *Blessing of the Pillow*, or invocation of sleep. The chief novelty from this class was a pair of wrought iron gates, a little thin and wispy in build, and uncertain as to the latching, but displaying excellent feeling for design

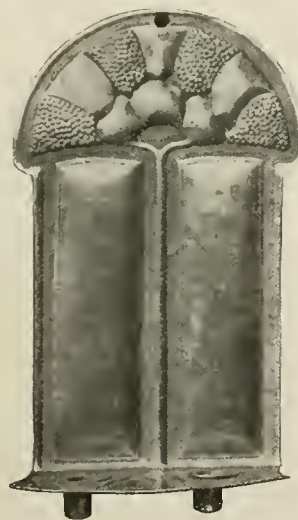
There was, however, a very creditable show of table silver and other minor metal-work

from the Keswick School, with which the name of Harold Stabler is honourably linked; and genuine promise was apparent in a little class at Thornham, Norfolk. Exception must also be made for the metal exhibits from Yattendon, which included, beside *repoussé* ewers and vases, the fittings to some important pieces of furniture, and were quite up to the standard expected of Mrs. Waterhouse's workers. An oak dresser from this group was admirable in structure and proportion, and though pleasantly simple in its general scheme, yielded a



HAMMERED COPPER TRAY  
DESIGNED BY FLORENCE E. WATERHOUSE  
EXECUTED BY JAMES NEWMAN  
(YATTENDON)

and a nice sense of proportion and decorative restraint. In the other metal-work centres the previous standard was not very well maintained. We missed the bright and virile touch, both in design and craftsmanship, which made the work of Newlyn so interesting last year. Even the active little class at Five-mile-town has staled a little in subject-matter, and in several other quarters the treatment, of brass and copper especially, has departed from the best lines and lost freshness and simplicity in gaining high polish, laboured ornamentation, and fanciful surface colour. The great decorative value of the natural patina of metal seems to have been almost entirely ignored.



HAMMERED BRASS SCONCE  
DESIGNED BY  
AMYAS WATERHOUSE  
EXECUTED BY HARRY SMITH  
(YATTENDON)

variety of accommodation in its shelves and cupboards. Perhaps a more restful and harmonious whole might have been gained by a restriction to one metal, instead of a contrast between steel and copper at such close quarters as the wrought panels and hinges of the cupboards; but the taste and



CUSHION COVER IN APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY  
DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT (HASLEMERE)

thoroughness of the workmanship were beyond question. Another charming little dresser came from Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's class at Ascott, Bucks. This was in dark oak, with steel hinges and carved panels to the cupboard doors. From Ascott came also the best chair of the year, with a light-barred frame and a big, commodious seat of plaited leather; a dainty little standing bookcase, and some hanging cupboards, both carved and inlaid with good designs. Finchampstead sent some small carved furniture in which the designs were hardly worthy of the workmanship, and some pretty and original little soap-boxes from Kirkby Moorside deserve mention.

The designs in wood-inlay took again the high place which they have for years maintained at these exhibitions under the leadership of the Hon. Mabel de Grey and the Hon. Mrs. Carpenter. These ladies indeed, together with Miss Noyes, and their creditable body of pupils at Pimlico, Stepney, Little Gaddesden, and Bolton-on-Swale, may be said to have surpassed themselves in the application of decorative inlay to caskets and cupboards. Among Miss de Grey's exhibits, the happiest efforts were the designs based upon the coprinus fungus, which yielded surprising results in variety of decorative form and delicate beauty of colour. A parasol-box for the hall thus treated became quite a dainty and interesting

piece of furniture; and there was also a charming little cupboard in which the natural grain of the wood had suggested waves with clouds above them, only awaiting the deft hand of the artist to add the suggestive line, the right splash of colour, and to introduce with almost magical success the figure of a child looking forth from a window at the extreme edge of the panel. Another ingenious adaptation from the living subject occurred in the decoration of a casket with an arrangement of the poplars seen from the terrace at the Elizabethan manor house of Brympton, Somerset, the terrace itself being introduced in suitably varied inlay, and completing a composition presenting great technical difficulties admirably

overcome. Mrs. Carpenter's casket from Bolton-on-Swale was inlaid with a beautiful little design called *Reflection*, a study of cattle fording a stream, treated with an imaginative sympathy not often applied to wood-inlay, and yet well restrained within the limits of the method and material. Miss Noyes's design of owls in dark oak panels was also very effective.



TABLECLOTH IN COLOURED APPLIQUE  
DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT (HASLEMERE)





INLAID CASKET



DESIGNED BY THE HON. MRS. CARPENTER  
INLAID BY WALTER SMAILES (BOLTON-ON-SWALE)

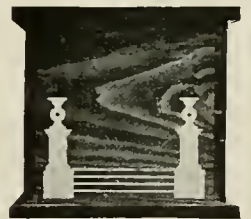


INLAID PANEL

DESIGNED BY THE HON. MABEL DE GREY  
INLAID BY JOHN REASON (PIMLICO)



INLAID BOX



DESIGNED BY THE HON. MABEL DE GREY  
INLAID BY JOHN REASON (PIMLICO)

Next to the inlay it was among the textiles that the most artistic developments were noticeable, and these yielded the best examples of industries placed on a sound and business-like footing, and basing their claim to patronage on the intrinsic merit of the work, and not on any considerations of sentiment as regards the infirmities of the

workers. The Haslemere weaving and tapestry industries conducted by Mrs. Joseph King and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Blount are the happiest instance of humane and philanthropic labours properly related to a high standard of workmanship and design. Several new and interesting patterns were noticeable in the bold appliqué



"HORSE CHESTNUT"

BY J. FOORD

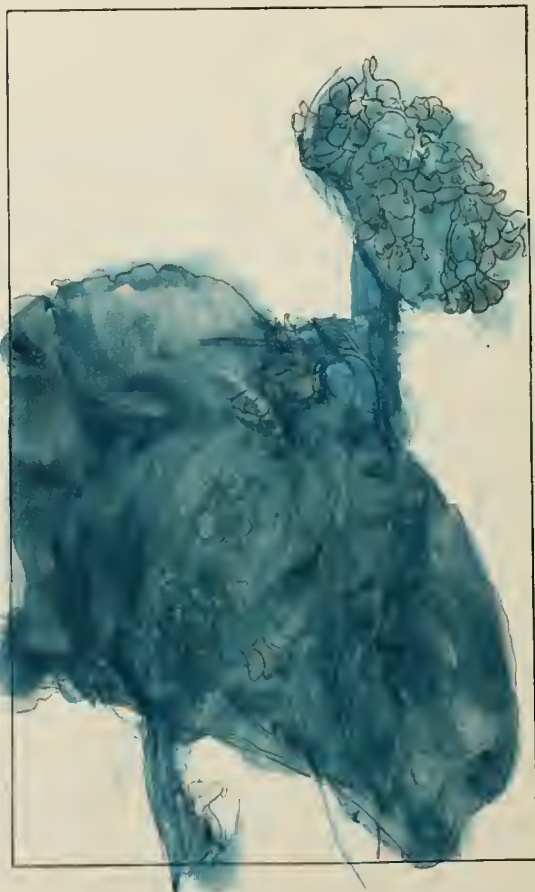
embroideries, which are now so well-known a feature of the Haslemere goods, and the woven stuffs were delightful in texture, and showed some pleasant novelties in colour. The tapestry rugs from this centre were also a fresh and commendable experiment. The Windermere weavers again made a luxurious display of the more costly kinds of linen and silk, but in the other textile classes it was generally the coarser and more homely stuffs that showed the greatest artistic improvement. Especially was this the case with the Birmingham woollen rug-making industry, where, with the most unpretentious handiwork, and without any attempt at decorative pattern, some very pleasing effects of simple graduated colour have been obtained.

Mr. Harold Rathbone's pottery was, as usual, an important feature in the galleries, and in addition to his well-known wares a new departure in the direction of ecclesiastical ornaments, panels, and altar furniture was favourably illustrated. There was some excellent leather-work from Kirkby Lonsdale and Miss Bassett's class at Leighton

Buzzard, and the baskets from Castlecomer, co. Kilkenny, and from Saxmundham were cleverly and sensibly designed. Some bold canvas stencilling also bore witness to the good work done under Mr. Gregory's teaching in the Central Studio at the Albert Hall.

## ON SOME DECORATIVE FLOWER AND PLANT STUDIES DRAWN BY MISS J. FOORD.

READERS of "Sartor Resartus" will remember the passage in which Carlyle breaks ridicule on "the epidemic, now endemical, of View-hunting." "Poets of old date," says he, "being privileged with senses, had also enjoyed external Nature; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental commentary: never, as I compute, till after the 'Sorrows of Werter,' was there man found who would say,



"THE GREAT SAXIFRAGE"

BY J. FOORD





"RHODODENDRON." FROM A  
WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. FOORD





"SOLOMON'S SEAL"

BY J. FOORD

'Come let us make a description! Having drunk the liquor, come let us eat the glass!'" This was long quite true. In whatever capacity an artist laboured, whether as painter, poet, or novelist, he was usually affected and self-conscious in his study of external Nature; often, too, he was flagrantly sentimental and mawkish. It was against this that Carlyle protested. But, fortunately, the truth of his sarcasm is much less evident to-day than it was in the years 1833-34, when "Sartor Resartus" decreased the circulation of "Fraser's Magazine." Many moods and changes have passed over the æsthetic world since then, and the arts of the present generation are but rarely enfeebled by a sentimentalism akin to that of "Werter," or by such an isle-of-dreams passion for Nature as flourished for a time in the dainty greenhouse known as pre-Raphaelitism. Nature in all her manifestations is eagerly studied, but her devotees are ceasing to be bores—are becoming year by year less self-conscious in their earnestness, less obtrusive, more workmanlike; there are but few among them who now seem to believe that superfine

theories of delicacy in art ought to stay the evolution of society, and be of practical use to all who are private soldiers in the rude war of daily life.

And it is worth while thus to linger for a moment or two over the wholesome change that is taking place in "nature-study," for it is a change that finds useful and pleasing expression in the quiet attention now so freely given to the study and representation of plants and flowers, not only by such young artists of real merit as Mr. Rex Vicat Cole, Mr. William Shackleton, and Miss J. Foord, but also by many hundreds of British children, both in public and in private schools. As late as twenty-five years ago or thereabouts, this encouraging fact would have been seized upon by "the nympholepts of art" as a thing of Utopian promise; to-day, on the other hand, it is allowed to do its good work almost unnoticed by the public, and certainly undisturbed either by influential crotchets of false sentiment or by theories based on fads. Only a few cranks on the subject of education speak of it in a strain of fussy enthusiasm; no one



"LOVE-IN-A-MIST"

BY J. FOORD



"THE LESSER PERIWINKLE"

BY J. FOORD

pays heed to their chatter, so that a genuine knowledge of plants and their flowers has a chance of remaining a quiet art influence in many British schools.

Were it not that good works proclaim themselves and belong to the public, it might be well not to draw wide attention to the modest excellence of Miss Foord's drawings, lest publicity should do harm to the unpretentious movement that Miss Foord helps to lead. It is so easy to injure such a useful tendency in art by making those whom it benefits too conscious of what they owe to its influence, and thus its real friends ought to feel nervous when they speak in praise of its achievements. They should remember, first of all, that the word "Art," like the word "Man," is what may be called a chameleon of speech, a term of vague, ever-varying significance; and they should remember, too, that art does not come to those who are too self-centred to be observant and frankly sincere. Miss Foord, unlike most women artists of to-day, does not "try" to be various and clever. Her aim is to be thorough, and she is not fascinated by the thousand recipes of style that

now do very inadequate duty for simple traditions of sound craftsmanship. The great majority of art students will talk to you about a score of different ways in which a given piece of work may be done. If they knew but one good way, knew it through and through, how fortunate they would be! For they would have at their easy command a means of expression that would be to them as a second native language, susceptible of any transformation that can be given to it by the idiograph of an artist's temperament and character. He who is familiar with any form of artistic speech, however limited it may be in range, usually employs it in a manner that is interesting, unaffected, and his own.

Miss Foord, by patient and observant study from Nature, has given us a very pleasing new form of useful work, that has traits in common with the illustrations to be found in the excellent botanical books of the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the first glance it may seem that Miss Foord has been influenced also by the Japanese, but a careful examination of her drawings will show that the decorative craft of line is North-European in its careful explanatoriness of character. It does not possess that amazing suppleness and lightness of "shorthand touch" for which the Japanese are especially famous, and which they owe probably as much to the nervous constitution of their race as to the thoroughness of their youthful training in the use of brushes.

Anyone who desires to make further acquaintance with Miss Foord's charming work should study her "Decorative Flower Studies," a truly beautiful and valuable book that has just been published. It contains no fewer than forty large plates of different flowers, all printed in colours by means of a French stencil process. There is also a satisfactory account of each flower, as well as a set of pen-drawings of its separate parts. The coloured plates are nearly all very good; they have a certain spaciousness of treatment that is full of delicacy and freedom; and we have no doubt at all that the book, considered as a whole, is a real gain to all who take delight in the decorative representation of flowers. Many of the plates—and notably those of *The Horse Chestnut*, *The Lilac*, *The Sweet Pea*, *The Rose Safrano*, *The Day Lily*, *The Wistaria*, *The Lavender*, *The Parrot Tulip*, *The Plumbago*, *The Japanese Anemone*, *The Laburnum*, *The Clematis*, *The Zinnia*, *The Nasturtium*, *The Briar Rose*, *The Lesser Periwinkle*, *The Kingcup*, *The Honeysuckle*, and *The Gorse*—ought to be sold separately, so that they might be purchased by those who cannot afford to buy the whole book.

STUDIO-TALK.

LONDON.—An interesting memorial cross, designed by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, and carried out by Mr. H. Miles of Ulverston, has been erected in the churchyard at Coniston to the memory of John Ruskin. It is a slender cross, about 9 ft. high, and is made of a grey-green stone that comes from the quarries of Tiberthwaite, near Coniston. To study the general character of this monument is to think of the times that preceded the Norman Conquest; and it may seem curious, at a first glance, that a type of cross should have been chosen which seems far more appositely associated with the life-work of Freeman, the historian, than with that of Ruskin. But perhaps Mr. Collingwood had in mind the imaginative loyalty of Ruskin's patriotism, and wished to make his design a symbol of the continuity of England's efforts to be upright, free, and great. A correspondent sends the following account of the emblematical carving with which this cross has been decorated:—

“On the side facing the grave and looking east is a figure with a lyre, representing Mr. Ruskin's early poems, and the poetry of architecture. Above this, in a panel of interlaced work, are his name and the dates 1819—1900. Over the name is the figure of an artist sketching, with the pines, about which Mr. Ruskin wrote with such enthusiasm. The range of Mont Blanc is slightly indicated, and the rising sun recalls to memory the device on the cover of ‘Modern Painters.’ Above is the Lion of St. Mark, for the ‘Stones of Venice,’ and the Candlestick of the Tabernacle for the ‘Seven Lamps.’ The south side is filled with a scroll of Ruskin's favourite flower, the wild rose, and on the boughs are represented three of the creatures he wrote about with affection—the squirrel, the robin, and the kingfisher. This is meant to symbolise his interest in natural history. On the west side, looking towards the mountains, the cross represents his ethical and social teaching. At the bottom is the parable of the workmen in the vineyard, receiving each his penny from the Master—‘Unto this last.’ Then a design of ‘Sesame and Lilies,’ and in the middle ‘Fors Clavigera,’ the Angel of Fate holding the club, key, and nail, which every reader of Ruskin's work will remember. Over this is the ‘Crown of Wild Olive,’ and at the top ‘St. George and the

Dragon.’ The north side is covered with interlaced pattern. The cross-head on one side bears the globe, while the other side has a disc with the Fylfot, or revolving cross, the emblem of eternal life.”



RUSKIN MEMORIAL

DESIGNED BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD  
EXECUTED BY H. MILES

Although it can scarcely be called a great show, the exhibition of the Royal Academy deserves to be remembered as one of the most varied, and in some respects one of the most interesting, that has



been presented at Burlington House for some years past. It is strong in portraits—especially in work by Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. Orchardson, Professor von Herkomer, and Mr. J. J. Shannon—it includes a very fair number of good landscapes; and there are to be found in it a few figure pictures of definite importance. The best landscapes are Mr. E. A. Waterlow's *The Old Sandpit*, Mr. David Murray's *From Sultry Day to Summer Storm*, Mr. Arnesby Brown's *Morning*, Mr. Yeend King's *The Priory, Christchurch*, and Mr. Alfred East's delicate and luminous *The Citadel, Cairo*. The most memorable of the figure-subjects are Mr. E. A. Abbey's dramatic canvas, *Crusaders sighting Jerusalem*, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's *Nymphs finding the Head of*



"CRUSADERS SIGHTING JERUSALEM"

BY E. A. ABBEY, R.A.



"GLORY TO THE DEAD"

BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

*Orpheus*, Mr. G. Clausen's *A Gleaner*, Mr. J. J. Shannon's *The Flower Girl*, Mr. H. La Thangue's *Gathering Plums*, Mr. G. S. Watson's *The Birth of Aphrodite*, Mr. Walter Osborne's *Summer Time*, Sir J. D. Linton's *Thanksgiving*, and Mr. G. H. Boughton's exquisitely-imagined and daintily-treated *Young April*, a more than ordinarily successful example of his attractive work. The sculpture galleries present less features of interest than usual, but there are a

## Studio-Talk

few really good works to be found in them. Mr. Brock's bust of *Queen Victoria*, a splendidly dignified and perfectly faithful portrait; Mr. Goscombe John's colossal statue of the late *Duke of Devonshire*; Mr. F. W. Pomeroy's statues of *Oliver Cromwell* and *Dean Hook*; Mr. G. J. Frampton's *Edward VI.*; Mr. J. M. Swan's superb bronze *Puma and Macaw*; a decoratively treated statuette, *Castles in the Air*, by Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens; and Mr. Onslow Ford's statuette, *Glory to the Dead*, rank among the chief attractions of the exhibition, and do full credit to British art.

The collection of pictures and drawings which fills one of the galleries in the exhibition at Earl's Court is well worthy of attention. It consists of a series of portraits of prominent military men, of a number of battle paintings by artists of repute, and of a large group of drawings and sketches of incidents in the South African war. Among the portraits are Mr. Oules's *Lord Roberts*, Frank Holl's *Duke of Cambridge*, a good copy of Professor von Herkomer's *Archibald Forbes*, Sir F. Grant's *Viscount Gough* and *Lord Raglan*, and other examples by Chevalier Desanges, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Cornelius Jansen, and some other noted painters of various periods. The chief pictures are

Mr. J. Hassall's *First in the Trenches*, Mr. Caton Woodville's *Night Charge at Kassassin*, Mr. W. B. Wollen's *After Naseby*, Mr. J. B. Beadle's *The Captive Eagle*, *A Warm Corner for the Guns*, by Mr. Louis Edwards, and Lady Butler's *Wounded Heroes* and *The Colours of the Scots Guards at Alma*. In the series of black-and-white drawings few of the better-known military draughtsmen are unrepresented. Good work comes especially from Mr. Mortimer Menpes, Mr. F. A. Stewart, Mr. Sidney Paget, Mr. Ernest Prater, Mr. J. Charlton, Mr. Stanley Wood, Mr. F. Craig, and Mr. J. Bacon. Altogether, this art gallery can be reckoned as a very important adjunct to a military show.

We have pleasure in giving a reproduction of Mr. Peacock's very excellent portrait of Edward Cavendish, the son of Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P.

A recent exhibition of furniture, designed by Mr. Leonard Wyburd in collaboration with Mr. Arthur Lasenby Liberty and Mr. John Llewellyn, deserves mention, because it was the first serious attempt in London to bring together work of a modern character in which not only the furniture but the decoration of the walls and the accessories were in accord with each other.



"YOUNG APRIL"

BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.





"THE CITADEL, CAIRO."  
BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.





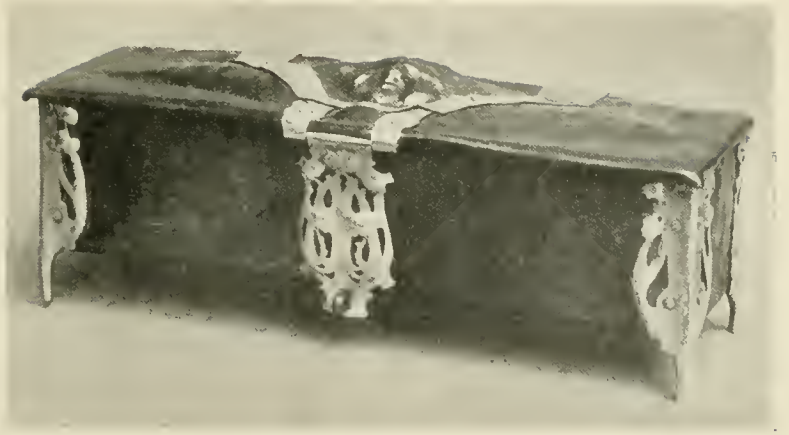
17 May 11  
G. G. G. G. G.



work. Admirable work was shown by Sara Purser, Walter Osborne, J. B. Yeats, N. Hone, and others, while there were also many interesting pictures by artists of less repute. While on the subject of pictures, the important bequest of ten works by old Dutch masters, which has just fallen to the lot of the National Gallery of Ireland, must not be forgotten. The pictures were left by the late Sir Henry Barron, Bart., an Irishman who spent most of his life in the Diplomatic Service, and was for many years Minister at

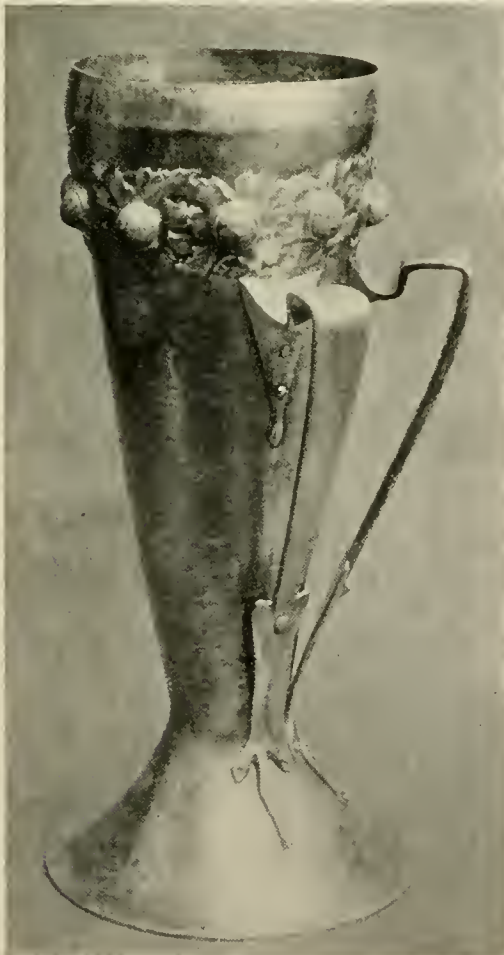
Stuttgart. Amongst them are *The Halt*, by Solomon Van Ruysdael, a well-known picture formerly in the celebrated San Donato collection of Prince Demidoff; an interesting interior by H. de Hondt; a very fine example of Jan Wynants; and a group in a landscape, *Christ at the House of Martha and Mary*, in which the figures are by Rubens.

E. D.



COPPER JEWEL CASE WITH SILVER MOUNTS

BY B. CRESWICK



SILVER CUT SET WITH STONES BY OLIVER BAKER



BELL PUSH

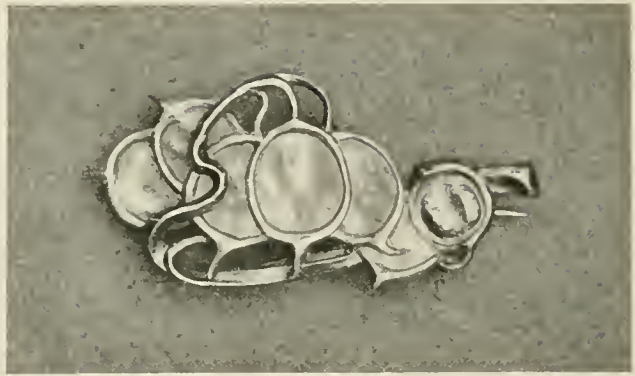
BY EDGAR SIMPSON

**B**IRMINGHAM.—At their Spring Exhibition the Birmingham Society of Artists made a departure from their usual custom, and devoted a portion of their space to "Arts and Crafts," an interesting little collection of works by various artists,



including several well-known local men, being gathered together.

Mr. Alexander Fisher showed some of his enamels, and Mr. Edgar Simpson had several pieces of jewellery on view, while Mr. Oliver Baker was represented by a silver loving cup set with stones. Worthy of attention also were the jewellery of Mr. A. E. V. Lilley and the silver and copper beaten work of Mr. B. Creswick. A casket in silver, relieved with enamel and repoussé, designed by the Misses F. Camm and E. V. Holden, to contain the Freedom of the City of Birmingham presented to the late J. Thackeray Bunce, J.P., calls for more than a



BROOCH

BY A. C. C. JAHN

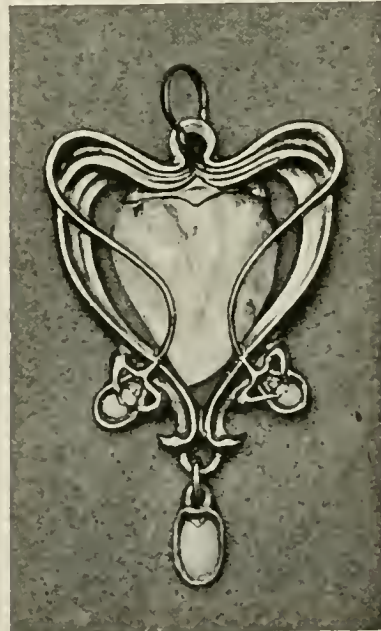
passing word of praise to the artists, both of whom are students of the Birmingham School of Art.

Amongst the furniture there was an oak cabinet with relief panel and figures, the work and design of Mr. Gilbert Bayes; and Mr. G. W. de Saulles and Mr. George T. Morgan, medallist to the United States Mint, Philadelphia, U.S.A., sent



MODELLED IVORY HEAD  
MOUNTED IN GOLD AND  
SET WITH PEARLS

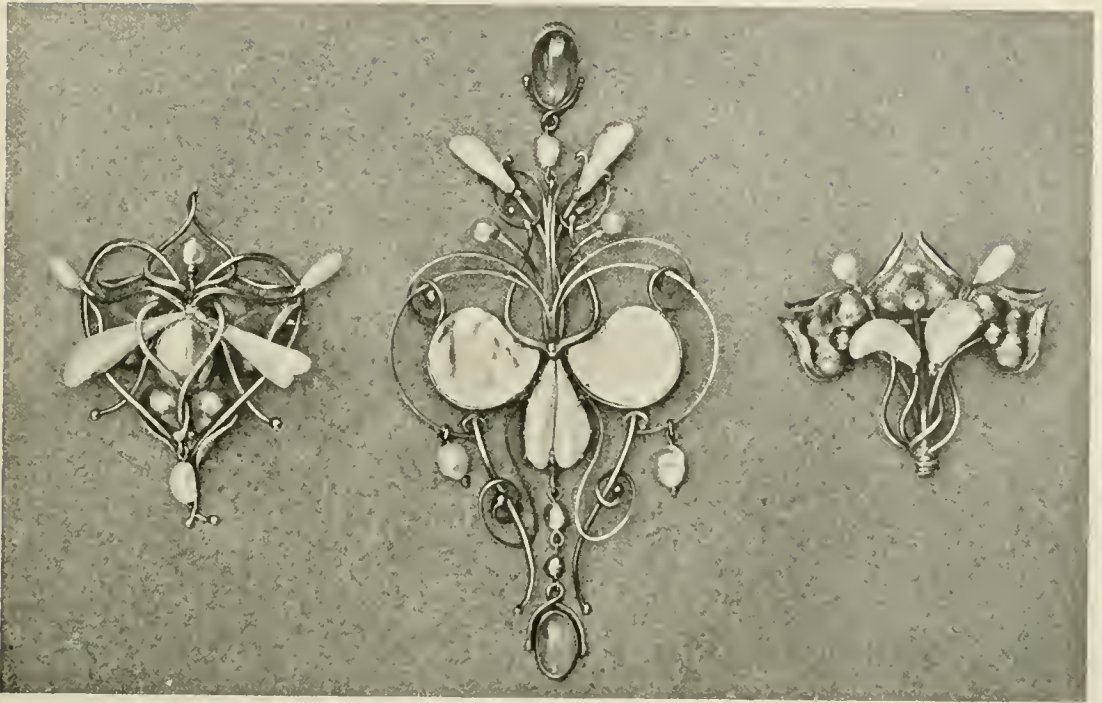
DESIGNED AND  
EXECUTED BY  
A. C. C. JAHN



GOLD PENDANT  
SET WITH OPALS

DESIGNED AND  
EXECUTED BY  
A. C. C. JAHN

some very interesting cases of medals and medallions, etc. A collection of bronzes by Messrs. E. Onslow Ford, R.A., Albert Toft, W. Goscombe John, A.R.A., J. Wenlock Rollins,



BROOCHES AND PENDANT

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY A. H. JONES

Charles J. Allen, Alfred Drury, A.R.A., and others, made an attractive feature in the sculpture section.

The Birmingham Society is to be congratulated upon its experiment, which ought to be repeated on a larger scale. Birmingham is the home of many industries that should benefit by closer association with artists and designers of our modern schools, and possibly we may yet see the Birmingham Society of Arts arranging exhibitions devoted solely to applied art. Such exhibitions would prove a prolific hunting-ground for manufacturers in search of talent.

Two young and clever designers, Mr. Alfred H. Jones and Mr. Bernard Cuzner, who were until recently pupils of the Vittoria Street School, have jointly turned their attention to the production of artistic jewellery with results that are eminently satisfactory. Two gold brooches set with pearls, and a gold pendant set with pearl and opal, by Mr. A. H. Jones, are here illustrated. Artistic jewellery has also attracted the attention of Mr. A. C. C. Jahn, head-master of the Municipal School of Art at Wolverhampton, some of whose admirably designed and carried-out work is illustrated.

A. S. W.

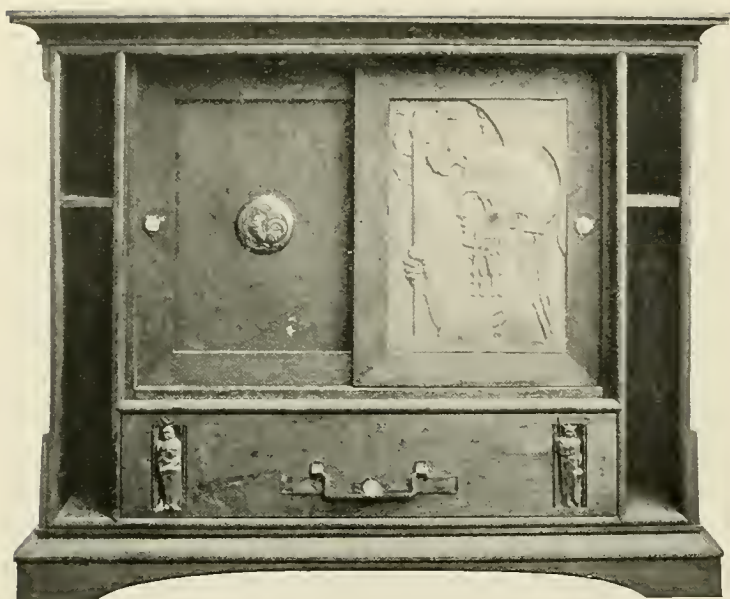
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The Northumberland Handicrafts Guild announces an Exhibition of Decorative Woodwork, Repoussé Metal Work, and Embroidery, to be held here on July 23rd and 24th. Exhibits will be shown either as the



MODELLED IVORY HEAD, MOUNTED IN GOLD AND SILVER REPOUSSÉ RELIEVED BY STONES

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY A. C. C. JAHN





OAK CABINET WITH RELIEF PANEL AND FIGURES BY GILBERT BAYES  
(See *Birmingham Studio-Talk*)

desirable for its appropriate decoration.

C. W.

SWITZERLAND.—The “Exposition Municipale des Beaux-Arts” at Geneva was of interest from more than one point of view. The seventeenth annual Exhibition of the kind, it was the first in which the artists themselves had a free hand as far as organisation is concerned. The happy result of this was a once evident in the arrangement and decoration of the rooms and the admirable way in which the pictures were hung.

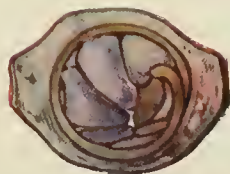
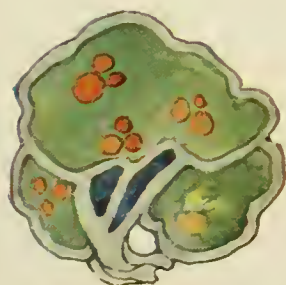
collective work of local centres or the products of individuals. The Guild has probably been well advised not to offer prizes, but with the object of stimulating a spirit of friendly rivalry between different places the local centre presenting the best general quality of work will hold a shield for the year. Individuals are to be encouraged by cards of merit, a first-class award three years in succession qualifying for the Guild's Silver Medal. The carefully planned series of “considerations” which will determine the awards should exert a beneficial influence upon the development of handicraft in Northumberland. While desiring to encourage original design, the Guild for the present attaches equal importance to the appropriate application of design in the decoration of a given object. As soon as some degree of skill, it is suggested, has been acquired in the use of tools, the first consideration should be the object to be ornamented; secondly, the kind and amount of ornament



“JEUNE FEMME”

BY MAURICE REYMOND









"IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARNO"

BY ETIENNE DUVAL



"ROTENTURM"

BY HANS WIELAND



The Exhibition was divided into two sections, the one retrospective, the other modern, permitting of a comparison between the achievements of the past and those of the present. The retrospective section, which was extremely interesting, included the *chefs d'œuvre* of such by-gone Swiss masters as Töpffer, Massot, Agasse, Liotard, etc. The modern department, though chiefly devoted to the works of the Genevese school, contained a number of contributions from other artists, which furnished a convincing proof of the vitality of present day Swiss art. Among the most interesting contributions were those of Duval, de Beaumont, Welte, Sandreuter, Wieland, Estoppey, Jeanneret, Giacometti, Hodler, Coutau, Rehous, Patru, Perrier, Hermenjat, Perrelet, Van Muyden, Bieler, Simonet, Burger, Amiet, de Lapalud, Dunki, Balmer, Reuter, Baud, Virchaux, and such Swiss lady-artists as the Misses Breslau, Rappard, de Beaumont, Røderstein, Rozmann, Bally, Weibel, and Hantz.

Of the drawings, the most remarkable were *The Délices of Voltaire*, a body-colour drawing, by Edouard Baud; Dunki's admirable *Drawings for the illustration of "Petites Chroniques Genevoises"*; and Wieland's vigorous *Rotenturm*. The last-named work is the cartoon for a picture upon which the artist is engaged at the present time, the subject being an episode in the struggle of the Swiss for liberty in 1798.

Turning to the paintings, it was evident at a glance that full and half-length portrait and Swiss landscape were the dominant notes. Of the former the fine portrait in oils of *Dr. Stückelberg*, by Fritz Burger; Albert Welte's *Portrait of My Parents*, a very curious and powerful work; a striking *Portrait*, by Giacometti, thrown into relief against a winter mountain-landscape; and such elegantly finished pastels as Gustave de Beaumont's *Portraits of Children*, Hippolyte Coutau's *Portrait of Madame H. C.*, and Miss Breslau's *Portrait of a Little Girl*, not to mention others, were of interest as excellent examples of careful workmanship.

Of Swiss landscape, Jeanneret's *The Glaciers*, Hermenjat's *A Pathway in Winter*, Perrier's *Twilight in the Mountains*, Bieler's *Sunset on Mount Gauthier*, Sandreuter's *The Marshes near Stein-am-Rhein*, Estoppey's *The Little Salève*, Gustave de Beaumont's *The Salève in April*, Van Muyden's *The Pasturage*, and Miss de Beaumont's *A Dull Evening*, were not only of a technical excellence that left little to be desired, but were of value as revealing the modern Swiss artist's treatment of the natural beauty of his own land, how he has left behind slavery to mere detail, and has caught the large effects and what may be called the impassioned moods of Swiss landscape. Four of the finest landscapes were those from the brush of the veteran Genevese painter, Etienne Duval.



PORTRAIT OF MADAME H. C.

BY HIPPOLYTE COUTAU



"HALD LAKE"

*(See Copenhagen Studio-Talk)*

BY C. M. SOYA-JENSEN



"AT THE SKAW"

*(See Copenhagen Studio-Talk)*

BY THORWALD NISS

In the departments of the Exhibition devoted to water-colours special interest attached to the contributions of Messrs. Reuter, Biéler, Estoppey and the delightful *Study of Flowers, Insects and Birds from a decorative point of view*, by Miss Hantz.

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Of the work exhibited in other sections, Maurice Baud's fine engraving of *The Forge*, after a picture by Léon L'Hermitte; the exquisite enamel painting by Messrs. Demole and Dunant; Mr. Reuter's gesso work, and his beautifully illuminated sonnet, *In Memoriam*, already known to readers of THE STUDIO, were worthy of the highest praise; as also M. de Niederhäusern's plaster and bronze busts and M. Maurice Reymond's marble bust, *Jeune Femme*.

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"SUMMER EVENING AT THE SEA"

(See Copenhagen Studio-Talk)

BY MICHAEL ANCHER

The impression that the *ensemble* of work in this Exhibition made upon the mind was of the happiest as far as the present and future of Swiss art are concerned. Doubtless the efforts of young Swiss artists are still tentative, but they



"JUNIPER TREES"

(See Copenhagen Studio-Talk)

BY L. V. HINRICHTSEN





"AU PAYS DE LA MER; NUIT DE LA  
SAINT-JEAN." BY CHARLES COTTET

(See *Paris Studio-Talks*)

evinced intense sincerity and a whole hearted devotion to art.

R. M.

COPENHAGEN. It is a matter of regret that Danish art is so comparatively little known in England; otherwise it would assuredly have made for itself a host of friends there. There is such a delightfully true ring about Danish art, of which continuous study forms, and for a century has formed, the keynote. The technique is generally good, often excellent, in some cases masterly, and of that surcharge of feeling, not to say sentimentality, which is so much in vogue in a neighbouring country, the Danes, luckily, will have none. True that small canvases are rather the rule than the exception, and that the subjects more often than not are of a homely nature; but are they any the worse on that account? Does not a simple little song often contain better and sweeter music than an ambitious opus?

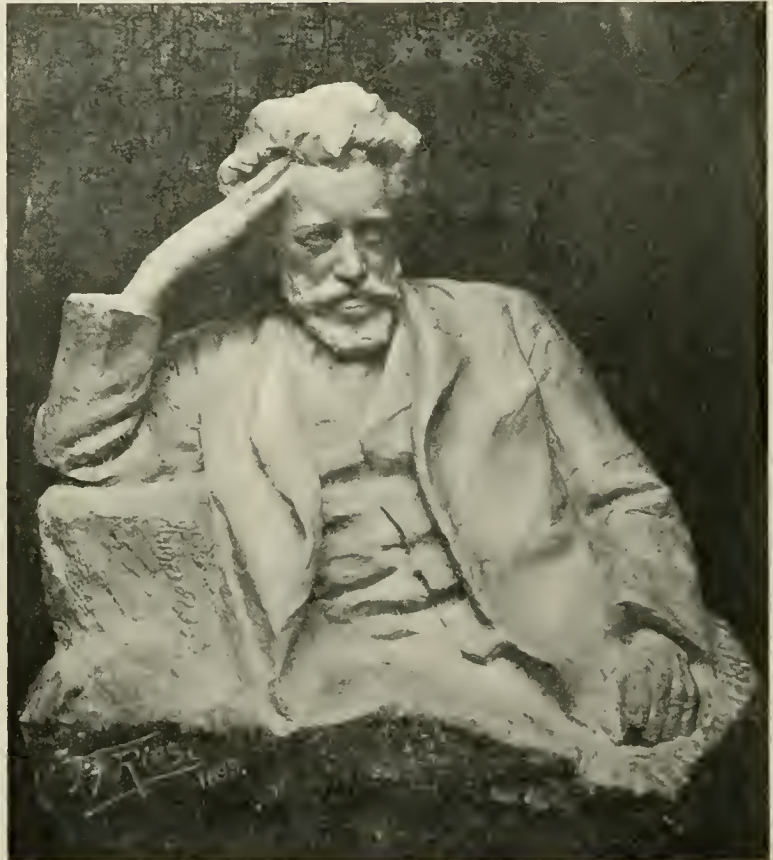
However, it goes without saying that much of what is shown at this year's Charlottenborg is not deserving of praise. Not a few of the pictures, and of the sculptures too, for the matter of that, would no doubt prompt Kipling's devil to repeat the old question, and the weeding operation could with decided advantage have been carried a good deal further to the benefit of all concerned.

Ring's excellent interiors, Einar Nielsen's interesting "portrait group," and Anna Ancher's charming little *Woodcutter*, we hope to refer to again in a later issue. Michael Ancher, in the picture reproduced, gives with much subtlety the mood of a summer eve, when the soft hues of sky and sea almost mingle, the old knitting fisher-woman rather

enhancing than disturbing the peace and the beauty of the scene. The Danes are excellent landscapists. La Cour's three pictures deserve the highest praise, more especially a large inland view over a hilly, somewhat barren country; the atmosphere is delightful, and the wide expanse of undulating country brilliantly done. Hinrichsen's *Juniper Trees*, bathed in the warm glow of a declining sun, marks a great stride onward. There is a healthy breadth in this picture, subordinating all details to the main effect. In Soya-Jensen's *Hald Lake* the atmosphere is saturated with moisture, and the clump of trees to the left in the picture stands out remarkably well against the distance. Thorwald Niss has a spirited marine from the Skaw, done with all the dash and verve which he, better than most painters, knows how to put into breakers.

G. B.

PARIS.—We have pleasure in giving an illustration on page 133 of Mr. Charles Cottet's fine painting, entitled *Au Pays de la Mer; Nuit de la Saint-Jean*.



BUST OF PROF. HELLMER

BY FEODOROWNA RIES

VIENNA.—Not often does it fall to the lot of a young artist to please both critic and public at the same time, and, having gained their interest, to continue to fill their expectations. But it was so with Feodorowna Ries, a young Russian artist who some eight years ago had never even had a piece of clay in her hand, but who, by dint of "self," now stands amongst the foremost of her profession. It was chance that led Miss Ries to the brush, and another chance which led her to abandon the brush for the chisel. Five years ago she was awarded the Carl Ludwig Gold Medal for her *Lucifer* (already illustrated in THE STUDIO), and at the last Paris Exhibition she gained the Gold Medal for her *Unbesiegbaren* (The Unconquerable).

Miss Ries was born and educated in Moscow, but Vienna is the city of her adoption. She first studied painting at the Moscow Academy, her work there showing great breadth of character and

power of delineation. At the yearly Exhibition in Moscow, held some five months after she had entered as a student, she took the Gold Medal for her *Portrait of a Russian Peasant*. She then abandoned painting for sculpture, and one month later gained the highest commendations for a bust of *Ariadne*. She then began to study the plastic art from life. Dissatisfied with herself, although her *Somnambulist* gained a prize, Miss Ries left Moscow for Paris, but on her way stayed in Vienna, studying under Prof. Hellmer, female students not being admitted to the Vienna School of Art.

One year later, at the Vienna Spring Exhibition, she exhibited her *Die Hexe*. Here is no traditional witch, though the broomstick on which she will ride through the air is *en évidence*. She is a demoniac being, knowing her own power, and full of devilish instinct. The marble is full of life, and one seems to feel the warmth of her delicate,



"UNBESIEGBAREN"

BY FEODOROWNA RIES



powerfully chiseled, though soft and pliable limbs.

*Die Unbesiegbaren*, though not quite original in thought is so in design. The artist has gone to the "workers" for her subject, because in their fate modern thought is symbolised. The tow-line by which the men are drawing their heavily laden freight-boat along the shore is so thrown across their bodies that they seem to be roped together. The under limbs are lost in the mass below. The individuality of each man is marvellously depicted in face and attitude.

Miss Ries is now at work on a *Saint*—an order from the Austrian Government. One is curious to see what her saint will be like; surely very different from the usual conception!

The reproductions here given are from photographs by C. Scolick, photographer to the Austrian Imperial family. A. S. L.

**B**RUSSELS.—We have pleasure in giving an illustration of a fine bust by M. C. Samuel, which was on view at the Société des Beaux-Arts, in Brussels.

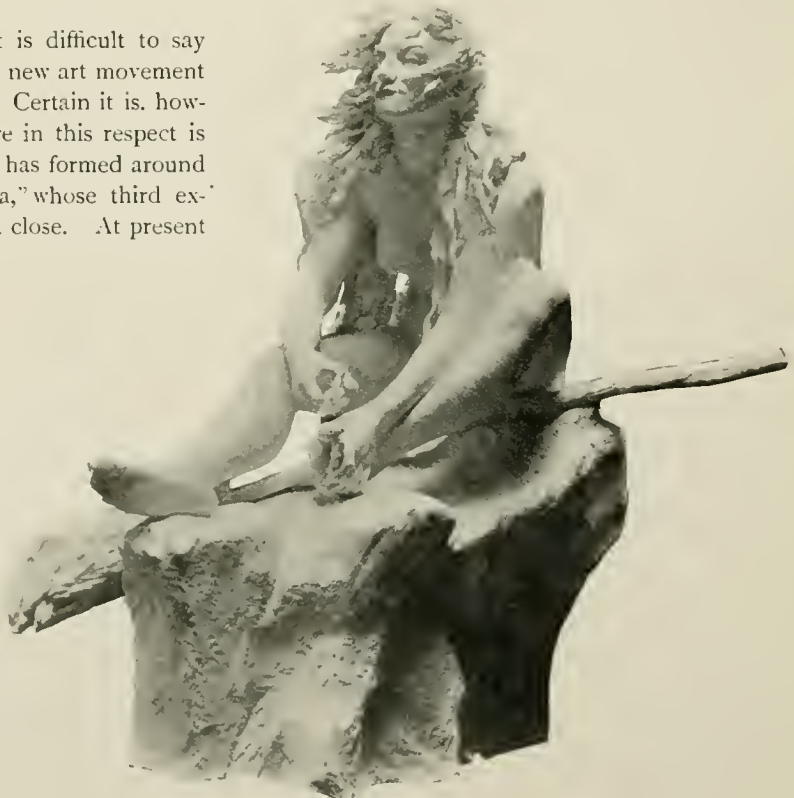
**S**T. PETERSBURG.—It is difficult to say what definite form the new art movement will assume with us. Certain it is, however, that the initiative in this respect is due to the group of artists which has formed around the magazine "*Mir Iskousstva*," whose third exhibition has recently come to a close. At present this little circle is the centre of intense artistic activity. Doubtless it will have to fight a hard struggle, for its aim is art, free and independent—an art which the public here, imbued as it is with narrow, utilitarian ideas, is incapable of appreciating.

At the head of the new society is V. Séroff, the remarkable painter whose exceptional talent is admitted on all sides. The fact that this artist has just quitted the all-powerful "Société des Expositions

*Ambulantes*," to take his stand among the young men, has given a powerful impetus to the new enterprise. Séroff is at once too bold and too subtle an artist not to know in which camp true art prevails, and the older painters are left lamenting and wondering that he should have gone over to the enemy.

Séroff's portraits invariably have a certain, irresistible charm, and among his most beautiful, his boldest and his most original are those of Mme. Botkine and the Emperor Nicolas II., which were displayed this year at the "*Mir Iskousstva*" Exhibition. Seldom does one see such paintings—so fresh, so masterly—as the water-colour, *Le Départ de l'Impératrice Elisabeth pour la Chasse*, and the little picture, *Sur la rivière*.

Another artist of importance taking part in these displays was Néstéroff, several of whose sketches for the church of Abbas-Tourman, erected by the late Hereditary Grand Duke among the mountains of Georgia (Caucasus), are, although somewhat effeminate, marked by a certain delicate harmony.



"DIE HENE"

BY FEODOROWNA RIES



MARBLE BUST  
BY C. SAMUEL

The greatest stir, however, has been aroused over the works of Maliavine, the winner of a gold medal at the Universal Exhibition. And in his case the public has shown more than ordinary ignorance and coarseness of taste. His portrait of the painter Elie Répine is one of his finest efforts. Here is a most distinctive work, which creates a deep impression by its breadth and boldness of style, its delicate "tonalities," and its general harmony.

Somoff, another painter of great merit, is otherwise endowed. He is a *chercheur* of studied simplicity, with a passion for the past, which, moreover, he revives, in the light of a somewhat morbid imagination, with undeniable charm and simplicity.

Kororine's abilities are well known to all. His decorative panels which won him the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition were equally effective at the "Mir Iskousstva" display, attracting the eye by the beauty of their colouring and the masterly simplicity of their treatment. Alexandre Benois showed some views of Peterhof, admirably delicate of execution. He, too, is a lover of the past, particularly the eighteenth century, with its rockeries, its French gardens, and its fountains. A subtle artist, Benois, who charms by his *intimité* and his keen perception.

To be noted also were the pictures by Wroubel, Cionglinski, Pourvite, and Ruszczyc, all painters of ability, and the wood engravings of Mlle. Ostrooumoff. Prince Troubetzkoy's sculptures were conspicuous as ever for their originality and freshness, and it must be added that the exhibition was arranged with exquisite taste. The large *salles* of the Academy were transformed into little *salons*, the lightly tinted walls throwing up to full advantage the pictures hung at wide intervals thereon. Here and there Korovine's friezes added a note of gaiety to these little apartments, where, among choice furniture, objects of art, and bunches of flowers, the various works of sculpture were artistically disposed.

A. R.

ANTWERP.—Seldom during many years has there been seen a more imposing collection of works than that recently displayed here by Frans Courtens in the Salle Verlat ("Verlat-zaal"). Nothing of equal merit and importance has been on view in Antwerp since Claus and Verstraete displayed their new productions. Indeed, the Courtens exhibition recalls the most brilliant displays by Baertsoen, Heymans and Verwee, in Brussels and in Ghent. On the present occasion the Termontais painter (Courtens was born at Termonde-Dendermonde) has, I think, surpassed himself. With the exception of four or five masterpieces, such as his celebrated *Pluie d'Or*, or his equally admirable *Vache*, in the Brussels Gallery, the works now in question include his very best—a collection of fine pictures, complete and mature both in conception and in execution. And what variety in



"AU PARC DE PETERHOF"

BY ALEXANDRE BENOIS





PORTRAIT OF ELIE RÉPINE

BY PH. MALIAVINE



"LA MORT DE ST. ALEXANDRE NEVSKY"

BY M. NÉSTÉROFF

these thirty-two sea-pieces and landscapes ! While many of his canvases are in every respect real "morceaux," models of execution—like *Après la Pluie*, *Vers l'Automne*, *La Levée des Nasses*, *Après un Jour de Neige*, *Les Bords de la Zaan au Matin*, and *La Chevre*—others are painted—nay, brushed—in hot haste, with wonderful facility and boldness of touch—superb sketches of Nature's most fugitive phenomena, seized on the instant with dexterity and sureness of vision.

Courtens' art is beyond all else characterised by its colouring. He possesses one of the most marvellous palettes ever seen ; in it he finds greens with all the nobility of the emerald ; blues transparent as the finest mother-of-pearl ; yellows which gleam like gold. The intensity with which he conveys the impressions felt amidst this Flemish and Dutch scenery he knows and loves so well

should also be noted. It were surely impossible to suggest the actual vision of things more closely than Courtens has suggested it in this wonderful *Après la Pluie*—a *chaussée* bordered by leafless trees, everything soaked and dripping after the cold December showers ; everywhere mud and spleen ; Or again, in his *Approche d'Hiver*, or his *La Levée des Nasses*.

The two most remarkable works of this recent Salon were, however, *Vers l'Automne* and *La Vache*. *Vers l'Automne* is like an etching of Rembrandt painted by the boldest of colourists. Above the stagnant waters stretches like a roof of gold the yellowed foliage of the ash-trees, whose thousand branches mingle all black against the storm-laden sky. *La Vache*, which the artist terms a "study," is in reality the first edition of the famous picture in the Brussels Gallery. This red cow, gleaming in the sunshine against a somewhat decorative background, is painted *à la diable*, with a masterly power which is simply bewildering. P. DE M.



SCULPTURE

BY PAUL TROUBETZKOY

FRANKFORT.—It requires no little courage to do honour in art to Goethe, for Goethe is associated in thought with a rare strength and magic of facial expression rather than with the structure and drawing of the head and features. His great and fiery soul was said "to flame out through his eyes," and there can be no question that his eyes were more masterful in their penetrating brilliance than those of any other poet of whom history speaks in detail. Even the irrepressible Heine was awed into stuttering nervousness when Goethe looked at him. He had previously reflected on all sorts of sublime things he would like to say, but he had only





BUST

BY J. KOWARZIK

courage enough to speak of the uncommonly good plums that grew by the wayside between Jena and Weimar.

It seems impossible that any form of art should now be able to give us anything but a formal and cold representation of Goethe's presence and expression. But the office of art may be beneficial in many humble ways, and Mr. J. Kowarzik, in his medal of Goethe (page 144), makes use of one such way—reminding his countrymen of the great fact that their national progress will be shortlived if they allow the occupations of the present time to oust from their memories the wisdom of such men as Goethe. The medallist's art may do much in all countries to counteract one bad tendency of newspapers and popular new novels; the tendency,

for his philandering with female friendships. The obverse side will be understood at a glance, for it associates Goethe with that romance and patriotism which the Rhine inspires in all true Germans.

Mr. Kowarzik is a sculptor as well as a medalist, and it is a pleasure to give an illustration here of an admirable bust that he has recently brought to completion.

MELBOURNE.—The Third Annual Exhibition of the Yarra Sculptors' Society was opened on Friday, the 11th of January, by Mr. S. Gillott, Mayor of Melbourne. The exhibits, which numbered about 160, were of a more varied character than is usually shown in an exhibition of this kind in

that is, of causing nations to lose touch with the greatest minds in the history of literature. And this being so, it is worth while to see in what manner Mr. J. Kowarzik represents Goethe to the military and commercial mind of present-day Germany. Heine said that in talking with Goethe he involuntarily looked at his side for the eagle of Zeus. Mr. Kowarzik sees by the side of Goethe the figure of Lotte, who, in the first part of "Werther," is a symbol of beauty and youth and unselfishness. In the background to the left two other feminine figures are modelled in flat relief; they represent the poet's first love, Gretchen, and Frederika Brion, the Alsatian girl of Sesenheim. Some of the women who, like Charlotte von Stein, influenced Goethe in later years, are shown in the background on the right. Thus the medal on its reverse side is entirely feminine, and it is possible that English students of Goethe care least of all





GOETHE MEDAL

DESIGNED BY  
J. KOWARZIK

Melbourne, including as it did sculpture, wood carving, oil paintings, water-colours, pastels, etchings, and black-and-white drawings; but, nevertheless, sculpture was the most important feature of the exhibition.

Mr. C. Douglas Richardson, with his life-sized statue, *The Cloud*, showed the finest piece of work he has yet done, choosing for illustration the opening lines of Shelley's lovely poem of "The Cloud":

"I bring fresh showers  
To the thirsting flowers."

The female figure, which is treated with great delicacy and refinement, is depicted as rising from the earth as if from a mist; it fully suggests the lifting motion of a cloud, and the drapery being wind-blown and wet clings to the form in graceful lines. She supports a jar on the wrist of the right arm, while with the other hand she directs the rain on to the "thirsting flowers" below. The pose of the head and figure and the expression of the face are in perfect harmony; they suggest that she is in sympathy with the kindly office that she performs. The modelling is good and the figure as a whole may be considered as one of the most graceful statues executed in Melbourne.

*Hit*, a sketch design for a monument, by Mr. C. Douglas Richardson—to be erected in memory of the Victorians who fell in South Africa—is a realistic piece of work, and will no doubt be extremely popular with the people. It represents one of the Victorian Bushmen with his horse, which has been hit by a bullet and has fallen down on a rocky declivity. This work, designed for bronze and bluestone, will probably be carried out life-size. A terra-cotta statuette by the same artist, entitled *His First Fish*, is noteworthy for its realism and for grace of treatment. The expression of the boy, as he gazes in surprise at his "catch," is pretty and amusing. *The Siren*, also by Mr. Douglas Richardson, is a clever piece of work in high relief. She sits near the sea-shore, holding a harp formed like a dolphin, while in the distance may be seen a boat with rowers, suggestive of the story of Ulysses. A life-sized



"THE CLOUD"

BY C. DOUGLAS  
RICHARDSON



BUST OF RAMSAY  
THOMSON, ESQ.

BY MISS  
BERNHARD-SMITH



PORTRAIT BUST

BY DR. C. LETHBRIDGE

statue of a child, *Gathering Flowers*, by Miss Margaret Baskerville, represented a little country girl in the act of leaning forward to pluck a flower, her hand extended gracefully and tenderly, as if she loved the flowers and would not crush or hurt them. The child is bare-legged, and her short, rough petticoat is drawn up so as to form a sort of basket for the flowers. Mr. C. Web-Gilbert was represented only by small terra-cotta sketches, the best being a small head with ivy leaves. Mr. W. Scurry showed a sketch model, a figure intended to be erected on the new Opera House, Melbourne; it possessed a striking outline, and was well proportioned. Dr. C. Lethbridge's portrait bust, treated in an unconventional manner, was a decided improvement in technique on his last year's exhibit. He also exhibited a carved wood panel for the altar of a church. Mr. H. F. Dunne sent a small panel of wood carving and a sketch model for wood carving, while Miss M. Bernhard-Smith had a portrait bust of Mr. Ramsay Thomson, manager

of the Long Tunnel Mine, Walhalla. It was treated in a rather unusual style, the base being made to represent gold quartz.

## REVIEWS.

*War Impressions*: Being a Record in Colour by MORTIMER MENPES. Transcribed by DOROTHY MENPES. (London: A. & C. Black.) Price, 20s. —The numerous sketches and studies made by Mr. Menpes during his recent journey in South Africa as correspondent to our contemporary *Black and White*, were recently exhibited in London, and attracted considerable attention, not only on account of the subject with which they dealt, but also because of the remarkable technique and artistic ability displayed in their production. Reproductions of these drawings in colour upon a largely reduced scale have been made, and now appear as illustrations to the record of the artist's experiences which have been

so charmingly and vividly transcribed by his daughter, Miss Dorothy Menpes. To those who desire to obtain an impression of the nature of the vast country over which the terrible Boer war has been waged, who wish to realise something of the movements of the great armies in the field, and of the aspect of the generals and other personages whose names have come so prominently forward during the last eighteen months, the book can be strongly recommended. At the same time many of the original drawings have lost much of their force and value in the reproductions. The three-colour process employed cannot be relied upon to faithfully reproduce the original colours. With a larger number of blocks, greater care in printing, and less reduction in size from the originals a much more satisfactory result would have been obtained. But the defects are only fully comprehended when the prints are compared with the original drawings; and we must add, in justice to the process, that in a few instances remarkable verisimilitude has been obtained. Mr. Menpes' experiences are detailed with much graphic power, his reflections display no little acumen, while his anecdotes are given with all the art and telling force which his reputation as a *raconteur* would lead us to anticipate. The book is eminently readable from cover to cover.

*Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures and Sculpture at Apsley House, London.* By EVELYN WELLINGTON. (London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.) Two vols.—The production of these sumptuous volumes, enriched with so many fine photo-gravures, has been well conceived and admirably carried out. Comparatively few people are actually acquainted with the rich art treasures gathered together within the walls of Apsley House; and it is not generally known in how romantic a manner the collection was originally formed. We use the author's words in reference to this subject: "It will be remembered that Napoleon in 1808, then at the zenith of his greatness, placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain, which the dissensions of the royal family had placed at his mercy. It was but a short time, however, that things went smoothly with the new king, for the Spaniards, supported by the British and Portuguese, soon embarked in that struggle for independence which culminated in the final overthrow of French rule in Spain on the field of Vittoria. Defeated in this decisive action, Joseph, in his attempt to escape to France in a closed carriage, was pursued by a squadron of the 10th Hussars, commanded

by Captain Wyndham and the Marquis of Worcester. It is said that the king's carriage was pointed out to the English officers by some French prisoners, and that during the pursuit several French troopers were cut down, and that it was only by a stand made by the escort at a mill dam that Joseph was enabled to leave his carriage and make his escape under the protection of a troop of cavalry. It was in this abandoned travelling carriage, which fell into the hands of the English, that the majority of pictures forming the Apsley House collection was found. These paintings, as was subsequently ascertained, formed part of the Royal Spanish collection, which Joseph had appropriated and was endeavouring to carry with him in his flight from Spain. Shortly afterwards the pictures, to which the Duke's attention had been drawn, were sent by him to his brother, Lord Maryborough, in London, for safe keeping. The subjoined extract from a letter written by Lord Maryborough to the Duke will be found interesting, as showing the surprise and interest created by the arrival in England of these captured treasures. The letter is dated Savile Row, February 9th, 1814, and is as follows:—"My dear Arthur,—I have caused the packages taken at Vittoria, and sent home by you, to be carefully examined, and we found the imperial to contain a most valuable collection of pictures, one which you could not have conceived. It appears that the pictures on canvas had been cut from their frames from the backs, by which the parts strained over the wooden frames have been destroyed. The pictures on wood and copper seem to have been taken from their frames. Many of the pictures have been damaged, but some of the most valuable ones have escaped unhurt. This, however, is not the case with all the valuable pictures, some of the Titians and some of the Wouvermans being very much injured, though I should hope not irreparably. I send you a catalogue of 165 of the most valuable pictures. . . ." It should be added that the Duke offered to restore to the King of Spain the pictures belonging to him, but the king desired him to retain them. To enumerate, much less to describe, the fine examples by Velasquez, Titian, Teniers, Wouvermans, Murillo, Watteau, and others which form part of this collection, cannot here be attempted. But the author of the volumes has performed her part so skilfully and admirably that her work is in every respect a worthy record of a most remarkable and valuable collection.



*The Cathedral Builders.* By LEADER SCOTT. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)—In this beautifully and profusely illustrated volume Leader Scott sets forth a most fascinating theory: the continuity of architectural art, with her handmaids painting and sculpture, from Roman times down to the fifteenth century.

By wide research among the cathedral and other archives throughout the length and breadth of Italy, Leader Scott has brought to light the existence, in very early times, of a highly organised guild of builders (architects, masons, decorators) having its chief seat at Como. The members of the guild (the Comacine Masters) were known as *Liberi Muratori*, because, thinks Leader Scott with Merzario, the Italian authority on the subject, they were free from feudal bondage. In any case they were a self-sufficing body, and, like the Free Lances of later times, hired their services out to those who had need of them. It is, moreover, interesting to note that the tradition of the guild, though lost in more recent times, seems to have survived, after the extinction of the guild itself, till the middle of the seventeenth century, when the modern Freemasons sprang into existence; for this body has apparently borrowed not only its name but also its organisation from the mediæval corporation.

The researches of both Leader Scott and of her brother, the Rev. W. Miles Barnes, who writes the admirable chapter on Saxon architecture, lead to the conclusion that the Comacine guild was a survival of a Roman *collegium*, which had either existed in Como long before the Longobard invasion (Leader Scott quotes Pliny as to the excellence of the builders of the place), or had taken refuge there after Rome had fallen to the Goths.

When the Lombards began to build, under Autharis and Theodolinda in the second half of the sixth century, they employed men from Como; hence the round-arched style, which in reality was already traditional in the north of Italy, has become known as Lombard. Having thus reasserted their position as architects, the members of the Comacine guild carried their distinctive style not only into various parts of Italy, but also into the rest of North-western Europe, being called by missionaries and bishops to build churches and monasteries, and by civil authorities to erect fortresses or fortify towns. The style was modified by climatic influences and by natural development, but there is no break in the continuities: it is to be found in Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Germany, as well as through the length and breadth of its native

Italy, and is in each case traceable to Comacine Masters.

Such is Leader Scott's thesis. She supports it not only by the evidences of similarity of style, already observed by other writers on the subject, but by actual documents, which enable her to give, for Italy at least, lists of the Comacine Masters who were actually working in various cities at definite dates. Her brother, moreover, arrives, independently, at similar results with regard to ecclesiastical architecture in England.

An interesting chapter is the one on the Towers and Crosses of Ireland, which calls attention to the fact that the knot distinctive of Comacine work occurs continually in the crosses. It may be remarked in passing that Mr. Romilly Allen's article in *THE STUDIO* of August 15, 1898, is here drawn upon and quoted.

In the fifteenth century, when the Florentine Duomo was being built, when artistic energy was potent and expansive, the organism of the guild proved too rigid for the new life. The painters and the sculptors seceded; their art became an end by itself, and the very tradition of its ancient union with architecture was, until recent years, lost.

The book is certainly a very important addition to the history of art. It is, moreover, eminently suggestive, and should form the point of departure for further profitable researches in England and in Germany; in Italy Leader Scott's are already extensive. The seed of their undertaking was sown long years ago by the "Dorset Poet," who, reflecting on the similarity of early architectural style in England and on the Continent, observed: "It will be found out some day that a grand masonic guild or corporation existed in the ages of cathedral building."

His prophecy has been fulfilled by his daughter.

*Sesam und Lilien, Der Kranz von Oliven Zweigen and Die Sieben Leuchter der Bankunst.* By JOHN RUSKIN. Translated into German by Hedwig Jahn, Anna Henschke, and Wilhelm Schoelermann respectively. (Leipzig: Eugen Diedrichs).—These volumes are admirable translations into German of three of Ruskin's most popular works, and are to be succeeded in due course by the rest of the series. Put into forcible and idiomatic language, they very fairly represent the text of the great master, though here and there a shade of meaning is missed, as in the title "*Der Kranz von Oliven Zweigen*," which does not fairly represent the expressive "*Crown of Wild Olive*." The translation on p. 407 of the "*Sieben Leuchter*" and again

## Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

of Chaucer's beautiful line, "In worship of Diane of Chastite" is not happy; "Das Heiligthum von Dianens Priesterin" is but a faint echo of the original. Moreover, though reasons are given for the omission in a note at the end of the "Oliven Zweigen," it seems a pity that, in dealing with an author of such high reputation as Ruskin, anything should have been left out. With regard to the form in which these volumes are issued, it is difficult to speak in terms of praise, for they are, of course, greatly inferior in general get-up and in their illustrations to the originals; but to attain to the high degree of excellence exacted by Ruskin would be a very costly matter, and it speaks well for the culture of Germany that there should be a demand for translations of works so erudite as these.

*Aphorism.* By MARIE VON EBNER ESCHENBACH. Fifth edition. (Berlin: The Brothers Paetel.) Price 5 marks.—This tasteful little volume is full of quaint and pregnant sayings, and would make a charming daily text-book of conduct for young people. To take a few instances at haphazard, how suggestive are the following aphorisms: "What is learnt in youth is understood in old age. A great deal less evil would be done on earth if the evil were not so often done in the name of the good. He who still hopes for happiness must not complain of suffering. Nothing is more pitiable than a too early resignation. The vain and weak see a judge in everyone; the proud and strong have no judge but themselves. One true friend contributes more to our happiness than a thousand enemies to our misfortunes. A man with exalted ideas is not a pleasant neighbour. Active and ennobling sympathy is the outcome of pity for others; effeminate, pusillanimous sentimentality, of pity for ourselves. When we can only perceive that which we wish to see, we have already become spiritually blind."

*A Dictionary of Architecture and Building.* By RUSSELL STURGIS, A.M.Ph.D. (New York and London: The Macmillan Company.) Price 25s. net.—The first volume of what promises to be a most notable work has reached us, and a full and detailed criticism must be postponed until its completion enables us to form a final judgment upon its merits. The volume under review extends from A to E, and has 942 columns of press-matter. It is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts obtained from various sources, and some interesting full-page half-tone blocks. A good architectural dictionary has long been needed, and the completion of the present work will be looked forward to with im-

patience by all those interested in the acquisition of such an important book of reference.

*Fact and Fable.* By EFFIE JOHNSON. Illustrated by OLIVE ALLEN. (London: Chapman & Hall.) Price 6s.—The work of Miss Olive Allen will be well known to those who peruse the pages of THE STUDIO devoted to the Competition awards. Endowed with a remarkable imagination, considerable decorative instinct and technical ability, she shows promise of a most successful career. Her illustrations to *Fact and Fable*, a cleverly-written book for children, are full of force and originality, and we shall look forward with much interest to later developments of her work.

### A WARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

#### CLASS A. DECORATIVE ART.

##### DESIGN FOR A FIREGRATE IN CAST IRON.

(A VIII).

The results of this competition are not entirely satisfactory, for a large number of the designs sent in are more suitable for wrought than for cast iron. The closing doors in the illustrated design by *Ouvrier* are good in idea, and therefore worth reproducing; but they would be far too heavy if carried out in cast iron.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *Light* (Sydney R. Turner, 13 Drakefell Road, St. Catherine's Park, London, S.E.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Tramp* (David Veazey, 27 Rectory Place, Woolwich).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Ouvrier* (J. H. Rudd); *Severity* (J. Edine); *Curlew* (L. G. Bird); and *Newland* (F. N. Smith).

#### CLASS B. PEN AND INK WORK.

##### DESIGN FOR A POSTAGE STAMP.

(B VIII).

In this competition the designs fall so far short of expectation that the prizes will not be awarded.

#### CLASS C. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

##### STUDY OF GROWING FLOWERS.

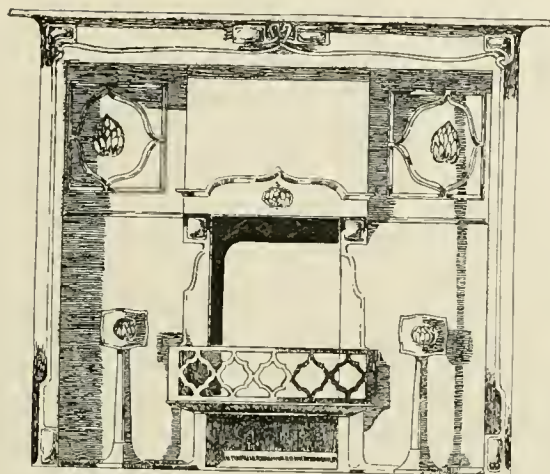
(C VII).

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is gained by *Alexis* (A. Keighley, Steeton High Hall, near Keighley).

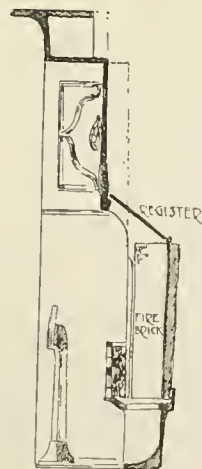
The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) is awarded to *Memoa* (H. C. Leat, 2 Richmond Street, Tottenham, Bristol).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Blumen* (Mrs. Caleb Keene); *Nandana* (J. C. Varty-Smith); *Blaven* (C. Flemming); *Lois* (Ethel Slatter); and *Pheasant's-Eye* (D. Dunlop).

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



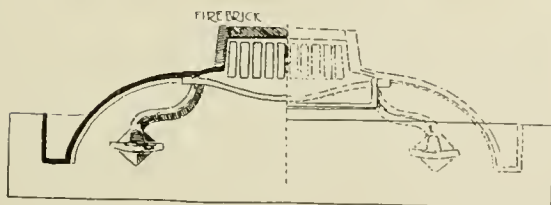
ELEVATION.



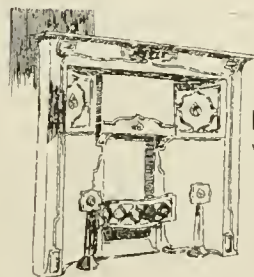
SECTION.

DESIGN FOR  
A CAST IRON  
FIRE GRATE.

SCALE.  
1 1/4" = 1 FOOT



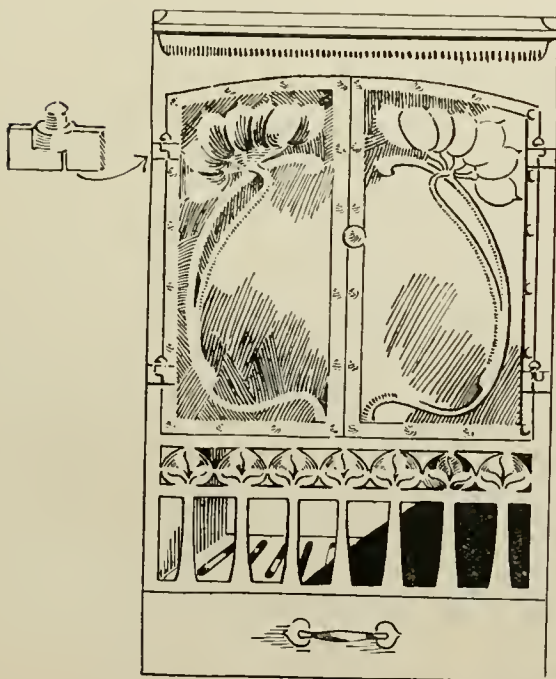
1/2 SECTION & PLAN.



PERSPECTIVE  
VIEW.

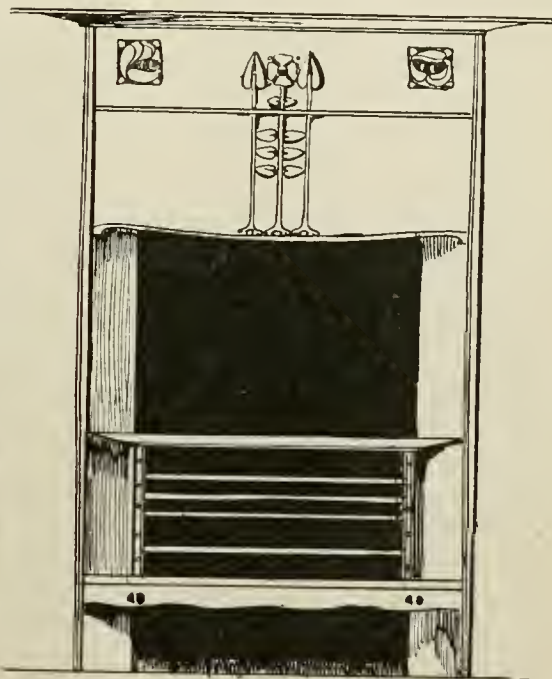
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A VIII)

"LIGHT"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VIII)

"OUVRIER"

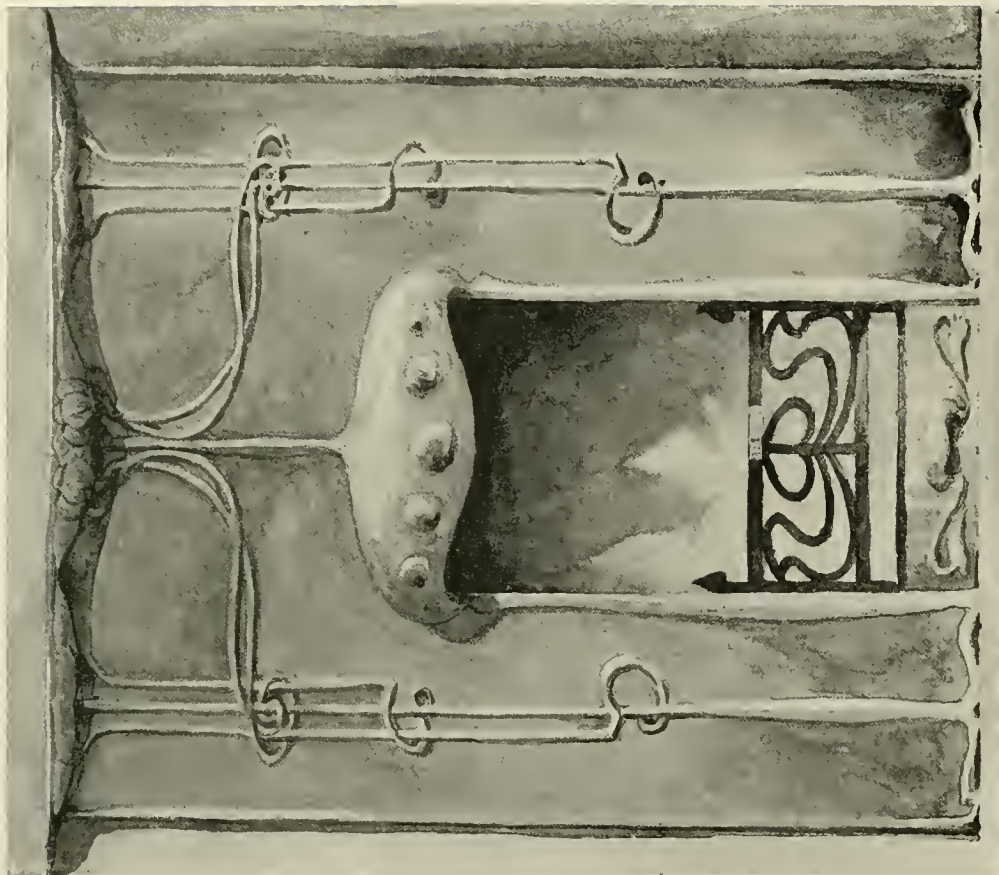


FRONT.

HON. MENTION (COMP. A VIII)

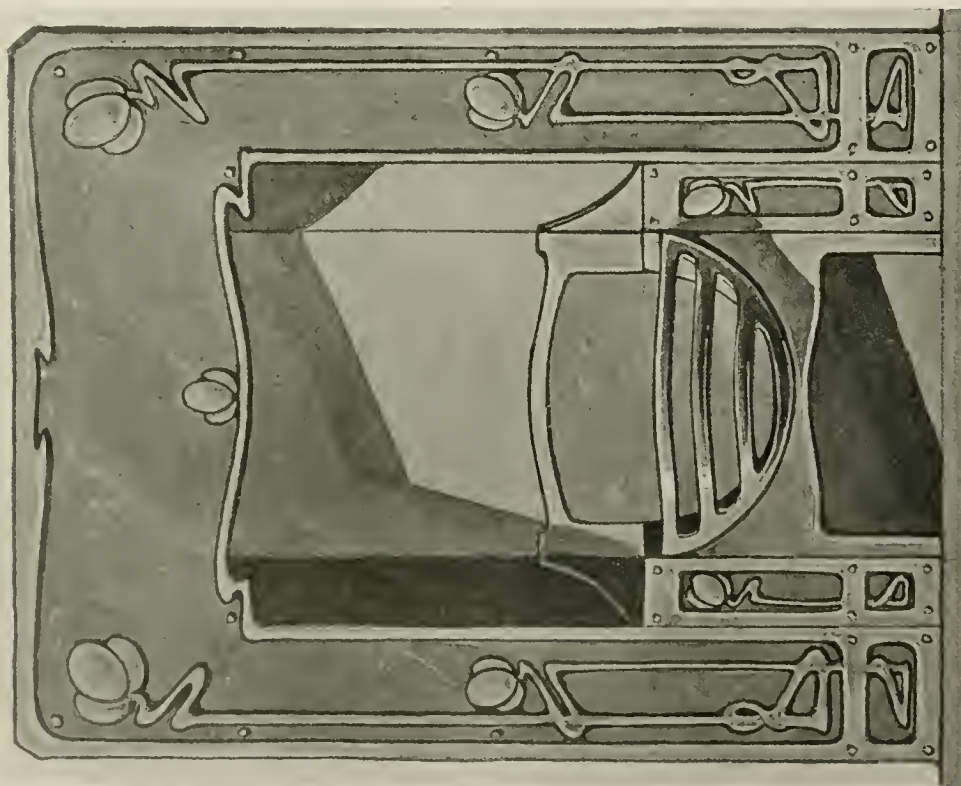
"SEVERITY"





HON. MENTION (COMP. A VIII)

"CURLEW"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A VIII)

"TRAMP"

*Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions*



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C VII)

"ALEXIS"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C VII)

"MEMOA"



THE LAY FIGURE. WHAT IS THE BRITISH MOVEMENT IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION?

"I hear a great deal of confusing talk about the British movement in domestic architecture and decoration," said the Journalist. "Can anyone explain to me what that movement really is?"

"To get a complete answer to your question," replied the Critic, sententiously, "you must study the movement in other countries besides Great Britain. Then you will see that it is becoming a world-wide influence, and that its tendency everywhere is at variance with any kind of art-work that is swaddled in old-fashioned conventions. The thorough-going believer in precedent is of opinion that his highest aim in art is to simulate feelings according to an accepted old standard, his modesty assuring him that it is better to do this than to use his own mind without excessive fear of authority. He is enslaved by the intelligence with which men laboured long years ago, and is content to earn his bread out of that legacy of brain. This complete abnegation of self was so endemic among architects during the greater part of Victoria's reign that domestic architecture and decoration owed most of their changing fashions to a variety of plagiarisms. The jerry-builders alone dared to be frankly modern. They, at least, knew their own minds, and they stamped a million houses with the trade mark of a slipshod industrialism. Meantime, most architects were confounding art with theft."

"I understand, then," said the Journalist, "that the movement to which I referred is nothing more than a revolt against plagiarism on the one hand, and cheap, bad workmanship, on the other?"

"It is little else but that," assented the Critic. "It is an illustration of the fact that untrammelled thought is as necessary in architecture and decoration as it is in science, in business, and in literature. All forms of human industry would stagnate in conventions, were it not that genuine talent is invariably a pioneer."

"Viewed from this standpoint," said the Art Historian, "the movement in question may be described as a sort of Darwinism in the art and science of domestic architecture and decoration."

"That sounds much too fine for me," the Journalist said, with a laugh; "but my mind is clearer than it was on the question of this movement. Since the Academicians opened their doors

this year, after rejecting much good work by well-known handicraftsmen, I have been mudd'ed by listening to extravagant chatter. Ardent friends of the movement have described it to me as a miracle of originality, while its equally ardent foes have implored me to gape at it as a monstrous white elephant in art, produced by impudent eccentricities. I now learn that this movement is simply a varied expression of a new style."

"Not so fast," said the Reviewer. "The matter is not so simple as you think. No one flies into superlatives merely because certain men of talent are producing a new and various style. The superlatives, whether of praise or blame, are not to be taken as bad criticisms; they are battle-cries; for the movement now under discussion is really the beginning of a war between the painters of easel pictures and the other mere utilitarian art-workers. To this fact the painters are keenly alive, and if the Royal Academy fights with them and for them, can anyone be astonished?"

"For my part," said the Critic, "I hope sincerely that the Academy will fight for its palette hand, for the movement in architecture and the handicrafts will gain strength by being strenuously opposed. Encouragement is so apt to degenerate into coddling that every believer in progress should believe also in opposition."

"You think, then," said the Journalist, "that the Academy can make itself into a national institution by the simple act of asserting a strong feeling of hostility to the most national British movement in art?"

"Certainly," the Critic answered. "This year the Academicians have fought their battle with plenty of spirit, giving knock-out blows to eight or nine artist-craftsmen of known name. Many think that this punishment is a case of hitting below the belt; but there are many ways of fighting, and all those craftsmen are eager for another round. They have been put upon their mettle, and they realise that they cannot have it all their own way. This is salutary, and I hope the fight will go on."

"But who will win in the long run, the painters or the architects and craftsmen?" the Journalist asked, with a sort of betting enthusiasm.

"Neither and yet both will win," replied the Critic. "It is my belief that each party in the contest will gain by finding out its just worth and its proper place in the art world. And I hope that both parties will learn that a nation's different arts ought to be interdependent and harmonious, like the instruments of a first rate orchestra."

THE LAY FIGURE.



# THE REVIVAL OF TEMPERA PAINTING. BY AYMER VALLANCE.

THE word "Tempera" is not self-explanatory. Indeed, since it means literally no more than dilution, it might have been applied to painting in any medium whatever. In usage, however, it has come to acquire a restricted sense, and is now used only to mean painting with egg or some other equivalent, as distinct from oil.

Now, with regard to the history of the art of painting itself, there is much that remains obscure. It has never been established at what precise point, nor by what steps, the ancient method of tempera was definitely superseded by oil. That the early Italians employed tempera is an undisputed fact, yet one of which it may truly be said that the significance is only now beginning to be appreciated. The introduction of oils is ordinarily attributed to Van Eyck, and thence it has been assumed that oil was universally employed by his successors in the Northern parts of Europe, while its adoption was more gradual in Italy, where the responsibility of innovating rests with the vagrant Antonello da Messina. Such is the orthodox account. But I should not be surprised if it has to be modified in consequence of increased research and knowledge of the subject. I have a vivid remembrance of my first visit to Bruges, and how greatly I marvelled at Memlinc's triptych there, in St. John's Hospital, of the mystical marriage of St. Catherine, with its superb colouring, strong and fresh and pellucid as though it had been laid on that very hour. Oil inevitably tones and mellows—or, not to economise truth, darkens and densifies—with age, and I was accordingly quite at a loss to account for the phenomenal brilliance of Memlinc's work. But the mystery ceases if the explanation should be what I am inclined to suspect. If Memlinc indeed can be proved to have employed no form of tempera, then his is a lost art. For his painting is, at any rate, not oil painting as known and practised at the present day.

This much is certain, that in course of time tempera died out, and the distinction between it and the opposite method of oil painting came, even among connoisseurs, to be but ill understood. The authoritative catalogue of our National Gallery is no safe guide on this point. Thus it does not notify the fact that the *Usurers* (No. 944), by Marinus van Romerswael, a Netherlander, who was not born until nearly sixty years after the death of the younger Van Eyck, is in tempera; while it is

evident that other pictures, like those, for example, of the Meister van Werden, officially described as oil paintings, and two more German works, *Portrait of a Lady* (No. 722), and Baldung's *Portrait of a Senator* (No. 245), were executed but partly in oil, if not throughout in pure tempera.

The existence, then, of a process named "tempera," though not exactly unrecognised, has too long been but a mere theoretical proposition. No—tempera has not been regarded seriously as something worthy to find a place in actual practice. Else it is inconceivable but that the Pre-Raphaelites must have welcomed it, and made it the first article



"FIAMETTA"

BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

## Tempera Painting

of their profession. Such pictures as Rossetti's *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* and his *Annunciation* tempera would have rendered to perfection. Even Sir Edward Burne-Jones, though he gave generous encouragement to Mr. Southall and others who were trying to revive tempera, came in contact with it too late in life to adopt it in his own case.

There needed someone of weightier influence to proclaim the momentous message, and in doing so John Ruskin was but adding one more proof of his singular insight, one more item to the incalculable sum of our indebtedness to him. In "St.

Mark's Rest," issued in parts from 1877 to 1884, he wrote, in reference to a certain picture of Carpaccio's: "It is tempera . . . not oil: and I must note in passing that many of the qualities which I have been in the habit of praising in Tintoret and Carpaccio, as consummate achievements in oil-painting, are, as I have found lately, either in tempera altogether, or tempera with oil above. And I am disposed to think that ultimately tempera will be found the proper material for the greater number of most delightful subjects." When the prophet himself has spoken thus authoritatively, what have we any further need of

witness? His testimony has the more value, as being the humble avowal of conviction arrived at, not without reluctance nor until after years of laborious investigation, through the sheer, irresistible logic of facts.

Among producers of original work in the revival of tempera Mr. Spencer Stanhope may be said to be the pioneer. He has exhibited in London at intervals from the earliest exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery. Twelve large panels from his brush decorate the walls of the College Chapel at Marlborough. And yet, resident abroad as he has been for a long time, and working quietly as he has done, without inviting public attention to the fact that he used a medium different from other people's, his example has passed almost unnoticed by his contemporaries, although other artists were scarcely behind in making independent essays. Thus, in 1880, the same year that the above-named exhibited his fine composition, *The Waters of Lethe*, at the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. Walter Crane contributed *Truth and the Traveller*, a large decorative painting executed on canvas with colours specially prepared with starch. Before and after the last-mentioned work,



"KILHWYCH, THE KING'S SON"

BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN





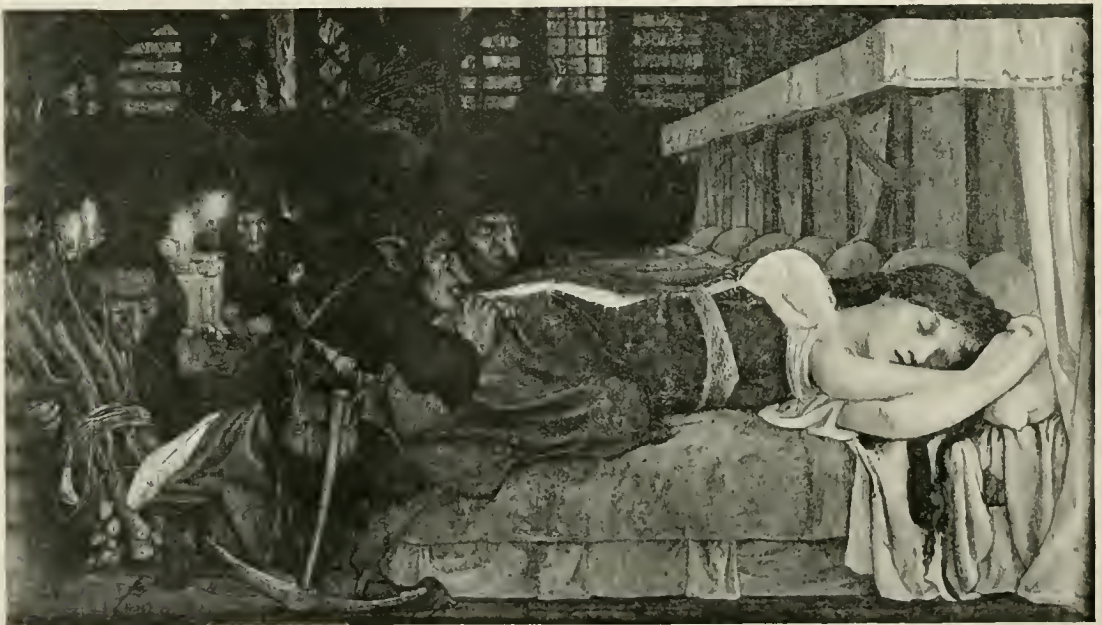
"LITTLE BROTHER AND LITTLE SISTER"  
FROM THE TEMPERA PAINTING BY  
MARIANNE STOKES



## Tempera Painting

Mr. Crane experimented upon various kinds of grounds with different mediums, such as size, or size and starch combined. His first undertakings in pure egg tempera are the two important paintings, *The Fountain of Youth* and *The Mower*, hung at this year's Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery. Among the younger artists Mr. Joseph Southall took up tempera in 1883, and, in spite of many disappointments and even an interval of several years, during which, in very despair, he had recourse to oil painting, has succeeded in reaching an advanced standard of achievement, as his brilliant works testify both at Leighton House and the New Gallery. In the former collection may be mentioned the gilt frame for a circular mirror (reproduced in *THE STUDIO* for January, 1900), with panels in tempera on a gilt ground, and also two works illustrative of the story of "Beauty and the Beast," one of which, *Beauty seeing the Image of her Home in the Fountain*, is here reproduced. Not less bright in colouring is the allegorical *New Lamps for Old* at the New Gallery, a picture in which the portrait of the artist himself may be discerned behind the fountain in the left-hand corner. It is mainly owing to Mr. Southall's initiative that other artists of the Birmingham circle have been influenced in the direction of tempera. Thus Mr. Arthur Gaskin has painted in this medium for some years. His work, admirably broad in inception, is perhaps inclined, through the artist's

scrupulous finish, to approach an elaboration not far removed from stippling or the appearance of miniature painting. The two illustrations here given, *Fiametta*, a portrait study of a charming personality, and *Kilhwych, the King's Son*, are admirable examples of that quiet refinement which is a special characteristic of Mr. Gaskin's work. Another Birmingham artist, Mr. Gere, whose small tempera painting at the recent New Gallery exhibition is aglow with the sunlight of the South, was drawn into the tempera movement five or six years ago, on the occasion of his visiting Florence with Mr. J. D. Batten. The latter artist is well qualified to take the lead of the movement in London. His first work in tempera, *Snowdrop and the Dwarfs*, was shown a year or two back at the New Gallery. The circular picture of *St. George*, a fine rendering of a favourite subject, after being exhibited at the Salon, was included in the collection at Leighton House. The prevailing tones are soft green and grey, while the rescued Princess is clothed in a bright saffron robe. But one of the best tempera works by Mr. Batten is his *Mother and Child*. The exquisite tenderness of the flesh painting could scarcely be surpassed, even in tempera. It is doubtful whether anything nearly so delicate could be produced in any other medium. On the other hand it cannot be denied that tempera makes equally possible a streaky or hairy treatment, such as is noticeable in Crivelli's paintings.



"SNOWDROP AND THE DWARFS"

BY J. D. BATTEN



"ST. GEORGE," FROM  
THE TEMPERA PAINTING  
BY J. D. BATTEN



## Tempera Painting

Among artists who employ tempera in conjunction with other mediums is Mr. Bernard Sleight, whose beautiful little picture, *Danaë*, has some portions executed in water-colour, although enough is carried out in egg to entitle it to be classed as a tempera work. Mrs. Adrian Stokes, again, uses a bought preparation, known as Schoenfeld's tempera, upon an unpolished ground, producing almost the appearance of fresco painting on a rough plaster wall. Thus in the case of Mrs. Stokes's *Little Brother and Little Sister*, an illustration of one of Grimm's tales, the porous nature of the ground imparts a singularly soft and mellow effect to the painting. A similar treatment is observable in the same artist's quaint little picture, *The Jug of Tears*, recently at the New Gallery.

Now, broadly speaking, one may classify tempera pictures under the heads of two distinctive methods—the Florentine and the Venetian. The latter requires canvas or linen (homespun and hand-woven for choice), mounted upon a stretcher or board; whereas the Florentine mode is to dispense with canvas, and to paint direct on to a surface of

prepared wood. For this purpose panels have specially to be provided with some contrivance to prevent the wood from cracking. This may be done by gluing strips of linen across the back at right angles to the grain; or again, by the more elaborate plan of a series of wooden supports, intersecting one another in open squares, those pieces which follow the grain being attached to the panel, the others mortised in but not fastened, so as to allow sufficient play for shrinkage and expansion. The appearance of such a backing is not unlike the underside of a billiard-table. In either case the ground for painting is formed by a priming of gesso. This consists of whitening or plaster of Paris (which must have been slaked in water previously for at least a month) mixed into a cream with clear size made from parchment shavings boiled down to a jelly. Successive coats of this mixture should, after sizing, be applied until the surface is thoroughly covered. To avoid the danger of cracking or peeling through insufficient cohesion, the gesso must in any given case be of one single mixing and one consistency. When the canvas is not backed with wood, the underside, through

which the gesso on the front will have begun to ooze, may also receive a coat or two. The whole then welds together, and dries into a compact slab of canvas imbedded in plaster. The surface is next carefully smoothed with glass-paper, and polished with the same of finest make, and, after being sized, to reduce its absorbency, with a coat of size and another of size and thin colour, is fit for painting.

For this purpose there are sold several kinds of preparations made up ready for use, but the simplest and safest way is to mix one's own pigments. The purest and finest ground powder colour obtainable is best. To raw yolk of egg add an equal quantity of water in a bottle, and shake well



"BEAUTY SEEING THE IMAGE OF  
HER HOME IN THE FOUNTAIN"

BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL





"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD," FROM  
THE TEMPERA PAINTING  
BY J. SOUTHALL

## Tempera Painting

until both are thoroughly fused into one uniform fluid. This must be kept corked, and not used after it has become stale. It is not essential that the eggs for tempera be new-laid, but the yolk is not fit to use later than two or three days after the shell has been broken. There are some who employ antiseptics, such as acetic acid, to preserve the egg, but the truest economy seems rather to do without any artificial drugging of the medium. The latter, together with the requisite amount of colour in equal proportions, should be stirred and mixed thoroughly with a bone or ivory palette-knife. Should the paint be found too thick, as is apt to be the case with *terre verte*, a pigment that greedily absorbs fluid, it must be diluted with water only. It is unwise to increase the proportion of egg. Again, there is a certain difficulty with white, a pigment which cannot be avoided on occasions when a solid body colour is wanted, or in the painting of flesh. Chinese white has a tendency to become too limpid, through the settling of the particles, if not allowed ample time for drying by

exposure to the air before being varnished and glazed; while whites with lead in them, like flake white, though harmless in an Italian atmosphere, are apt to blacken under the action of the impurity-laden fumes of our own populous and manufacturing cities.

However, of the permanence of tempera there can be no doubt. Take the case of the circular *Madonna* ascribed to Botticelli, No. 275, in the National Gallery. The face of St. John Baptist on the left of the picture, having at some period been injured through ill-usage, has been subsequently re-touched with oil, to repair it. The new work has deteriorated to a dingy drab, in striking contrast to the fresh and pure colour of the surrounding surface which remains of the original tempera.

Another merit of this medium is that it does not lend itself to slipshod execution, nor to experimentalising for chance effects as the work is in progress. The painter must determine his design and prepare it all carefully beforehand. Mr. Southall, for example, always provides a finished water-colour drawing, and also, if his picture is to be on a larger scale than the former, a full-size cartoon for tracing. Because of the translucence of tempera one cannot vary the composition, as in oil, by concealing under subsequent coats of paint anything that may have been rejected as unsatisfactory. Whatever parts in a tempera picture it is proposed to alter must be scraped away down to the white priming and painted quite anew. As a rule, there can be no working up from one colour to another, unless in the case of flesh, which is an exception because of its complex gradations and undertones and reflected lights. Michael Angelo's unfinished tempera paintings in the National Gallery afford invaluable testimony as to his methods. Thus two of the figures in attendance



ANGEL ON GILT GROUND:  
PORTION OF MIRROR FRAME

BY J. E. SOUTHALL





*(By permission of Edmund Bulkley, Esq.)*

"DANAË," FROM THE  
TEMPERA PAINTING  
BY BERNARD SLEIGH



on the *Madonna* (No. 809) are shown to have had all the flesh parts grounded in *terre verte*. The same greenish tint may be detected beneath the surface in the *Christ* (No. 567), by Segna di Buonaventura. It is true that this last is a rood, and as such its colouring was regulated by conditions of light and the altitude of its place in the church for which it was designed. It was never meant, of course, to look green, as it does in its present position; but the presence of that colour usefully demonstrates the old process.

In the above-mentioned works of Michael Angelo's the draperies are executed with the heaviest painting for the dark parts and a thinner glaze for the lighter parts, while the high lights are rendered by the white gesso ground being left to show uncovered. To-day, individual artists have somewhat variant methods. One claims to obtain the best result, when he wishes to depict a green drapery, by executing the shadows in red, and glazing over with green. Again, Mr. Southall, though in general he deprecates the neutralising effects of superimposing colour upon colour, finds it enhances the richness of red to apply first a thin coat of yellow. He does not recommend any other method of shading than by intensification of the local colour. Thus, to represent the folds of a crimson robe, he would go on applying repeated coats of the same pigment until the necessary depth of tone had been attained. This is with Mr. Southall a matter almost of principle. A coloured surface does not become neutral by being cast into shade, but retains its colour still in greater intensity. Mr. Southall contends, therefore, that to depict shadow by darkening with brown or grey is to produce a dead and murky effect alien to the essence of tempera, of which one of the most beautiful characteristics is luminosity.

This property is of special value in decorative paintings carried out, like the old devotional subjects, on a gold background. The gilding, it may be observed, should be laid on according to the ancient method, with red Armenian bole, instead of the ordinary pale-greenish size, and then burnished. Next, to enable the pigment to adhere to the gold, all the parts of the surface that are to be painted must be coated with a wash of size containing a few drops of methylated spirit. Where a diapered drapery is to be represented, the colour, provided it has not been laid on long enough to set hard, may, after damping, be scraped away in correspondence with the lines of the pattern, producing the rich effect of gold tissue and coloured silk and velvet. Tempera furthermore

admits of the introduction of raised ornament where it may be desired for such details as crowns, jewellery, or the borders of robes, for the priming being actually of gesso, there is no objection against piling up the ground to the extent of modelling in low relief prior to the application of colour.

To conclude, tempera artists one and all are enthusiastic in praise of their medium, and claim for it capabilities equal to, and in some regards superior to, oil or water-colour. Its technique is so simple that it should be worth every artist's while to acquire it, even though he or she might purpose only to adopt it as an auxiliary to oil-painting. By means of tempera there may be obtained all the depth and richness of oil effects, with the smoothness and fluency in execution of water-colour. "Tempera presents," writes Mr. Walter Crane, "no particular difficulties except the quick drying which to some is rather an advantage than otherwise, especially as it favours direct painting; and in tempera-painting one can take up the work at any time, and paint over and add or alter freely" (I quote, without editing, Mr. Crane's views exactly, although they contradict one of the remarks I made above), "knowing that it will be all of a piece and stays where it dries, without absorption and unequal drying and sinking in of oil. The luminous and brilliant clear and strong effect obtainable is very valuable, especially to painters who value decorative effect and allegorical methods of expression." Mrs. Adrian Stokes regards the choice of medium as practically a matter of ethics. "It seems to me," says this artist, who cannot speak too highly of tempera, "a medium which lends itself most to spirituality, sincerity, and purity of colour. Much of the charm of quattro cento art is due, not only to the spirit of the time, but also to the medium which does not allow irreverent work. An impatient nature will never find its best medium in tempera;" and this accounts for the fact that though we all profess great admiration for the old masters, and many modern artists are so far consistent as to try tempera, the majority of them abandon it as promptly as tried, finding the quick sketch a more congenial expression of the haste and hurry of the age. Michael Angelo himself, if we may credit Vasari, was particularly scornful on the subject of oil-painting, describing it as an occupation only suitable for women and lazy men. Another, a French critic, oddly enough, M. Mottez, declares that oil-painting has "destroyed monumental painting . . . developing," as it has



"Then sang Deborah. . . ."—  
JUDGES V. 1.

"DEBORAH." FROM THE DRAWING  
BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.





"TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY  
FRITZ VON UHDE

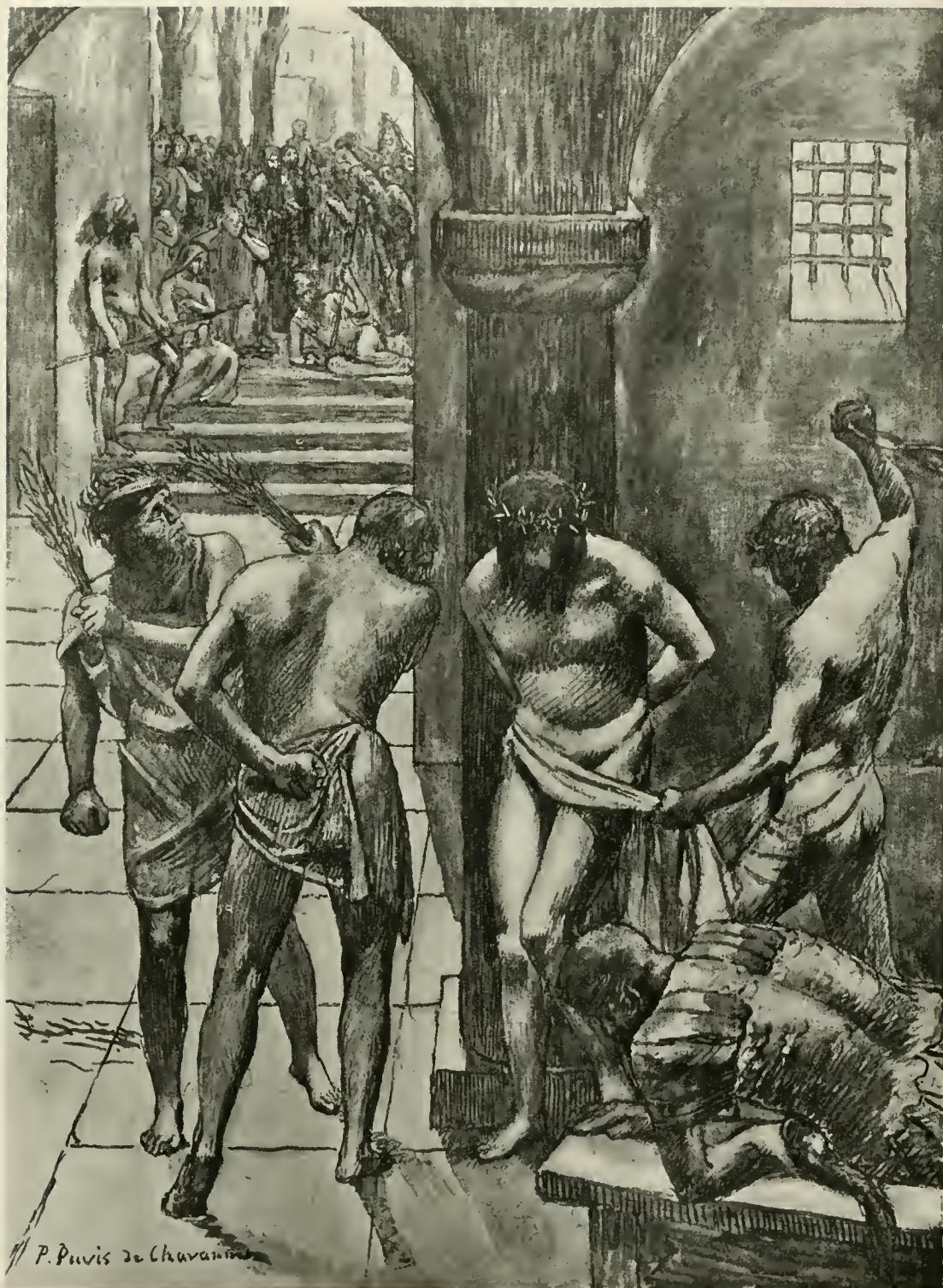
*"And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the  
lad, neither do thou anything unto him."—  
GENESIS xii. 12.*





*"And when he thus had spoken, he cried  
with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth."—  
ST. JOHN xi. 43.*

"CHRIST RAISETH LAZARUS"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY  
J. J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT



"JESUS SCOURGED"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY  
P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

*" . . . and delivered Jesus, when he  
had scourged him, to be crucified."—  
ST. MARK XV. 15.*

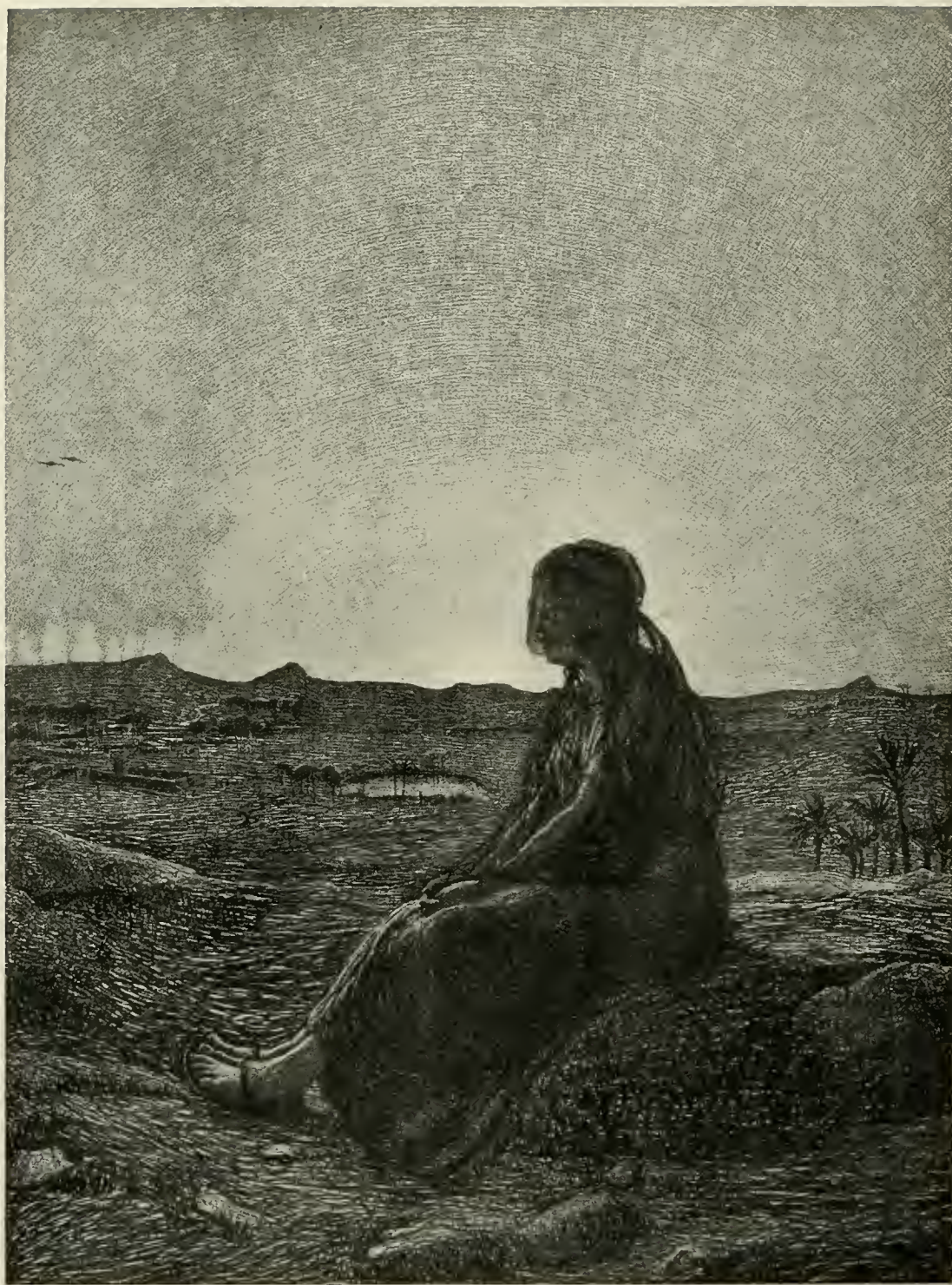




*" . . . and suffered neither the birds  
of the air to rest on them by day, nor  
the beasts of the field by night."—  
2 SAMUEL xxi. 10.*

"RISPAH." FROM THE DRAWING  
BY J. L. GÉRÔME

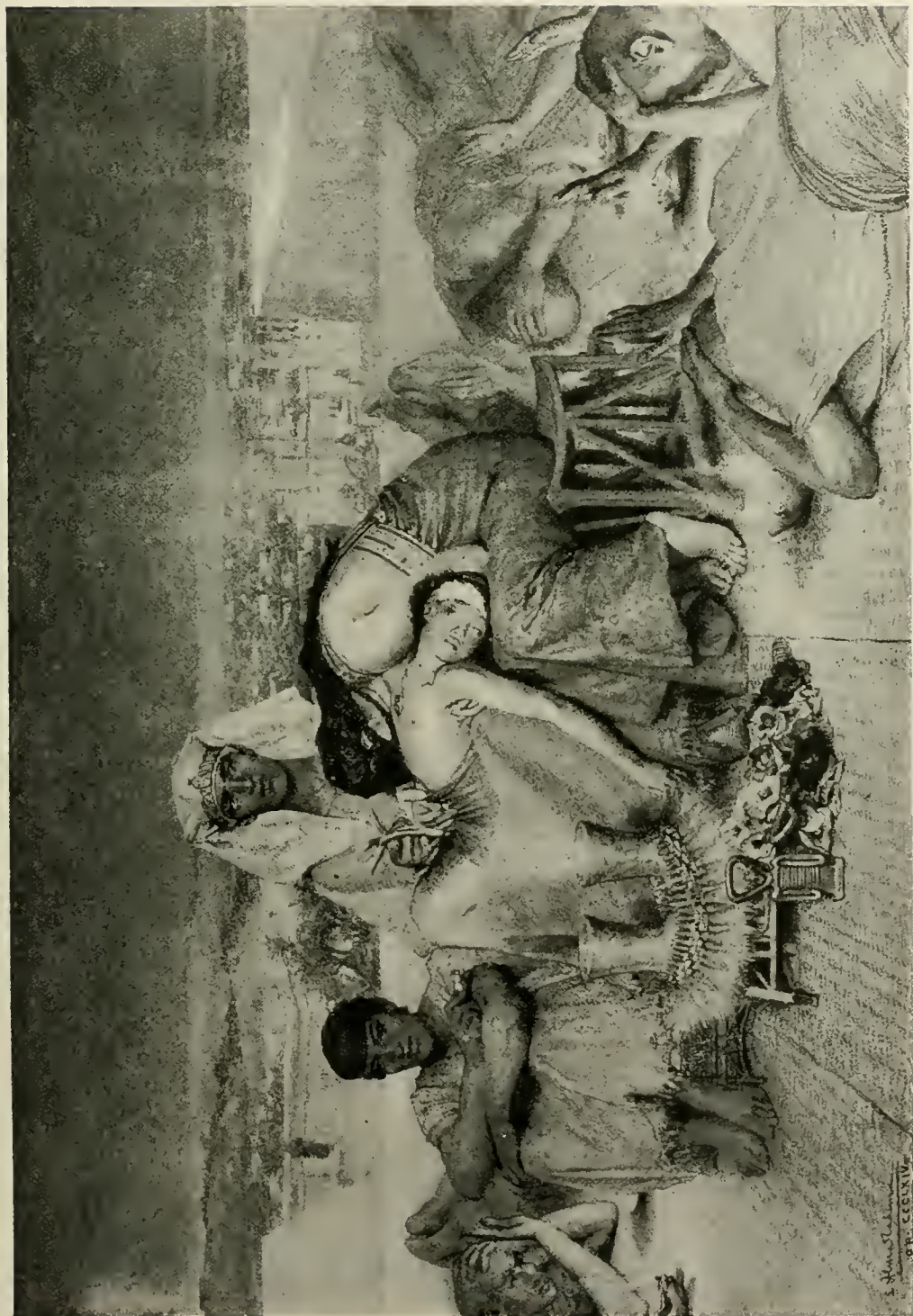




"MIRIAM SHUT OUT FROM THE  
CAMP." FROM THE DRAWING BY  
GIOVANNI SEGANTINI

*"And Miriam was shut out  
from the camp seven days."—  
NUMBERS xii 15.*





“And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh . . . .”—  
EXODUS xii. 29.

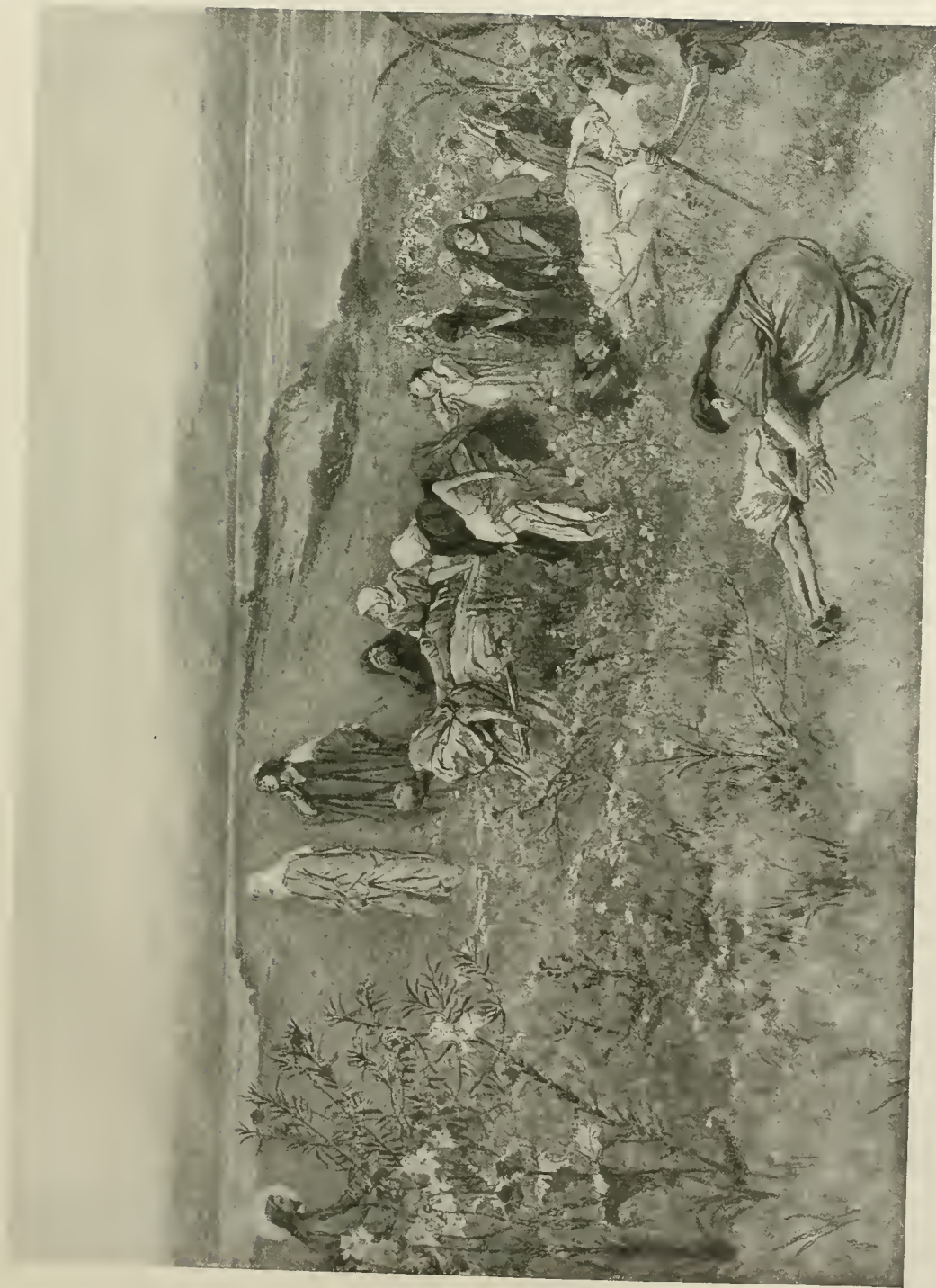
“THE FIRSTBORN ARE SLAIN.” BY  
SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.





"HANNAH IN THE TEMPLE." FROM  
THE DRAWING BY ILJA REPIN

"Now Hannah, she spoke in her heart," —  
I SAMUEL i. 13.



“*After these things Jesus walked in Galilee.*” —  
ST. JOHN vii. 1.

“JESUS IN GALILEE.” FROM THE  
DRAWING BY DOMENICO MORELLI





"SAUL ON THE WAY TO DAMASCUS"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY F. P. MICHETTI

*"And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying  
unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"—  
ACTS IX. 4.*



"JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON." FROM THE  
DRAWING BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

175  
"And the King said, Bring me a sword."—  
I KINGS iii. 24.



SOME DRAWINGS BY PATTEN WILSON. BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

THE witty account of the visit paid to El Dorado by Candide and his valet is a story in which all artists may find a very useful meaning. It is at haphazard, whilst in search of Miss Cunegund, that Voltaire's wanderers reach that miraculous country where diamonds are not more highly valued than green leaves, and where the human mind is brightened with intelligence for upwards of eight-score years and ten. In this paradise, befriended by the king, and agape with pleased astonishment, Candide and Cacambo spend a month. Then ambition returns to them, and they resolve to be no longer happy. "If we remain here," says Candide, "we shall be only as others are; whereas, if we return to our own world with only a dozen El Dorado sheep loaded with the pebbles of this country, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe." Besides, love has a call upon him, and Miss Cunegund must be recovered. All this being quite agreeable to

Cacambo, they ask permission of the surprised king to leave the country; and fifteen days later they are hoisted over the mountains into a land of perils.

Every form of popular success in art leads to an El Dorado of its own—a resting-place where comfort may be enjoyed after much anxious struggling. Those who strive most eagerly to reach it, both by talent in their work and by tact in their social recreations, have the utmost confidence in their wisdom of the world. Yet it happens not unfrequently that they are out-distanced by the more simple-minded, who do their very best to-day, and leave to-morrow to the care of the "divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." But when the El Dorado is entered, then it is that the crucial problem in the lives of artists presents itself for solution. Will they settle down where they are and become as other worldly folk, or will they remember that their ambition as artists—their Miss Cunegund—is still to be sought outside, in a world where new enterprises may lead either to greater fame or else to complete disaster? The



"A GUARDROOM STORY"

(By permission of G. F. Norton, Esq.)

BY PATTEN WILSON









SIDE PIECE BY P. WILSON  
(By permission of  
Mr. Grant Richards).

manner in which these questions are answered is the true test of an artist's character.

One cannot say that Mr. Patten Wilson has yet had a chance of giving his replies, being still a wayfarer along the outskirts of his El Dorado; but he has shown from the beginning of his career, through good fortune and through evil fortune, the right kind of determination. At the present time, by the mere act of employing his mastery of line upon more "popular" subjects, he might easily mend his lot; but he prefers to make his appeal in his own way, obedient to that astonishing instinct of Bohemianism which guides so many artists to the best kind of fame, usually by devious paths and frequently through bitter experiences.

An astonishing instinct it really is, so various are its manifestations. In women of genius it is sometimes quite strong enough to subdue all feminine delight not only in ease and show and luxury, but even in personal tidiness; while in men it reveals itself in a multitude of different ways, ranging (let us say) from the haughty reserve of Beethoven's unsocial character to the squalid pathos of the tragedy of Méryon's life. Men of business are inclined to laugh at this Bohemian instinct, not perceiving that it is as serviceable to art, in the long run, as the roving bent of mind has been to colonisation. But for it, without doubt, original natures would be affected too much by the conventionalising influences of an advanced type of society, much to the injury of the mind's pioneer aspirations. It is thus an instinct that deserves attention; and one may venture to hint at its presence in a sketch of Mr. Wilson's apprenticeship and work.

He was born thirty-three years ago, at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire. His artistic gifts seem to have come to him by inheritance from his father. He is a younger brother of Mr. Henry Wilson, whose name is intimately associated with the present-day movement in architecture and design. At the age of nineteen, or thereabouts, Mr. Patten Wilson went to the Kidderminster School of Art, but the training there was then defective, so he returned home at the end of a few months, and began patiently to form a style by copying Dürer. In addition to this study, which taught him steadiness of hand and economy in the use of lines, Mr. Wilson made a great many studies of animals and plants, all treated from a designer's point of view, his aim being to translate them into such semi-naturalistic patterns as might be used for textiles and wall-papers. The manner in which he tried to make this aim real still survives



SIDE PIECE BY P. WILSON  
(By permission of  
Mr. Grant Richards)



here and there, but its influence on taste has gone, and a much better manner is in vogue. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson's early designs were spirited and full of invention, and his choice of this decorative means of expression proved that he was abreast of the new art movement, and not a victim of the absurd craze for painting far too many easel-pictures.

Meanwhile, and for some years afterwards, Mr. Wilson passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, some of which are very unusual in the lives of artists. As an example of this one may mention the fact that for nearly twelve months he was secretary to the managing director of the Liverpool gymnasium, a curious post indeed for a man gifted with a Stevensonian delight in uncanny works of imagination. Yet Mr. Wilson not only enjoyed the experience, but for some time cherished the idea of becoming a teacher of gymnastics, in accordance with Continental methods of instruction. A little of this enthusiasm for physical training would be an invaluable thing to all art students, who are so apt to put all their energy into the work done in over heated life-classes. Their general health is thus neglected, and art gains nothing by their

slack muscles and their recurring moods of disinclination for a steady alertness in their studies. The moral is clear for all folk to see. Schools of art need cricket fields and rooms for gymnastic exercises. The sooner they have these requisites, the better they will be, not only for their students' health, but also for the virility of art.

It was Mr. Wilson's experiences in Liverpool that suggested this little homily, but it must not be thought that gymnastics claimed all his attention. In his spare hours he worked hard with pen and pencil, and a sketch or two appeared in a paper called "Recreation."

From Liverpool Mr. Wilson returned home; but a new start in life being necessary, he soon made up his mind to come to town for the purpose of trying his luck as a practical designer. On his arrival in London he did not submit his designs to the manufacturers, in the delusive hope of earning his daily bread by chance successes. He tried to become a working part of the machinery of trade, and he succeeded in this aim, becoming an assistant to a well-known manufacturer of wall-papers. In this capacity Mr. Wilson was busy for a year, and he took active part in the produc-



"WITCHCRAFT"

(By permission of G. P. Norton, Esq.)

BY PATTEN WILSON.



(By permission of G. P. Norton, Esq.)

"THE UNATTAINABLE,"  
FROM A DRAWING BY  
PATTEN WILSON



tion of the first stencilled friezes carried out in England by a manufacturer of paper-hangings. That he profited much by this workmanlike connection with the actual "making" of artistic products of trade there can be no doubt. Though colour is not his *forte*, he gained knowledge of its application for conventional purposes; and he acquired also, by his daily practice with a lining brush, a freedom of hand which now stands him in good stead in his drawings. This is a fact which many young draughtsmen and designers ought to bear in mind. As a painter of easel-pictures may broaden his manner by a little practice with a decorator's 1-lb. brush, so they may amplify their means of expression, like Mr. Wilson, by learning to design freely and vigorously with a lining brush.

When a year had passed, Mr. Wilson longed for something new. Routine grows irksome to all spirited natures, and the Bohemian instinct is particularly active after sleeping through a time of discipline. So Mr. Wilson became a free-lance in design and a sportsman, combining polo-playing and other sports with a skilled invention of patterns; and it is worth noting that some of his patterns had traits in common with Mr. Heywood Sumner's wall-papers. Meanwhile, in the evenings, he studied from the life at the Westminster School of Art, under that excellent teacher, Mr. Fred Brown, the present head master of the Slade School. At Westminster, too, he was influenced by Mr. Mouat Loudan, so that his work there proved fruitful in various ways.



"THE KEEPERS"

(By permission of G. P. Norton, Esq.)

BY PATTEN WILSON

It was an introduction from Mr. Le Gallienne to Mr. John Lane that brought Mr. Wilson in touch with black-and-white illustration. The result of his first commission—a set of drawings for a book of Miracle Plays—had promise, even abundant promise; and for this reason, when the Yellow Book issued from the Bodley Head, Mr. Wilson was invited by Mr. Lane to be a contributor. Of the many drawings that he made for this literary and artistic venture it is not possible to speak here at length, but there are two that may be singled out as worthy of very particular mention. The first is a delicately strong drawing

in pencil, *The War-Horses of Rustum*, inspired, not by the poem in which Matthew Arnold tells how Rustum killed his own son unwittingly in single combat, but by reading a prose translation of Firdausi Tusi, the much needed poetical name of Abū-l-Kāsim Hasin-ibn-Sharaf Shāh. Mr. Wilson's second drawing, called *A Fantasy*, is in all respects different from *The War-Horses of Rustum*. In technical execution it has a close resemblance to that singularly vigorous and imaginative composition, *Rustum and the Simoorg*, by which Mr. Wilson was represented in the special number of THE STUDIO devoted to pen drawings. *A Fantasy*, translated into words, shows how two lovers are parted by a mysterious fate. But the drawing itself appeals to me as a kind of witchcraft in symbolism. The dragon of fate, evil-headed and immense in size, is constructed and imagined with astonishing success. The monster not only lives in art; it looks as though it would move out of art and across the page, rattling in its scaled armour. What painter's St. George has faced a dragon of this unassailable type? Then, as regards the lovers, each is represented within a globe, a child of the world at the mercy of the world's influences. The dragon claws heavily at the man's globe, and with its poisoned tongue licks the one in which the girl sits dreaming. This is the best description one can give of a fantasy so alive with imaginative and wild strangeness that it hardly permits itself to be described. But the drawing itself may be studied on page 196. Perhaps it may be looked upon as the most characteristic work that Mr. Wilson has yet imagined and brought successfully to completion. In it he "keeps his own atmosphere," showing at the same time a certain kinsmanship of imagination with those Gothic stone-carvers who took such a freakish pleasure in the invention of gargoyles.

From *A Fantasy*, and from drawings well in line with it, let us turn for a moment to a few designs for book-covers, produced during the same months of combat against the wolf at the door. Among the most remarkable is one designed and carried out for "The Arcady Library." It consists of two panels. In the upper one a young satyr pipes on his reed to three wood nymphs, who lean on their elbows and gaze up at him. The lower panel is a decoration in which hops and peacock feathers frame the title of the series. This design, printed in green upon a russet-brown linen, is interesting for the skill with which a decorative newness has been given to a variety of pictorial common places. Of the rest of Mr. Wilson's designs for book-covers it may be said that they are often good and uncommon, showing that their designer employed his time to good advantage during his self-imposed early studies at Cleobury Mortimer.

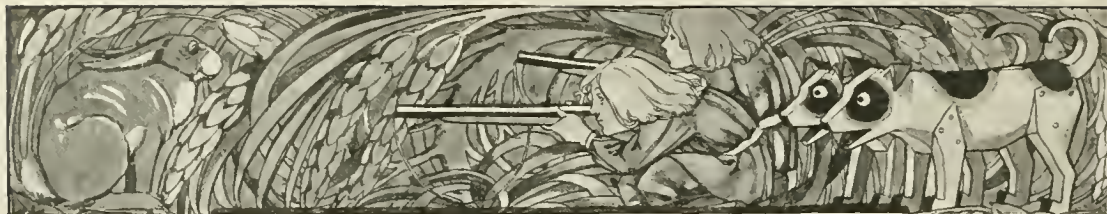
In 1899, in a set of nine full-page drawings for a play in the "Swan" Shakespeare, Mr. Wilson



A STUDY

BY PATTEN WILSON





HEAD-PIECE

(By permission of Mr. Grant Richards)

BY PATTEN WILSON

made a serious attempt to illustrate a classic known to all readers. The "Swan" edition of Shakespeare being a school edition, Mr. Wilson, in his illustrations for "King John," had every temptation to win an easy success by dealing with his subject from the popular and theatrical point of view. It says much for his self-restraint that he

did not turn his art into a sketching reporter of stage traditions, traditions of "business," and of types of character. Many an artist has deemed that self-restraint quite unnecessary, as though a great dramatist ought always to be represented behind the footlights, playing to the pit and gallery. Shakespeare—who detested the stage—

"Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,

And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gor'd my own thoughts, sold cheap  
what is most dear,

Made old offences of affections new"—

Shakespeare, no doubt, asks for a different treatment from artists. He claims from them, not scenic gestures and scenic airs, but a quiet reader's poetic sympathy, like that which reveals itself in Charles Lamb's essay on the harm done by stage representation to the mind's free intercourse with Shakespeare and his distinguished excellence.

Still, it is one thing to have a good idea, and quite another thing to realise it in art. Mr. Patten Wilson, when illustrating "King John," was certainly moved by an excellent idea; and his effort not to be theatrical was successful. But—and this must be said—he is uneasy in several drawings, as in the one representing the Lady Constance. Here, so it seems to me, his power of originating images and conceptions is fettered and cramped by the size of the little page which it has to illustrate. On the other hand, the drawing of the King is well conceived. In it there is something more than a note of sombre dignity. There is also a

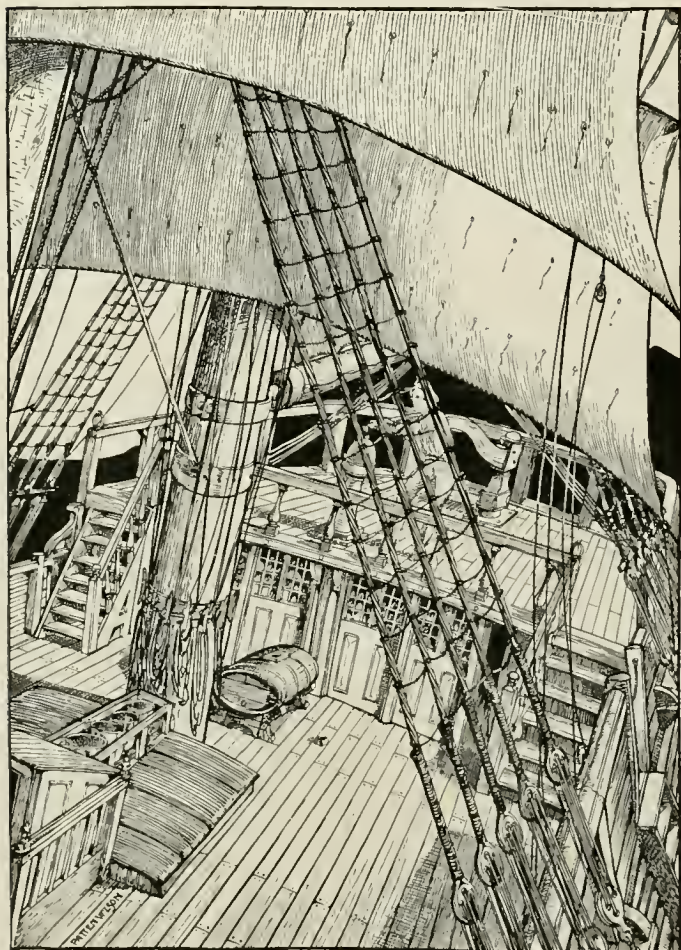


ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE ANCIENT MARINER" BY PATTEN WILSON  
"THE HELMSMAN STEERED, THE SHIP MOVED ON"  
(By permission of Messrs. Longmans)





"CHRISTABEL—'IN SILENCE PRAYETH SHE'" BY PATTEN WILSON  
(By permission of Messrs. Longmans)

suggestion of the King's treacherous character, that unfolds itself so darkly in Shakespeare's tragedy.

A few remarks have now to be made on a set of drawings that Mr. Wilson carried out for a volume of Coleridge's poems. This, indeed, was an enterprise requiring great courage, for Coleridge's peculiar witchery as a poet defies analysis and description. At its best it is a witchery so perfect in its own way, so satisfying to those whom it transports into the world of dreams made musical, that an attempt to reproduce its like in pictorial art seems as futile as a sketch-book commentary would be on Beethoven's sonatas. But then, a young illustrator can rarely afford to refuse offered work. Like Pompey, in "Measure for Measure," he has usually cause enough to say, "Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live"—and instantly criticism is silenced. So it came to pass that Mr. Wilson felt called

upon to play the illustrator among the enchantments of Coleridge's poetry. That he acted the part with considerable skill and tact his drawings bear witness, though some among them provoke comment by having unfortunate subjects. Mr. Wilson could not expect that his attempt to portray the "Ancient Mariner" would do justice to the spell of the glittering eye that holds the reluctant wedding-guest. And, again, what art in illustration can put "a curse in a dead man's eye"? Honest criticism must ask this question; then it may, and should, pass on to the simple and expressive drawings, like the one of the helmsman steering, or that in which an old-time church and street recall to memory the words—

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!"

Another illustration in the same poem descriptive of the lines—

"I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air"—

is equally interesting, but for different reasons. It shows that Mr. Wilson did not venture all alone into the realm of Coleridge's magic. Indeed, the Polar Spirit's two fellow-demons are much too mild

to be entirely his own. If I mistake not, they and the stars surrounding them got into Mr. Wilson's drawing from the *Evangelie* of Carlos Schwabe.

Much more might be written about these Coleridge illustrations, but it is time to say a word or two about the drawings reproduced in this article. Perhaps they may be less varied than the sum-total of Mr. Wilson's best work as a draughtsman; but, however that may be, they are certainly varied enough to give a fair notion of the range and quality of his appeal, not in pure line-work only, but also in wash-drawing. To their subjects, with one exception, no reference need be made, as they speak clearly for themselves. No doubt that admirable drawing, *The Unattainable*, is difficult to understand, but its merit as a work of fantasy in art may be appreciated without reference to the meaning of



its symbolism, which runs as follows :—A knight yearns to taste the cup of love and ambition that he sees held forth to him from his palace of daydreams. But, burdened by the weight of the seven cardinal sins, and confronted by the world's evil (represented by the dragon), he yearns in vain. Even his own conscience—the angel with the sword—parts him from the object of his aim. Such is the artist's meaning ; but why should not the work appeal to us simply as a fairy-tale in excellent draughtsmanship ?

And here this article may be terminated, but not without expressing the hope that Mr. Patten Wilson, while following the real bent of his strong talents in black-and-white drawing, will also find time to be true to his first love—decorative design.

W. S. S.

## STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Mr. F. Carruthers Gould is well-known as the author of quite a new style of graphic humour and good humour. It is a style that everybody likes, because genial laughter and good taste, expressed with unfailing originality, are never absent from its keen and frank criticism of the day's politics. This style, new in its quality of mirthful thought, is new also in the technical means by which it renders itself so attractive and so widely popular. It has never owed anything at all to a system of academic teaching. A natural gift, it has been slowly developed and enriched by Mr. Gould's self-reliance both in work and in observation. Being as distinctive in its own inventive way as the humour of Mark Twain, it is, beyond doubt, the most notable style at present in English caricature.

A little while ago, in his spare hours, Mr. Gould found a new field for his art to play in; he not only designed for his study a frieze of political sketches, but he carried it out with success from a decorative point of view. This month, thanks to Mr. Gould's courtesy, we are able to reproduce six illustrations of this amusing novelty in wall decoration. The frieze itself is 3 ft. 9 in. wide. This part of the wall was first covered with a stout drawing paper having a coarse texture; then a flat tint of effective red was applied, the tone chosen being a blending of Pompeian red with Indian; and upon this background, after being cut out



"A FANTASY"

(By permission of Mr. John Lane)

BY PATTEN WILSON









PORTION OF A FRIEZE—"A NEW CANTERBURY TALE"

BY F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

neatly, the clever tinted sketches were pasted. As regards the rest of the wall, it was hung with a paper effectively decorated with heraldic lions in red, and having a textured surface like that of the jute tapestries so common in Normandy and Brittany.

The subjects of Mr. Gould's sketches need but a few words of description. The Liberal Independents are represented by Mr. Henry Labouchere and Mr. Keir Hardy, each a pleased adventurer in his own boat. The sketch of the Irish Party was suggested by an old drawing reproduced in Green's "Short History," in which two Irishmen are shown in the act of trying to row comfortably in different directions. This being a useful hint, Mr. Gould took pains to develop it, and the members of the Irish Party may now laugh as one man over a dec-

orative appreciation of their characteristic political humour. As to the Liberal Ship, with its wealth of heraldic ornaments, it is packed with a most gallant cargo of knights, all armed *cap-à-pie*; but since no useful fighting is to be done at present, the sails are neatly furled, and the brave warriors pursue peaceful occupations. For instance, Mr. John Morley dreams, gazing with steadfast eyes at the fixed star of principle; and Sir Edward Grey looks up inquiringly at a greater statesman in the fighting-top, who sees dangers ahead and makes them known—a sort of perennial watch or sentry.



PORTION OF A FRIEZE "A NEW CANTERBURY TALE"

BY F. CARRUTHERS GOULD





PORTION OF A FRIEZE—"THE LIBERAL SHIP"

BY F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

As to the other sketches, they are equally good and suggestive. They illustrate a New Canterbury Tale. Lord Salisbury, out hawking with the owl of wisdom, and the Lord Chancellor, dressed as the Wife of Bath, are excellent figures; and the manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, aided by his horse, defends himself from the sober ambitions of the last War Minister could not well be bettered. The Duke of Devonshire slumbers calmly on a sleeping horse, so that the leadership has passed away from him. It dashes along elsewhere, at the pioneer end of this decorative pilgrimage.

Among the many admirable artists who are worthy of places in the front rank of the modern Dutch school, there are few whose claim to be regarded as masters is as great as that of James Maris. Those qualities of thought and intention by which the whole art of

tion that should be at the same time unhesitating in its straightforward assertion and full of tender poetry. The work he has left reflects to the utmost the strength of his sturdy personality, but it is equally memorable for its quiet reserve and its freedom from any straining after effect. The strength came to him as part of the inheritance



PORTION OF A FRIEZE—"THE IRISH BOAT"

BY F. CARRUTHERS GOULD



PORTION OF A FRIEZE— BY F. C. GOULD  
“MR. LABOUCHERE, AN INDEPENDENT”

derived from his artistic predecessors, but the reserve and the poetry belonged to the artist who could find something fresh to say even in a school that seemed in centuries past to have said the last word in art. He has made the Dutch traditions live again in another form, and has added to them others that he has himself created.

As an example of his methods, and a summary of his convictions, his water-colour of *The Mill* (reproduced in photogravure as a frontispiece to this number) is especially notable. It shows to surprising advantage that brevity of technical statement which was his distinguishing mark as an executant; but it has too in high degree the elusive charm of atmosphere and the feeling for nature's subtlety that give invariably a touch of tenderness to even his most impressive compositions. Rugged and masculine as the drawing is, assertive almost in its freedom and unhesitating force, it is still full of the reticence that comes from the power to select from an ample store of knowledge. No effort to hide uncertainty of conviction by mere labour, or to draw off attention from incomplete expression by a show of manual dexterity, mars its simplicity. It is learned, but yet without pedantry, confident but not self-conscious; and it is pervaded with the love of nature that is

the surest safeguard any artist can possess against temptations to wander into easy conventions. Not many modern works can claim as great a measure of consideration; but it is the work of a master, and ranks among the masterpieces of a famous school.

Although the exhibition of the Pastel Society cannot be said to equal in merit or importance either of the two previous shows held under the same management, it is not entirely lacking in interest. There are to be found in it quite sufficient instances of intelligent application of the medium to justify the existence of the Society, and to prove that it is fulfilling its purpose with reasonable efficiency. Perhaps the best things in the collection are the contributions of Mr. H. B. Brabazon and Mr. Peppercorn; they are slight in handling but exquisite in their suggestion of colour and atmosphere, and marvellously well understood. Then there are landscapes worthy of note by Mr. Clausen, M. Nozal, Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. E. G. Beach, and M. Emile Claus; studies of much merit by Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Dampier May, and Mr. Melton Fisher; and portraits and figure subjects excellently treated by Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Bernard Partridge, M. Lévy Dhurmer, Miss Amy Sawyer, and Mrs. Jopling. These and a few others provide the most attractive part of the show. At the opposite extreme there are unfortunately too many drawings which are irritating by their complete misunderstanding of the qualities which make pastel valuable, such, for instance, as the clumsy and pretentious works like Mr. G. Strahan's



PORTION OF A FRIEZE— BY F. C. GOULD  
“MR. KEIR HARDY, AN INDEPENDENT”



*Old Kew Bridge*, and the badly drawn and garish absurdities like Mr. Joseph Pennell's *Summer* and *St. Paul's*, and such overdone things as Mr. Rols-hoven's landscapes. Included in the exhibition are also some slight notes by M. Rodin and an exquisite oil study by Giovanni Segantini.

The group of lithographs by M. Fantin-Latour, lately presented by Mr. R. Gutekunst at his gallery in King Street, St. James's, must be noted as a delightful display of the work of an artist who combines to an unusual extent the greatest qualities of imagination and accomplishment. The subjects of most of them have to do with music; they illustrate scenes from operatic stories, and express motives suggested by the works of great composers. Technically they have exceptional beauty. Well drawn, finely composed, and executed with admirable understanding of the capabilities of lithography, they are worthy of the highest praise. They are the productions of a master, and in many respects are unapproachable.

Mr. J. G. Millais has given during the last few years many proofs that he possesses a particular aptitude for the treatment of natural history sub-

jects, and has frequently shown himself to be an unusually acute observer of the ways of birds and animals. The collection of his drawings of *Birds and Animals in Motion*, which has been exhibited by the Fine Art Society, may be heartily commended as one of the best assertions of his capacities that he has made so far. It was of very level merit throughout, sincere and sound in intention, and marked by a memorable thoroughness of drawing. Primarily, of course, the exhibition appealed to naturalists, but it had as well a strong claim upon the attention of all lovers of earnest art work.

*The Nene Valley, Northamptonshire*, a picture recently purchased by the Italian Government, is one of the most delightful English landscapes that Mr. Alfred East has painted. It is fresh with air, it is true in values, it is rich in quiet colour; and the trees, patterned against the sky, are handled with a rare feeling for the necessity of design in the translation of country scenes into works of art. The quest of "realism" has done much to shut men's eyes to the spacious dignity and restfulness which the art of landscape-painting has so often owed to a wise display of thought in decorative



"THE NENE VALLEY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE"

BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.



WINDOW AT SCALBY  
 BY R. ANNING BELL 203



## Studio-Talk

arrangement. But "realism" is no longer the fetish it was during those days when it helped to liberate us from pseudo-classic conventions. All who think out the meaning of words now realise that true art, inevitably, is an ideal appearance of the real, being instinct with the various temperaments and the differing æsthetic emotions of those who produce it. When once this truth is understood "realism" ceases to be a word having much significance, and the landscape painter feels himself called upon to interpret external Nature in the way most congenial to his poetic conscience. This is what Mr. Alfred East has felt from the beginning of his career; and he has certainly gained much by holding himself aloof from the changing moods of art's wayward fashions.

The style of Mr. Anning Bell has long been known by its winning note of individuality, and it is a style that comes to him so naturally that he finds no difficulty in showing all its characteristics within the differing limitations of half-a-dozen crafts. For some time, in his designs for stained glass

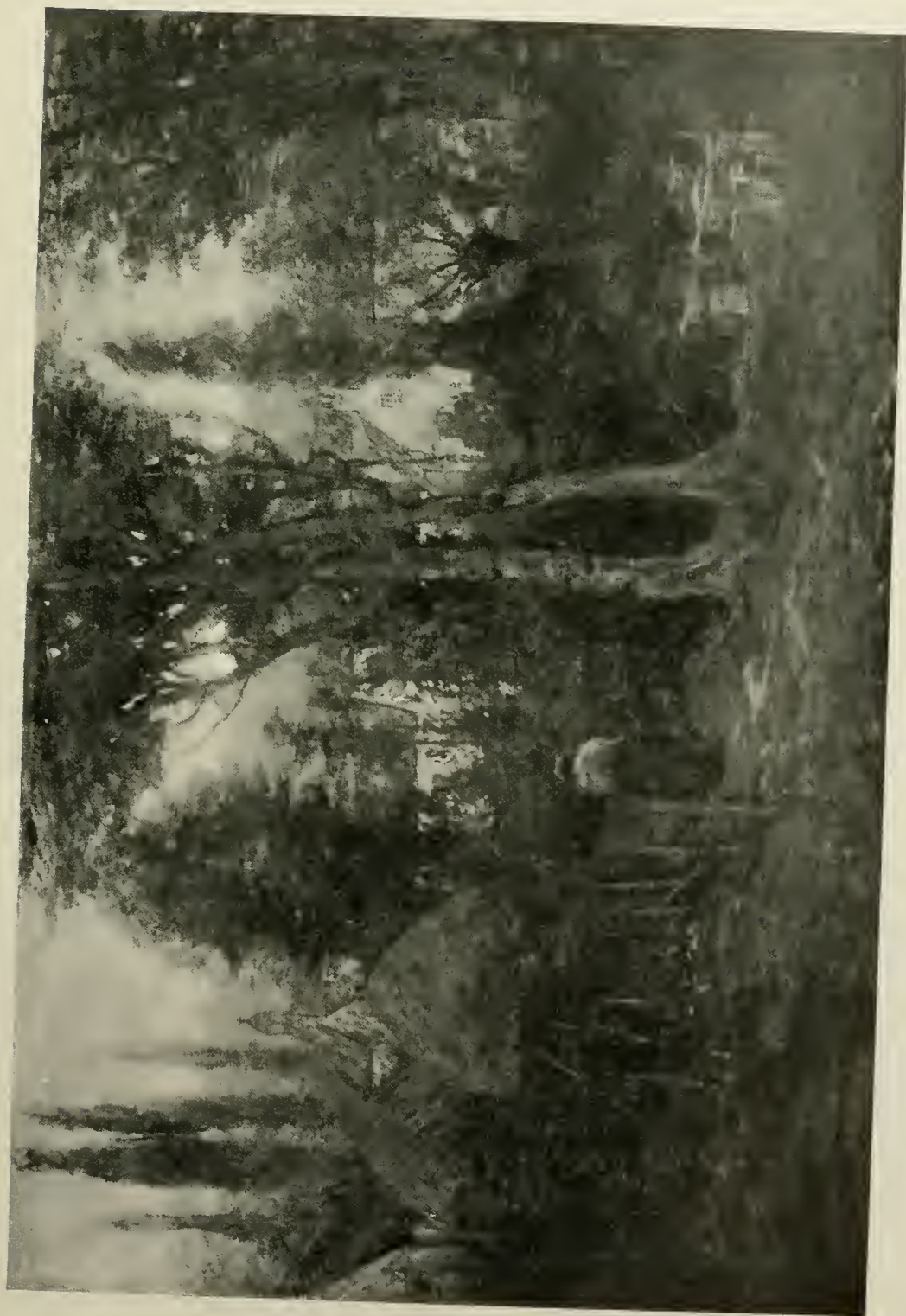
windows, Mr. Bell has been particularly successful, producing excellent effects by the skill with which he has made use of rhyming contrasts between curved lines and upright. His handling of the leaded "canes" should be studied closely, as in the memorial window reproduced this month. This window, a memorial to the late Arthur Rawson, may be seen at Scalby Church, in Yorkshire. Its two lights are about six feet high, and they represent, in a modern spirit, the duty and the modesty of true charitableness. The general effect of colour is silvery, with some accents of blue, ruby, and green. The little angel in the quatrefoil has blue wings and a white robe. Viewed as a whole, the window has a larger surface of silvery white than of colour.

There are certain qualities in the work of Mr. Grosvenor Thomas which entitle it to special consideration. He is an artist of more than ordinary individuality and of quite uncommon aims, a man who thinks for himself, and uses original ways of expressing his convictions. He is self-taught; and



"AT LITTLEHAMPTON, SUSSEX"

BY GROSVENOR THOMAS



"THE SHADES OF TWILIGHT"  
BY GROSVENOR THOMAS

*(Purchased for the National Gallery, Budapest)*





"THE MURMUR OF THE SEA"

(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*.)

BY CHARLES J. ALLEN

though by association and sympathy he must be reckoned as a member of the Scottish school he interprets the traditions of his countrymen in a

effects than upon the more definite facts of land scapes. He enjoys gentle combinations of colour, and delicate modulations of tone, and avoids any-

thing like over demonstrativeness in his technical methods. At the same time he paints freely and decisively, without uncertainty as to the manner in which his materials should be used, and with an amount of intention that is possible only to a more than ordinarily acute observer. The two pictures reproduced, *The Shades of Twilight* and *At Littlehampton*, are thoroughly characteristic; they show well his large grasp of essentials, and his expressive freedom of draughts-



REPOUSSÉ COPPER PANELS

(See *Liverpool Studio-Talk*.)

BY H. BLOOMFIELD BARE

fashion of his own. There is in his regard for Nature, and in his rendering of open-air subjects, a peculiar spontaneity which leads him to insist rather upon the subtlety and variety of atmospheric

manship and brushwork. *The Shades of Twilight* has just been purchased by the Hungarian Government for the National Gallery at Budapest.







LIVERPOOL.—In the rebuilding and enlargement of the Philharmonic Hotel the architect, Mr. Walter W. Thomas, has designed an exterior which very effectively embellishes its prominent site, and makes an important addition to the many fine buildings recently erected on the main thoroughfares of the city.

In the interior decoration the architect has collaborated with several designers and craftsmen under the immediate superintendence of the artist, Mr. G. Hall Neale, assisted by Mr. Arthur Stratton.

One of Mr. Charles J. Allen's groups in plaster is illustrated herewith. Mr. H. Bloomfield Bare has designed and executed some copper *repoussé* panels for the ingle nook of the hall, and for panels in the billiard room. In each case the copper-work is set in the very dark, rich mahogany moulded wall framing which forms the high dado round the rooms. Mr. Thomas Huson's copper *repoussé* panels for the same room were illustrated in THE STUDIO for June, 1900.

H. B. B.

THE HAGUE.—Holland, in common with almost all the other nations, has been involved in the art movement of recent years, especially as regards applied art. Now people are showing a tendency to surround themselves with really artistic objects, after having lived through the depressing time when cheapness and the external appearance of luxury were of more account than graceful work, executed after artistic designs by workmen who were masters of craft, and who endeavoured to impart to their work something of the staunchness we appreciate so much in the relics of former centuries.

When speaking of applied art in Holland, it is only fair to state that we owe a great deal to the energetic and enterprising young owner of the firm called "Arts and Crafts" at the Hague, Mr. John Th. Uiterwijk, who was the first and, down to the present, the only man to introduce into Europe the art of "Batik," until then familiar only to the East Indian women. Although several modifications had to be made, the general way of proceeding remains the same as that used by the Malay women. It must be acknowledged that other artists had pro-

duced something of this kind before "Batiks" became known here, but the latter were the first examples of this art made on a large scale and as articles for sale.

For many centuries the women in the Dutch East Indian colonies have busied themselves with the manufacturing of magnificent garments, adorned with designs which, though somewhat monotonous and capricious, leave a not unpleasant impression. The designs of the modern "Batiks" are due to our leading artists, and the work has been executed in a most artistic way under the direction of the talented Mrs. Wegerif Gravestein, by about thirty young ladies. A characteristic feature of this new industry is that everything is made by



CURTAIN IN "BATIKS"

DESIGNED BY  
VAN DER SLUYS



TABLE-CLOTH IN "BATIKS"

DESIGNED BY  
VAN DER SLUYS





THE "ARTS AND CRAFTS" WORKSHOP AT APELDOORN

hand ; in the whole workshop one would look in vain for anything resembling a machine, and therefore these products of art contrast advan-

tageously with the printed stuffs which formerly monopolised the markets. Imagine splendid designs, in harmony with the destination of the article it serves to adorn ; warm, varying colours, rich, luxurious materials, from the plainest cotton up to the most magnificent velvet, hanging in elegant folds. Curtains, friezes, covers for every kind of furniture, are manufactured in an equally artistic way, whilst smaller articles, such as cushions, tea-cosies, sachets, handkerchiefs, ladies' bags, and neckties, also show the greatest variety possible.

The Indian women have never succeeded in using other materials than cotton and silk, but, after often repeated and very expensive experiments, Mr. Uiterwijk saw his way to make Batiks out of any material known—cotton, silk, linen, velvet, corduroy, and leather.



PORTION OF THE SHOWROOMS OF THE HAGUE "ARTS AND CRAFTS"



DRESDEN EXHIBITION: MAIN HALL WITH THE "MONUMENT AUX MORTS," BY BARTHOLOMÉ

Visitors to the last Paris Exhibition may have noticed some examples of this work, as the Dutch Government entrusted Messrs. John Th. Uiterwijk & Co. with the decoration of the whole Dutch section. The committees of the principal clubs, as well as the prominent members of our aristocracy, are adopting this original and elegant mode of decoration for their houses. By the courtesy of Mr. Uiterwijk we are able to illustrate some modern "Batiks."

P. v. M.

**D**RESDEN.—The International Exhibition here opened its doors again considerably earlier than the similar shows in other German towns (Berlin, Darmstadt and Munich). It is a splendid feat of tasteful decoration, and excels both its predecessors of 1899 and 1897, which were justly praised at their time for this very feature. All the halls have been cut up into smaller rooms, in which the works of art are hung or placed so as to approach the effect attained in a private gallery rather than that in a great, overwhelming picture

show. There are a number of rooms completely arranged and furnished by well-known artists, besides a larger hall in which all kinds of applied art—even Reform dresses *à la van de Velde*—are advantageously displayed. The black-and-white show, which was taken in hand by the director of the Dresden Print Room, consists of over 700 prints and drawings. All of the Whistlers that figured at the Paris exhibition last year, and as many more, are to be seen; there is also a large number of Zorn's etchings, remarkably fine impressions, sent by the artist himself. Next to Germany, Great Britain is strongest, and the English artists were awarded, proportionately, the greatest number of medals.

The Black-and-White department and the Sculpture section are the *clous* of this Exhibition. The latter has been put in the hands, not of the artists, but of the director of our Museum of Sculpture. He has secured a cast of Bartholomé's wonderful *Monument aux Morts*, and it is set up in the main hall, more impressively and to greater advantage even



than the original is at Père la Chaise. Rodin has sent a dozen works, his Victor Hugo monument included; Rivière-Théodore half-a-dozen of his statuettes in silver, ivory, etc. There are many works by Meunier, Carabin, Troubetzkoy, Vallgren, Van der Stappen, and Yencesse, and the biggest collection of works by the late Jean Carriès ever brought together. Altogether it is the pick of the French and Belgian work exhibited in Paris last year.

The display of paintings is not quite up to that of the other departments; the foreign contributions, however, are at least of a high standard, if not very numerous. George Sauter chose the English pictures, and he has sent an excellent selection. There are *Lady Somers* and five other works by Watts, W. Crane's *Fersephone*, excellent portraits by Rothenstein and C. H. Shannon, Sauter's *Marc Hamburg at the Piano*, two pictures by Strang, others by Muhrmann, Greiffenhagen, etc.,

besides a good number of pictures from Glasgow, which latter have met with splendid success, three-fourths of them being sold within a month after the exhibition was opened. Of late, one has not expected to see much that is good hailing from Spain, and when an artist like Zuloaga loomed up in the Salon a year or two ago he attracted a great deal of notice at once. We have seven large paintings by him here. Of further foreign pictures I will note only two more—Orlik's delicious portrait study of a Japanese girl and Laermans' *The Path of the Oppressed*, the best of his paintings ever seen here.

The German section is not quite up to the mark. It is not to be wondered at that Berlin, Darmstadt, and Munich, which all have exhibitions of their own this year, have not been very eager to make a good display with us; but even other art centres, like Weimar, Düsseldorf, Karlsruhe, and Stuttgart, have not exerted themselves; and



DRESDEN EXHIBITION: THE PORTRAIT GALLERIES



DRESDEN EXHIBITION: A DINING-ROOM DESIGNED BY E. SCHANDT  
TABLE SERVICE DESIGNED BY SCHMUZ-BAUDISSL



DRESDEN EXHIBITION: THE APPLIED ARTS SECTION, DESIGNED BY KARL GROSS



above all, the local school has not come out strong. Almost all of our best Dresden artists have sent indifferent work ; some have decidedly fallen off, while only a few, like Lührig and Sterl, show up to advantage.

There is a small portrait exhibition included in this year's show, and the interesting experiment has been made of hanging about 50 portraits by as many of the most renowned modern artists alongside of some works by Velazquez, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Titian, etc., loaned from the Dresden Gallery.

H. W. S.

**B**UDAPEST.—The crowning attraction of the Spring exhibitions was the collective display of works by G. Segantini, Lenbach, Angelo Dall'oca Bianca, and about

forty examples of English art, including pictures by Watts, Millais, Holman Hunt, Poynter, Anning Bell, Lavery, etc. Segantini's works exhibited comprised his last, the triptych *Vita, natura, morte*, together with twenty-five other oil paintings and twenty drawings. Lenbach displayed a collection of portraits, and Dall'oca Bianca some seventy little works—freshly treated subjects from his native town, Verona.

Hungary was chiefly represented by the productions of some of its youngest artists. Bertalan Pór's study of a head is an admirable effort on the part of a youthful painter exhibiting here for the first time. Equally praiseworthy was the *Summer Landscape*, by Lily Hoffmann, marked by vigorous brush-work and admirable colouring. In his *Idlers*, Sándor Nyilassy depicts a group of loafers hanging about an inn. The heavy, gloomy

atmosphere of the *cabaret* in the twilight is suggested to perfection, and the whole thing is most spirited. The water-colour, *The Fair*, by Zoltán Veress, charms by its characteristic representation of peasant types and its movement and bustle. Béla Spányi, who has a strong liking for marshy scenery, made a distinct hit on this occasion with his silver-toned picture, *Morning*. A little water-colour, *The Grove*, by M. Munkácsy is remarkable not alone for its masterly breadth of treatment, but also for the fact that it is the only water-colour the artist has done. The State has purchased it for the Gallery of Fine Arts.

For the rest, we have to note an interesting portrait by F. László, and another by Gyula Stetka ; also a very beautiful moon-rise by Ferencz Olgyay.

We have pleasure in giving illustrations of characteristic works by the



"STUDY"

BY BERTALAN PÓR



"THE GROVE"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY M. MUNKÁCSY



"IDLERS"

BY SÁNDOR NYILASSY



clever Hungarian painters, Akos Tolnai and Francis Innocent.

A. T.

**B**ERLIN.—The two summer exhibitions are now open. The distinction between the Secession and the Grosse Berliner Ausstellung is sharply marked. In the one case we find a collection of sane, sound "documents," all indicating a striving after new goals; in the other a medley of common, mediocre productions suited to common and mediocre tastes. The names in the Secession speak for themselves—Böcklin, Leibl, Monet, Renoir, Israels, Maris, Lavery, Whistler, and Segantini. No suggestion of mediocrity here! There is scarcely one work among the 351 numbered in the catalogue which does not bear the stamp of earnest, honest conviction. Max Liebermann, the president of the Exhibition

Committee, astonished his admirers by a beautiful and broadly-handled study of two horsemen on the sea-shore. Böcklin is represented by one of his last works (unfinished)—*Orlando Furioso*. Louis Corinth's *Perseus and Andromeda*, somewhat suggestive of Böcklin's *Drachentödter*, reveals colossal technical knowledge, but is somewhat lacking in delicacy.

A collection of the works of Vincent van Gogh introduces us to the bizarre champion of Neo-impressionism in Holland. Erich Hancke is a talented young "naturalist," who has transferred his abode from Munich to Berlin. His *Portrait of a Lady* is a fine work, full of temperament and sensitiveness. Thomas Theodor Heine shows astonishing delicacy in a little landscape scene, which proves that he is one of the most gifted members of the young Munich school. Ludwig von Hofmann, the charming Berlin colourist, has of late been cultivating with great energy the style of the Parisian Neo-impressionists. His *Mänade* marks a somewhat uncertain step in this direction. Leistikow attains once more the highest heights in his representation of Nature, resuming the path which he had temporarily abandoned. An admirable etching by Kaethe Kollwitz, full of feeling and distinction, should also be mentioned.

The *Portrait of a Lady* by H. E. Linde-Walther gives proof of the long and earnest study which results in good, characteristic work. Other noteworthy productions by young Munich artists are seen in the exhibits of Benno Becker, Paul Crodel, Hubert von Heyden, Eugen Kirchner, Christian Landenberger, H. R. Lichtenberger,



PORTRAIT

BY AKOS TOLNAI



ANNCHEN VON THARAU  
BY FRANCIS INNOCENT





"FABLE." BY  
FRANCIS INNOCENT

Schramm-Zittau, and R. Winternitz, who hold their own worthily side by side with such famous names as those of Uhde, Stuck, Zügel, Tooby, Habermann, and Schlittgen.

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Hans von Volkmann apart, Hans Thoma is the only artist to send a large collection of mostly new works from Karlsruhe. Stuttgart, on the other hand, is well represented by Graf von Kalckreuth, Carl Reiniger (the landscape painter), and Carlos Grethe (the marine painter), who is steadily coming to the front.

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As for the foreigners, they include the inimitable Besnard, Chudant, Blanche d'Espagnat, Guillaumin, Camille Pissarro, Raffaëlli, Schuffenecker, Forain, Lucien Simon, Marie Slavona, and Toulouse-Lautrec—to name the Parisians first. From England we have Cameron, Neven Dumont, Will Rothenstein, Georg Sauter, and Grosvenor Thomas. Very interesting is the collection of the Norwegian painter, Erik Werenskiöld, and the masterly interiors of the Swedish artist, Anders Zorn, are also to be noted. The Belgian *plein-airiste*, Emile Claus, reveals himself here in a new rôle, as a portrait-painter. The Secession is also to be congratulated on having secured the co-operation of that individual Russian painter, Constantin Somoff, who sends three bold and essentially modern pictures.

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Rodin dominates the sculpture gallery with seven of his ever delicate and original works. Charpentier is represented by a collection of his delightful *plaquettes*. August Gaul exhibits several splendid animal studies, which, particularly in the case of his bronze lioness, unite the best characteristics of ancient and modern sculpture. The *Diana* of George Wrba, a Bohemian settled in Munich, is a fine example of bronze work.

L. R.

**S**WITZERLAND.—A short time ago it was our sad duty to chronicle the death of Arnold Böcklin. That great Swiss master had attained old age, and was as fruit ripe for the Gatherer's hand. To-day Switzerland is lamenting the loss of Böcklin's favourite pupil, Hans Sandreuter, cut off in the prime of his life and in the plenitude of his artistic activity and promise.

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There were strong affinities between these two men. They were both vigorous specimens of the

old Swiss type that, alas! is beginning to disappear before the invading cosmopolitan tendencies. Hans Sandreuter was born at Basel on May 11th, 1850. Though we find him feeling the way to his vocation first at Würzburg, then at Verona, and later on in the studio of Carillo at Naples, it was not until he met Böcklin at Munich in 1873 that he came to the clear consciousness of his artistic possibilities. It has been said with truth that, like his master, "he was alive to the significance of symbol, disdainful of academic elegancies, enamoured of brilliant colour, possessed of a certain fund of romantic lyricism, sometimes allying itself to that passion for the grotesque which is perhaps one of the distinctive characteristics of the German-Swiss mind." This said, it is not difficult to realise how the pupil was drawn to the master, and how he found in Böcklin's teaching and work the needed stimulus to the development of his own nascent gifts. In 1875 he went with Böcklin to Florence, where the passion for Italian art and landscape, awakened in him during his former visit, was deepened and intensified. Though, later on, he spent three years in Paris, it was to Italy and to his native land that he turned for inspiration, and we find him at length silently working at the realisation of his artistic ideals in the city of his birth and in that beautiful home at Riehen, which he embellished with his own hands, and where he died on June 1st of the present year.

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Hans Sandreuter's conception of the dignity of the artist's vocation is succinctly expressed in a letter he addressed on one occasion to the editor of "*La Patrie Suisse*": "A painter should only speak through his works. To those who understand him there is no need of other eloquence." And one of the chief merits of this artist's work is that, reminiscent as it is of Böcklin, it is no mere echo, but the sincere expression of a strong and vital artistic personality. In his *Fontaine de Jouvence*, *Dolce far niente*, *La Porte du Paradis*, and the beautiful *Idylle Estivale*, he has brought the same absolute sincerity, the same wealth of imaginative feeling and conception to the treatment of symbolic and idyllic subjects, with a success that leaves little to be desired. His Swiss landscapes reveal an exquisite sensitiveness to the character of those quieter aspects of the natural beauty of this land that escape many painters.

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Hans Sandreuter had the Renaissance conception of the largeness of the artist's vocation, and turned



himself with zeal and fertility of invention to every branch of art.

Perhaps the best example of his achievement in decorative art is the well-known *Fresque de l'Abbaye des Forgerons à Bâle*, in which the spirit and grace of a beautiful old custom are caught and expressed with loving care and richness of design and execution.

Death took him at the moment of his intensest activity, for he was engaged upon four "cartoons" for large stained-glass windows destined to adorn the new Federal Palace, and upon a series of mosaics for the decoration of the façade of the National Museum at Zurich.

R. M.

**B**RUSSELS.—The organisers of the last Salon of the Society of Fine Arts here have been somewhat roughly handled by critics and artists alike. And, indeed, there never was a more incoherent assemblage of works of art, and never were hanging and arrangement so clumsy and so unsatisfactory. Interesting works by young painters were simply sacrificed to considerations of precedent or expediency—both absolutely foreign to art. For instance, the honest and luminous landscapes of M. and Madame Wytzman, the placid interiors of M. Janssens, and the portraits of MM. G. M. Stevens and Gouwellos were carelessly "shoved" into obscure corners, while M. J. Delvin's vigorous *Combat d'Étalons flamands* was completely hidden behind an enormous massive bronze group by M. J. Lambeaux. Moreover, it was doubtful wisdom to give a retrospective exhibition of the work of Ch. Degroux, who died in 1870; doubtful, too, was the choice of the works of Chintreuil (dead in 1873), of Jongkind (dead in 1891), and of several more or less "exotic" portrait-painters, who are in great favour at the moment in "high society."

Happily, the exhibition included three admirable bits of painting by the great Belgian, A. Stevens—*Avant le Spectacle*, *Tous les Bonheurs* (formerly in the famous Van Praet Collection), and *Souvenirs et Regrets*, this last a marvel of supple handling and delicacy of *nuances*, while the Brussels painters, MM. Courtens, Verhaeren and X. Mellery sent large selections of their work.

Remarkable among the new sculpture was an excellent bust of M. Mesdach de ter Kiele, by

Ch. Samuel; the patiently-composed bust of the Archbishop of Malines, by J. Lagae; and the fanciful decorative busts by MM. J. de Lalaing and J. Dillens. The clever architect, M. Hobé, displayed plans and views of seaside villas.

F. K.

## REVIEWS.

*I Fioretti: Les Petites Fleurs de la Vie du Petit Pauvre de Jésus Christ, St. François d'Assise.*

Translated into French from the original Italian by Arnold Goffin (Brussels: A. Lefevre).—

This is indeed a charming rendering of the well-known "Fioretti," or "Little Flowers," written in the fourteenth century by a Franciscan monk who was the friend of St. Francis, and knew most of the prominent members of his Order personally. These fifty-three essays, composed in a naively simple style peculiarly suited to their subjects, relate various typical incidents of the lives of St. Francis and his immediate followers, and they lose nothing of their distinctive aroma in the admirable translation of Goffin. He is, indeed, so thoroughly in touch with the time at which they were written that it is difficult to believe he was not a contemporary of their author. He precludes the present volume with a very vivid picture of the state of religious and political parties in Italy when St. Francis and St. Dominick founded their Orders, and brings out with an able hand the reflection in art of the tendencies of the day. He evidently loves and appreciates St. Francis as if he were a personal friend, and he could not have understood him better, or have entered more entirely into the spirit of his teaching, if he had been in daily intercourse with him. To many of the "Fioretti" the translator has added notes of great value to the student. For instance, *à propos* of the "Flower" describing the chapter held by St. Francis at Santa Maria Maggiore, at which St. Dominick was present, and more than 5,000 brethren were added to the Order, he tells of the way in which the accord then cemented between the two great leaders of religious thought is still celebrated in Rome; and to the essay on the miraculous vine of Rieti he adds the touching legend of the conversion of Angelo Tancred in the streets of that town. At the end of the volume is printed a new translation into French of the quaint "Song of the Creatures," begun by St. Francis at St. Damian and completed just before his death; and as appendix is added the Last Testament of the saint in the fine rendering of Chavin de Malan.

*Vittura Italiana antiqua e Moderna.* By ALFREDO MELANO. (Milan: Hoepli.)—This is an admirably arranged and most useful little volume somewhat spoiled in its general appearance by the very narrow margin of its pages, the result probably of its author's wish that it should serve as a pocket guide to travellers. It begins with Etruscan and ends with Neo-classic and modern painting, passing in exhaustive review all the most typical examples of the pictorial art which the Italian peninsula has produced. The illustrations are excellent, and include a great number of reproductions of works of art which have not hitherto been rendered easily accessible to the student. The frescoes and painted pottery from Cometo, Vulci, Pompeii and elsewhere are well chosen and characteristic, whilst the examples of early Christian art from the catacombs and churches are equally felicitous. The gradual evolution of painting from its subordinate position as a mere adjunct to architecture to that of an independent art, can be readily traced in this admirable series of pictures; and, alas, its gradual decline in Italy during the 17th and 18th centuries, when the religious zeal which had produced so many masterpieces was waxing cold, is equally well brought out. The author expresses great hopes of a revival in his native land of the art which made her a leader in Europe for nearly two hundred years, and gives a list of modern Italian painters of talent, many of whom, notably Segantini, have shown some of the reverent feeling for truth and beauty which characterised their great predecessors. The *Vittura Italiana* is one of a series of hand-books which would well repay translation into English, for unfortunately few of those to whom it would be most useful are likely to be able to read it in the original.

*Spanien.* By JOZEF ISRAELS. (Berlin: B. and P. Cassirer. 1900.)—A delightful book by a great artist! The future biographer of Josef Israels has only to read this volume to find out all he desires about the man. The man is higher than the artist; but only an artist, only a painter, indeed, can invest landscape with its own character, its own mood—so to speak—its own colours, as Israels has done in his representations of these solitary Spanish mountains, these lovely Mediterranean sea scenes. Only occasionally is any reference made to the art of the past. The *Lausaz* of Velasquez reminds the author of Rembrandt's animated *Night Watch*. In Seville he discovers, besides Murillo, whom he finds too sugary and

uniform, the hard and ungainly Morales. The book is very well produced, and contains numerous reproductions of drawings by the author—rapid sketches of bits of scenery, groups of figures. One and all they are full of character, and, mere sketches as they are, display the deep significance and the beauty of tone characteristic of this great artist. Thus Israels' book will worthily occupy the modest place it is intended to fill among the books written by artists.

*Attraverso gli Albi e le Cartelle (Sensazioni d'Arte).* By VITTORIO PICA. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte grafiche.)—This album of modern black-and-white work, got up something in the style of the special numbers of *THE STUDIO*, is the first of a series dealing with the art of illustration. It includes specimens of the drawings of men so widely different as Redon, Rops, Goya, Hokusai, Utamaro, Caldecott, and Walter Crane, with the result that the work of Japanese and English artists contrasts very favourably with that of the French, Belgian, and Spanish. Odilon Redon's grotesque faces, birds such as never flew, flowers which never grew except in his imagination, are accorded a lion's share of space. He is succeeded by Felicien Rops, whose Belgian fellow-countrymen consider him the greatest etcher of the present day, but whose book illustrations, full though they are of dash and cleverness, are scarcely more alluring than the extraordinary productions of Redon; whilst Henri De Groux and Francesco Goya are ranked as equal, the numerous examples of their work justifying this classification. It is a relief to turn from all these very advanced impressionists to the poetic Japanese masters, whose decorative work has never been surpassed in Europe. Self-restrained, dignified, suggestive, the pictures of Hokusai, of Utamaro, and the rest of the great fraternity never fail to please; they are as full of rest as those of Rops and Redon are of unrest, and their subtly delicate tone values are almost as impressive as colours. Amongst the English names selected as representative it is a pity that Aubrey Beardsley should have been omitted; but the very appreciative notice of such men as Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, and Anning Bell speaks well for the acumen of the Italian critic. It is, indeed, interesting to note how well the characteristics of each master are recognised. Some of the reproductions are unfortunately too much reduced for full justice to be done to the originals; but larger ones, notably that of the portrait of G. F. Watts, by Walter Crane, leave nothing to be desired.



## Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



HON. MENTION (COMP. A IX.)

"FORGET-ME-NOT"

### A WARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A. DECORATIVE ART.  
DESIGN FOR A BROOCH.  
(A IX.)

The designs in this competition being so varied and so interesting, the selection of the prize-winners has been extremely difficult.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *London* (Mabel Peacock, 6 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*), to *Pooscat* (Ida F. Ellwood, 26 Cedar Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.).

The following have obtained honourable mention:—*Bloom* (Thomas Cook); *Sir Esperance* (Arabella L. Rankin); *Bagheera* (Amy E. Arscott); *Killicrates* (G. M. Ellwood); *Stalky* (Ethel Mary Hodgkinson); *Tramp* (David Veazey); *Clarae*

(Clara Hautle); *Palamon* (Chas. K. Cook); *Poum* (Henry Dabry); *Craft B* (Fred White); *L'Étoile* (Sarah K. Wase); *Halbar* (Harold Charles Bareham); *Shamrock* (Frances H. Edgeworth Sander-son); *Trebor* (E. R. Brewer); *Paint* (Guynedd M. Palin); *Sir Ludar* (W. E. Barker); *Aquamarine* (J. John Witcombe); *Craft A* (Alfred G. Wright); *Revrac* (Rachel D. Carver); *May* (Mary Morton); *Nora Kildare* (Nora G. Evers-Swindell); *Narcissus* (Edward Preston); *Mercury* (Florence M. Blockley); *Nick* (Maria L. Kirby); *Ludo* (Louisa Mary Dick-son); *The Sergeant Major* (Walter Sykes George);



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C VIII.)

"AESTAS"

## Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C VIII.)

"IVANHOE"

*Mimosa* (Kathleen F. Tatham); *Justice* (Madison Durand); *Pooscat* (Ida F. Ellwood); *De* (L. M. et A. Delovincourt); *Merle* (Marion Russell); *Isa* (Isabel McBean); *Blencathara* (Constance M. Hopkins); *Billig* (Irene Maquinness); *Deirdre* (Winifred Hodgkinson); *Peony* (Roger Deverin, Paris); *Roe-dean* (Muriel C. Rich); *Miss Biffin* (Mary Richardson); *Nemo* (Edward H. Rouse); *It* (G. Constance Adams); *Snuckle* (Miss D. Talbot); *Sable* (J. G. Mowbray Jeffrey); *Jumbo* (Alice Faulkner Beavis); and *Forget-me-not* (Sydney R. Turner).

### CLASS B. PEN-AND-INK WORK.

#### DESIGN FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT.

#### (B IX)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three Guineas*) has been gained by *Pan* (Fred H. Ball, Elmley House, Worcester).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) by *Killlicrates* George Montague Ellwood, 26 Cedar Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.).

Honourable mention is awarded to the follow-

ing:—*Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Orthodoxy* (Claire Murrell); *West Countryman* (Edward Atwell); *Curlew* (Lennox G. Bird); *Nib* (Graham Henderson); *Bon-Accord* (Wm. Lawrie); *Bardie* (Eric H. Swinstead); *Boul' Mich'* (Percy Green); and *Halbar* (Harold Charles Bareham).

### CLASS C. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

#### A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

#### (C VIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE in this competition (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Aestas* (W. G. Batchelor, Radwell House, near Baldock, Herts).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) to *Ivanhoe* (Alfred W. Hill, 1 Westfield Terrace, Rotherham).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Légia* (Lucien Scuvie); *Memoa* (Henry Charles Leat); *Sunny* (Watson Hornby); *Sweet Pea* (Miss P. Rochussen); *Sassello* (Marie Cartier, Genoa); *Teuf-Teuf* (Etienne Chapeau); *Lucia* (Leonard Stevenson); *Fennia* (Carl Jahn, Helsingfors); and *Papsi* (Carl H. Papenduck, Bremen).



# THE LAY FIGURE ON ONE PHASE OF THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ART.

"YESTERDAY," remarked the Journalist, "a writer spoke of the foreign policy of art. The phrase hit me full in the eye. But what does it mean?"

"That depends upon one's bias of mind," the Reviewer growled. "To me, for instance, art's foreign policy is a curious thing, a mixture of theft and vainglory. It is seen at first in the humility with which some young artists in one country plagiarise from the recognised masters of another; then the vanity of human nature asserts itself, and the plagiarists disown their benefactors."

"I object to the word plagiarist," said the Critic. "Young artists do not steal when they go to acknowledged masters for inspiration and technical guidance. You might as well say that men of science plagiarise when they make use of the knowledge amassed by their authorities."

"I detect no parallel between the cases," replied the Reviewer gruffly. "Men of science are always glad to send you to their authorities, while artists are not, as a rule. I know a score of English painters who would be touched on the raw if I told them that their styles are evidently of French origin. Such men deserve to be called plagiarists, because they lay claim to qualities which are not their own."

"Nonsense!" laughed the Critic. "Surely the woman in the manliness of artists should have a little freedom for perverse self-deception? In any case, the main point concerning the foreign policy of art is this—that it should circulate freely in all countries the new discoveries made by persons of genius. There should be a universal free trade in such products, so that an enterprising spirit may be general among artists of all kinds."

"Agreed!" the Reviewer answered. "But that should not stop an artist from admitting the debts of gratitude he owes to a foreign predecessor or contemporary. If I, for instance, after borrowing largely from Corot or from Millet, were to form a good style, ought not I to be bound by honour to the object of my discipleship? Should I have the least right to listen gladly to any praise which did not connect my work with the great man who had taught me to express myself in paint?"

"I think so, certainly," the Critic answered. "A great influence in art is a thing which falls upon many, like rain; it is certain to fertilise, to be productive; and when it is transformed by those upon whom it acts, I do not

feel called upon to speak of it in a written criticism. It appeals to me then as a medium of artistic expression that belongs to all the world. Besides, he who tries in writing to trace a style to its original source, runs the risk of laying too much stress on the borrowed traits, to the injury of the new characteristics."

"I'm plainly out of fashion," grumbled the Reviewer. "Yet I enjoy a good oath or two when the pedigree of a style is not insisted upon. To keep an artist constantly in mind of the abiding results of his master's influence is a good antidote to the disease known as 'a swelled head.' Only this morning I came upon a bad case of that common disease. The sufferer was a German gentleman, a sort of impresario for the applied arts. At one time he did full justice to the spirited part played by the English initiators of the modern movement in decoration; but now that his own countrymen have profited by their example, he is quite sure that the English movement was always a weakling, and that it passed into an epitaph for the tomb of William Morris."

"Interesting banter," the Critic laughed. "Perhaps your seriousness invited it. Yet your German friend could not have been altogether in fun. He must know that his own countrymen, and other people on the Continent of Europe, show in their adherence to the modern art-movement an earnestness of purpose which we English would do well to emulate. Our friendly rivals on the Continent strive with unbounded enthusiasm to profit by the foreign policy of art."

"They do, indeed," said the Art Historian. "Their earnestness, to be sure, is not always reasonable, for it shows a tendency at times to rate sound construction at a lower level than ornamental details; but, for all that, one may describe it boldly as a wayfaring earnestness, for its presence is felt in the streets and workshops, and it bids fair to become variously rational and useful. The part it is destined to play in the international warfare of trade and commerce must not be undervalued by British manufacturers."

"Nor yet by British designers and master-craftsmen," observed the Critic. "Among these art-workers there is far too much diletanteism. Some live in terror of being imitated, others shiver at the thought of being accused of self-advertisement; and all who suffer in these feeble ways are proud of their weakness. They do not see that their talents should be colonists in the nation's strenuous life, and not toys for the rich to play with."

THE LAY FIGURE.







W. H. Miller  
1890

ROBERT WEIR ALLAN AND  
HIS WORK. BY MRS. ARTHUR  
BELL (N. D'ANVERS).

ROBERT WEIR ALLAN, whose strong and eminently individual seascape and landscape work has done as much, perhaps, as that of any other artist to make known the rugged scenery of Scotland, was brought up in a quiet and refined home amongst thoroughly artistic surroundings. His father was a well-known lithographer and publisher, one of the first to turn to practical account the newly-discovered art of chromo-lithography. He was, moreover, noted amongst his friends for his love of art, and he owned a considerable number of pictures. From his boyhood, therefore, young Allan must have been familiar with art, and he himself says that one of his earliest recollections is being carried by his nurse into the room where the paintings were hung, at which he was never weary of looking. When I asked him what made him choose to be a painter, he replied, "Oh, I was brought up in the midst of painting. My father dabbled a little with colours himself, and I think I inherited my love of art from him. I did not spring up suddenly as an artist, as so many men do. I was originally intended," he added, "to carry on the business, and was educated as a lithographer; but I could not be content with merely mechanical work." So strong, indeed, was Robert Allan's love of art, and so deep was his sympathy with nature, that his parents wisely allowed him to follow his bent, giving him every possible facility in their power. He had, therefore, none of the hampering anxieties about daily bread

to contend with, which so sadden the spirits and limit the range of many young geniuses; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that Glasgow was not then the art centre it has since become.

Robert Allan was not, as is so often taken for granted, a member of the Glasgow School of Art, the truth being that he, with a few others like him, merely paved the way for its foundation. He really belongs to no individual school, his sympathies being far too wide to be called in any sense local. He worked for a couple of years in or near Glasgow, and as early as 1873 he exhibited at the Institute of that city his first important work, an oil-painting called *A Sunny Day at Sea*. A little later his picture, *Waiting the Tide*, was hung at the



ROBERT W. ALLAN, R.W.S.



Royal Academy, where it attracted considerable attention on account of its vivid truth of atmospheric effect. In spite of these successes, however, the young artist felt very strongly that he needed something more in the way of instruction and experience than he could gain in Scotland, and he took what was then the somewhat bold step of going, not, as most of his fellow-countrymen did, to London, but straight to the fountain-head of art production, Paris, where he worked hard in the atelier of Julian and at the École des Beaux Arts, under Cabanel, forming friendships amongst his fellow-students which have lasted his life-time.

Of a deeply interesting personality, with a rare power of winning the hearts of those with whom he was brought in contact, Robert Allan as a young student is remembered with warm affection by many who knew him in the good old days when hope was strong and all things seemed possible to those who could work and wait. Much has been written on student life in Paris, a subject which appears to exercise an irresistible fascination on all readers, whether they belong to the initiated or to the outside world, but it is rare indeed for an artist to tell the story of his own early struggles. Could the great wielders of the brush use the pen

with equal effect, their simple narratives of what actually came under their own observation would be far more interesting than any imaginary tale, however finely conceived.

As the wife of one of Robert Allan's fellow-students, it was the privilege of the present writer to be admitted into the inner circle of the little community of English-speaking artists who in the early eighties were still keeping up the traditions of hard work and frugal living which were, as a rule, inseparable from the probation time even of the most gifted. What careful yet careless days those were! How ready all the young fellows were to rejoice in each other's successes and to condole with each other in their far more numerous disappointments, for students met on equal terms from the Beaux-Arts, where Cabanel, Gérôme and Lehmann were then teaching, and from the ateliers of masters of aims and methods so different as those of Carolus Duran, Laurens, Henner, Lefebvre, Robert Fleury, Boulanger, Bougereau, and the Austrian, Munkacsy.

Outside the academic world, Bastien Lepage, whose tragic end was even then rapidly approaching, was the special idol of the students, everything he produced and everything he did being



"MARKET MORNING, ANTIBES"

BY R. W. ALLAN



“OUDEYPORE, INDIA”  
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY  
ROBERT W. ALLAN, R.W.S.

(In the collection of W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P.)



discussed with reverent enthusiasm. In 1875, the year of Robert Allan's arrival in Paris, Lepage exhibited his pathetic and masterly *Petite Communion* and the more ambitious *Bergers*, which were received with a chorus of admiration from artists, though the lay critics looked coldly on their vivid realism; whilst in 1880, just before Mr. Allan left Paris, appeared the *Joan of Arc*, in which the gifted young Frenchman may be said to have touched his highest point of excellence. Robert Allan's student time coincided therefore with the art career of Lepage, who exercised perhaps more influence on him than did any of the men under whose direct criticism he studied. He was, however, from first to last, too thoroughly individual to owe much to any other artist, and out of the conflicting elements of the French ateliers he emerged more British than ever. No false pride spoiled the simplicity of the art student's life in those happy days, and anyone who looks into Mr. Allan's humorous face and notes the merry twinkle in his eye as he tells some amusing incident from the long-ago, can well imagine what a bright Bohemian life he and his chum led in the big, bare studio, with its walls covered with sketches and studies. The address perhaps was rather against the new quarters, for this ideal

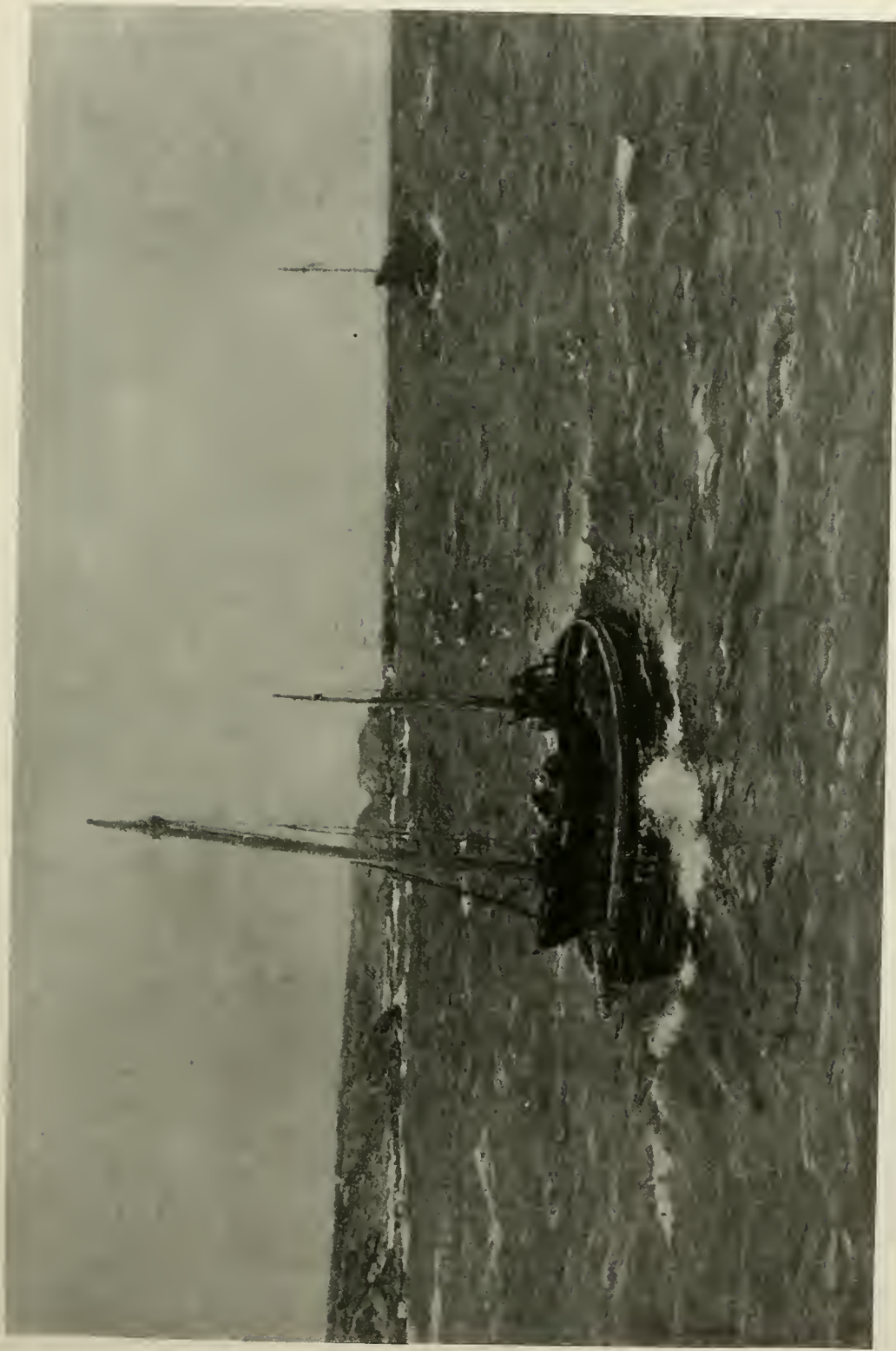
studio was in the Boulevard d'Enfer, a name perhaps not altogether inapplicable to some of the neighbouring ateliers. Here real home-made porridge was eaten, a store of the wherewithal having been sent for from the northern home in a goodly sack, after several unsuccessful attempts had been made to procure it in the restaurants. The spirited *restaurateur*, indeed, had got the real thing, and his *chef-de-cuisine* had learnt to turn it out well; but, then, the exorbitant price of 60 centimes a plate was charged, for the *farine d'avoine* had been bought at the pharmaciens in tiny packets sold as a medicine—for what ailment was not specified, though it may possibly have been homesickness. The Scotch songs sung, the wild reels danced in Mr. Allan's studio, which sometimes alarmed the natives admitted to a share in the revels, kept home memories alive even in the Boulevard d'Enfer, proving how just was the criticism of the Frenchman who said that if two Englishmen were thrown on a desert island they would not speak to each other till a third shipwrecked fellow-countryman arrived to introduce them to each other, but that if the same misfortune befell two Scotchmen they would have founded a Caledonian club before the week was out.



"MAKING FOR HOME"

(By permission of Alexander Hay, Esq.)

BY R. W. ALLAN



"ALL HANDS ON DECK"  
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING  
BY R. W. ALLAN, R.W.S.



In spite of his readiness to join in any frolic, Mr. Allan kept the purpose of his residence in Paris ever before him, and from the big room in the Boulevard d'Enfer, he sent many strong studies and *plein air* landscapes to the English and Scotch Exhibitions. Of these were specially remarkable a series of water-colour drawings, his first productions in the medium with which he is now so thoroughly familiar. Scotland, ever a true Alma Mater to her gifted sons, was not slow to recognize Robert Allan's genius, and, whilst most of his contemporaries were still mere students, he was elected a member of the newly-founded Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours. In 1881, even the artist himself felt that he had nothing more to gain by further study in Paris, and, after a short visit home, he decided to settle in London, which is to the Scotch what Paris is to the Americans. Mr. Allan took a studio in Hampstead, and from that time his success may be said to have been finally secured, for since then his work has steadily increased in popularity. The picture which made his mark outside his immediate art-circle was perhaps the *Funeral of Carlyle*, exhibited first at the Royal Society in Glasgow and later at the Royal Academy in London.

Owing to a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, Robert Allan was the only artist who witnessed the interment of the great writer. As is well known, neither the day nor the place of the funeral had been made known to the public, and on the dreary February day when the melancholy procession left the Ecclefechan Station, on the way to the churchyard, there were but few spectators. Mr. Allan, however, as he told me, had felt very sure that it would be near his own people that Carlyle would have elected to rest, and he determined to take his chance of finding his guess correct. He arrived at Ecclefechan in time to witness the whole sad ceremony, and though his picture was painted before Mr. Froude's well-known description was written, a comparison between the two cannot fail to emphasise the accuracy of both. "He" (Carlyle), says Froude, "was taken down in the night. I, Lecky, and Tyndall, alone of his London friends, were able to follow. . . . We arrived at Ecclefechan on a cold, dreary, February morning, such a morning as he himself describes when he laid his mother in the same grave where he was now to rest. Snow had fallen, and road and field were wrapped in a white winding sheet. A few strangers had arrived from Edinburgh and elsewhere, but not many, for the



"STARTING FOR THE HERRING FISHING"

BY R. W. ALLAN



"THROUGH WIND AND RAIN"

BY R. W. ALLAN



"MONTROSE"

BY R. W. ALLAN



family, simple in their habits, avoided display. . . . Two or three carriages were waiting, belonging to gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Mr. James Carlyle and his sisters were there with their children, in carriages also, and there was a carriage for us. The hearse was set in movement, and we followed slowly down the half-mile of road which divides the station from the village. A crowd had gathered at the churchyard, not disorderly, but seemingly with no feeling but curiosity. There were boys and girls, bright with ribbons and coloured dresses, climbing upon the kirkyard walls. There was no minister, or, at least, no ceremony which implied the presence of a minister."

Robert Allan's picture well embodied the deep solemnity, characterising Carlyle's funeral, which was indeed in better keeping with the character of the hero than would have been the pomp and circumstance of the public interment in Westminster Abbey, which had been offered by the nation through Dean Stanley.

It was in water-colour that Robert Allan first achieved success, winning immediate and cordial recognition. The drawings sent by him to the old Dudley Society placed him at once in the ranks of coming men. The breadth of treatment, sober colouring, and atmospheric unity of these beautiful landscapes were indeed something of a revelation at a time when minute finish had so long been looked upon as a requisite quality. Moreover, the water-colours of Robert Allan soon began to exercise an influence, still maintained, over other workers in the same medium; he inaugurated, in fact, something of a new style, and has made an indelible impression on the water-colour art of Scotland. It is well for an outsider to insist on this, for those who follow the lead of an original genius are often slow to acknowledge the source of their inspiration; indeed, many are often quite unconscious of the strength of the influence upon them.

Of late years Robert Allan's oil pictures have been quite as strong and beautiful as his water-colour work. They are full alike of freshness and of virile force, and their style, both of composition and of colouring, is marked by decision and brilliancy of effect. The sea-scapes especially are instinct with the salt atmosphere of the ocean, and it is Robert Allan's works of this description perhaps which have done more than any others to win him the place he holds amongst the artists of the present day.

To give anything like a summary of the work of

this most prolific of hard-working Scottish artists would, of course, be beyond the scope of a magazine article, but the pictures here reproduced have been chosen by Mr. Allan himself as especially characteristic of his style. Whilst remaining true to his first love, Scotland, and giving to her the greater portion of his working time, he has not fallen into the mistake of studying too continuously one type of scenery, but has sought his subjects far and wide—in France, Spain, Italy, and Holland; and even further afield in India, where he travelled for some months a few years ago. Amongst Mr. Allan's earlier pictures may be specially noticed the *Haven under the Hill*, the *Scotch Shepherds Waiting for the Steamer*, and the *Queen's Jubilee Procession of 1887*, all of which, especially the last-named, illustrate well the artist's bold brush-work, skill in massing somewhat unmanageable elements, and mastery of atmospheric effect. From his brilliant later work it is extremely difficult to make a selection, but his *Château d'Amboise*, his *Market Place, Poitiers*, his *French Peasants arriving for the Vintage*, *Making for Home*, *All Hands on Deck! Fresh from the Sea*, *When the Harbour Bar is Moaning*, *After the Boats Come In*, and his various Dutch scenes, notably his *Lowlands of Holland*, are perhaps especially remarkable for increased freedom of handling, and for the nearest approach made by their gifted author to what may be called the earlier phase of Impressionism.

Mr. Allan's Indian work stands somewhat apart from anything else produced by him, the result of the total difference in the character of the subjects from those which had before come under his observation. His simple, earnest nature is more akin with the stern and mysterious pathos of the storm-swept Northern scenery, wrapt about in an ever varying atmosphere, than with the gorgeous and glaring beauty of the sunlit East; yet such is the master's knowledge of technique that even the most hostile critic was compelled to admiration of the wonderful and life-like series of studies shown at the Piccadilly Institute at the reception given on his return to England. Excellent in colour, spirited in drawing, and admirably balanced in composition, such scenes as the *Service in a Sikh Temple*, the *Street in Delhi*, the *Water Carriers of Gwalior*, and the *Oudeypore* proved that Mr. Allan could successfully grapple even with that most difficult of tasks, the painting of brilliant sunlight. In spite of this success in an altogether new departure, no one can regret that Mr. Allan did not linger too long in India, but returned to the North







influence of his workmanship to be the theatre. In his very bookplates there is this dramatic sense—indeed, over his craftsmanship there broods always the mood of the dramatist.

His method of expression in black-and-white is intensely English; the men upon whose style he schooled himself were men of marked English individuality. But it was soon discovered that even in his 'prentice hand there lurked a nervous sense which he does not owe to this one or another—a quick insight into, and power to express throughout the design, by sky and ground, by shadow and light, by pose of figure and in drawing of character, the mood of the thing portrayed. In "The Page," the magazine in which his art may be seen from its earliest strivings to its present beauty of



FROM A DRAWING BY GORDON CRAIG



"A CAVALIER"

BY GORDON CRAIG

achievement, you will find that the great sonorous blacks of the old English woodcut are early discarded, and whilst much of their largeness and form remain, they are replaced still by broad effects, but full now of atmosphere and movement. This technical beauty is very marked in the *Outwardly I was a curate, inwardly I was still Caesar*. Than the *Outwardly I was a curate* I can imagine no more perfect employment of the means of an art to its end—the medium is handled with splendid restraint, yielding a marvellous sense of colour, of design, and of character. The leafiness of the trees, the blackness of the curate's broadcloth, are as absolutely conveyed to us as the madness of the man.

Born in the atmosphere of the stage—the son of the greatest English actress of our generation—his knowledge of stage-craft is become an instinct, and the whole art of the drama as the breath of his nostrils. One has only to take the little landscape in the *Bookplate of Miss Katie Black*, and, passing by the beauty of its conception, the largeness of its handling, and the balance of its arrangement, above all the mood of the thing, to discover the dramatic sense which dominates the whole.

His hand moves to a deep musical feeling for the rhythmic use of line and mass; his line, like his mass, expresses always the large essential quality of things—the furriness of a cat, the smoothness of china, the liquid



glitter of water. His craftsmanship is the tool of a finely decorative sense ; he has telling composition, a generous instinct for spacing, and a keen eye for the dramatic possibilities. His judgment understands the limits of a medium as unerringly as it grips the essential values of the things expressed, whether it be a bookplate or a death-scene in an opera.

What are called, with large-lettered pride of advertisement, "spectacular effects" on the stage, whether in opera or the playhouse, are not only in themselves somewhat crude and childish in their appeal to the adult imagination, but they have also a confusing result upon the opera or play to which they are the scenic setting, in that they draw away the attention of the onlooker from the music or the words, as well as from the action of the characters, all of which, by consequence, instead of dominating the performance, become but a mad part of the resulting wrangle, perplexing the wits in a confusing blare to eye and ear. To the acting, to the individual action of the players, to the emotions which it is the whole province of the dramatic arts to arouse, this scenic over-elaboration is absolutely disastrous—the actors becoming but mere specks upon the landscape.

This "spectacular" vice is most flauntingly displayed in Opera and the Poetic Drama. Now Opera, since it relies on reaching our emotions through the instrumentality of music (the words at best being rarely heard, except by those who already know them) can never have so direct an appeal to man's imagination or his emotions as



SIGN FOR AN INN

BY GORDON CRAIG

the artistically spoken word. The ear has obviously to make a more pronounced effort to catch the meaning of music. But the gorgeous stage, broken up into warring details of scenery that give the eye no rest, divorces the sight from the hearing, which, in the midst of the restless pageant, is already straining anxiously to catch the drift of the music — if, indeed, it ever catch it.

Opera is a somewhat bastard art at best—it is only when the scenic setting, particularly the colour, is rendered atune to the mood of the music that the essential absurdity of Opera can be mitigated.

It is common experience in the Poetic Drama also that the slightest discord between the mood of the scenery and the mood of the spoken verse, the slightest drawing away of the eye by the confusion of the scenery from the emotion sought to be aroused by the voice on which the ear is dwelling, blurs the emotion that the player's words are intended to evoke. As a dire result we go to bed, after an evening spent at "a great spectacular representation"



"OPHELIA"

FROM A DRAWING BY GORDON CRAIG

A Pierrot.  
The Masque  
of Love.

1901



FROM A DRAWING  
BY GORDON CRAIG



of Shakespeare or "a splendidly mounted opera," in a nightmare of tangled emotions—in a state very far removed from that which the genius whose work we had witnessed had cared to produce. We are astounded, on reflection, that a play by Shakespeare has not given us the atmosphere which its mere reading has produced in our imagination. We are suddenly a-wonder how very few of the great lines have reached our memory. Yet the whole vast industry of the operatic and theatrical world, on the Continent and in England, is to-day being bent to creating and intensifying this confusion, at ever-increasing cost and with all the thriftless energy of misplaced enthusiasm!

Art is Suggestion. A scene may be an absolutely true transcript of the real place, but it may be utterly lacking in the power to suggest that atmosphere and that mysterious essence which we call the mood of the real place. Shakespeare never saw ancient Rome, never set foot in Renaissance Italy, to his eyes Scotland was but a legend writ across the mists of the north: yet in *Julius Caesar* we breathe the very atmosphere of ancient Rome; in *Romeo and Juliet* we step out of our every-day husks, cross the airy bridge of romance, and led into the picturesque streets of our imagination, we are, at a stroke of genius, in very Italy—we gaze, convinced, at the clash of steel where the rapier

settles the squabbles of the young bloods in old-time Verona; in *Macbeth* we inhale the wild, lawless air of the Highlands, and this with an emotion that all the scholarship of the centuries could not evoke for us in a hundred volumes of facts.

The unpicturesque and dreary background of the concert platform, being wholly commonplace, is so remote from, so inappropriate to the music, that the mind rejects it altogether as a factor in the performance, it becomes a negligible quantity to the mood of the music, and thus allows the faculties to dwell upon that music untrammelled.

Probably struck by this fact, someone wrote, stupidly enough, a while ago, to prove that opera in rehearsal, played upon the bare stage, was a much more artistic thing than when played with its scenery—a statement the fatuous exaggeration of which is at once laid bare on the simple reflection that such a background would be as much out of harmony with the emotional root-idea of the different scenes of the play as is the spectacular debauch to which we are accustomed. Yet the man who wrote these lines had an uncritical right sense that "spectacular splendour" was killing the opera. But destructive criticism is indifferent surgery. The creative gift must destroy this evil of the theatre, building up an emotional reality upon the site of the razed sham.

It is through man's imagination that he reaches



"THE INCORRUPTIBLE"

FROM A PRINT BY GORDON CRAIG



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BOOK PLATE BY GORDON CRAIG

the first step of a new movement which is destined to revolutionise the production of the poetic drama. It gave abundant promise that the poetic drama of Shakespeare may be rendered with something of its innate intensity, instead of being the somewhat tedious thing it has become—to those of us who are honest in the frank society of our conscience.

In the performance of *Dido and Æneas* there was no attempt at presenting a series of realistic pictures, done from photographs taken upon the spot. The authorities on Carthage had been left in undisturbed dust, long-winded and ineffectual, upon the shelves of museums and libraries. At the rising of the curtain a very different Carthage was discovered. The spirit of each scene in the opera was carried out in a colour-scheme that essayed to convey the emotion of that scene as deliberately to the eye as the music essayed to convey it to the ears. A broad simple tone of the violet of night was given on a back-cloth—the stage being kept free from all petty and distracting detail. The players at once took on their full size, dignity and individuality. The result was a haunting impression of glowing colour, used with the sombre restraint of a great painter—an impression in which, all unwittingly, the eye helped the ear in grasping the intention of the scene. The note of tragedy was sustained throughout the piece with

the Realities. You shall not increase the suggestion of great cold in a scene on the heights of Olympus by putting foot-warmers in the hands of the gods.

*Dido and Æneas* at the Coronet Theatre was

consummate mastery in the colour as in the music. The stage, for all its simplicity, was always filled. No posturing actor took the limelight in order to show off his personality or advertise his necessity. The main scheme of the play was the main thing—it was never anything but the main thing.

In the opening scene, when the love-sick Dido, weighed down by the premonition that evil will come of her love for Æneas, refusing to be comforted by her maidens, seats herself on the scarlet cushions of her throne, a broad green belt of ivy-clad wall flanking the throne to right and left, the note of doom is struck. Her figure at once gives the dignity of her despair, where she reclines miserably at the foot of the great lilac heavens, bowing her head to her destiny—and the sense of

doom seems to grow vast as the heavens at the foot of which she bows in queenly shame.

That was a splendidly composed scene in which, amidst the mysteries of the night, against a background of moonlight, the Sorceress stands high above her sea-devils, who crawl about her feet, and flout and rise and fall, like clouts of raggy seaweed that flap against the rocks at the incoming of the treacherous tide, as she



BOOK PLATE BY GORDON CRAIG



DRAWING BY GORDON CRAIG

evilly plots the destruction of the lovers, and plans to send a messenger in the guise of a god to summon Æneas away. It was in this scene that Gordon Craig's fine artistic feeling for black and white did him yeoman service. The dim figures, seen in half-light, compelled the imagination.

The scene in which, against a background of the colour of smoke, the



BOOK PLATE BY GORDON CRAIG





DESIGN FOR PRINTED COTTON

BY JESSIE KILPIN (LEEDS)

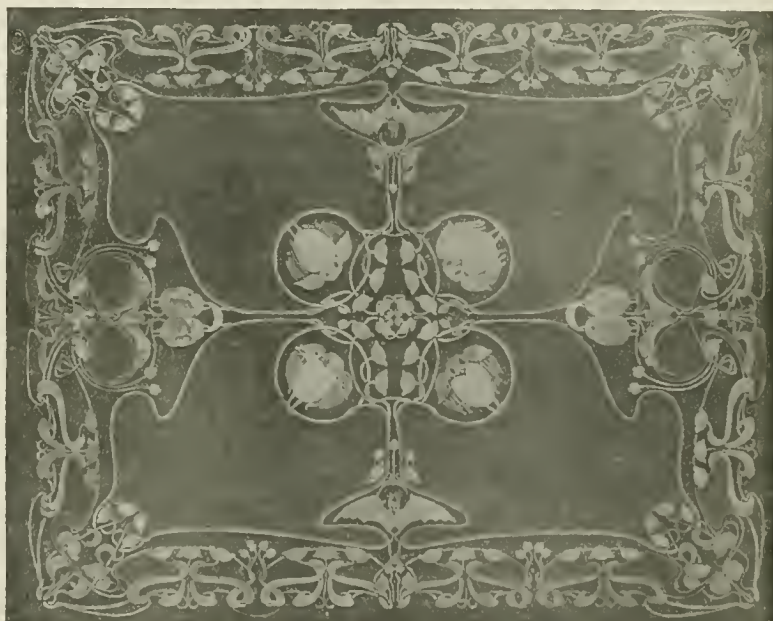
maidens of the court are caught in a thunder-shower, and group into twos and threes under the upheld shields of the young warriors, was worthy to be recorded on canvas. The decorative effect, the largeness of it, the swift-telling pantomime of it, the black-and-white, all displayed that broad, masterly treatment that we associate with the great masters in paint.

It is in the final scene that the noblest triumph is achieved. Attended by her kneeling maidens, the woe-begone figure of Dido, wrapped in her black robes, reclines amidst the sombre black cushions of her throne. The disconsolate woman tells with rare dignity at the base of the great lilac background that

springs in one vast broad expanse straight upwards to the heavens, large and majestic as the heavens themselves. The footlights being absent, and the illumination coming from above, there was flung down upon Dido's face a gentle light, which made tragic darks hover below the finely wrought and massive brows, casting mysterious gloom about the eye-pits, and holding the lower part of the features in shadow that swept into the blackness of her robes, as she uttered the exquisite death-song. The dignity and beauty of this scene, the gracefully poised figure in the midst of the sternly tragic picture, and ultimately the majesty of the dead queen as she lay, fallen back, with up-turned face towards the vast sweep of the heavens, made one of the noblest death-scenes the stage has yielded.

To attain such perfection of stage-craft, the stage-manager must be an artist. Here is an art which is completely national — which contains that great virile forcefulness, wedded to subtle taste, that has made our literature what it is. Our notion of mending is always to go spending. So vulgarity succeeds to vulgarity. If we had a few stage

managers who were artists and men of large artistic gifts such as this, the expenses of producing



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED BED-SPREAD

BY THEODORE BARKER (SALFORD)

THE NATIONAL COMPETITION, 1901. BY ESTHER WOOD.

WITHOUT assuming the pose of hopelessness towards the popular appreciation of decorative art, one may wish that a little more public interest were taken in the annual display, at the South Kensington centre, of the work of art students in all parts of the Kingdom. Here, in their most adventurous and experimental stages, are the designers of the furniture and fabrics, the ornaments and wearing apparel which to-morrow will offer us ; among them, surely, are those who will do something to sweeten and invigorate the æsthetic life of the coming generation.

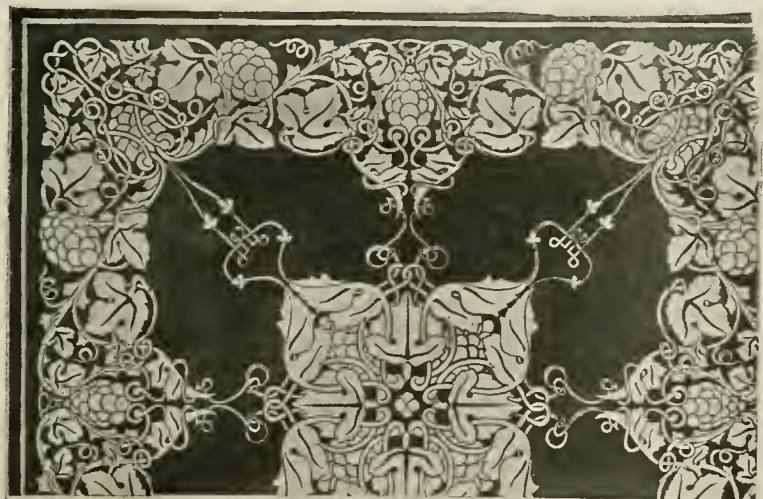
The exhibition which opened at the end of July comprised the usual proportion of technical studies, and a very creditable show of works selected for award under the National Competition in Design. Much has been said about the arbitrary conditions imposed upon these drawings and models by South Kensington rules, and certainly one of the least defensible is the intrusion of the official stamp upon the actual design. Yet, under discipline which may sometimes chafe the enterprising spirit, there is ample scope for originality of subject and treatment in a catalogue ranging from architecture to jewellery and lace.



DESIGN FOR PRINTED MUSLIN BY SARAH C. V. JARVIS (BATTERSEA)

plays and operas would not be the paralysing disease of the dramatic world. Here is no extravagant or tawdry waste of monies to produce garish stupidities, in order that the groundlings may stare open-mouthed in primitive wonder at the thousands of guineas spent. These stage-pictures are equally fitted to large or small stages ; they are fitted to reasonable cost ; they are consummately artistic ; they are altogether beautiful.

HALDANE MACFALL.



DESIGN FOR A DAMASK TABLE NAPKIN

BY MAY BARNBY (SCARBOROUGH)



## *The National Competition*



DESIGN FOR PRINTED MUSLIN

BY FANNY E. EASTLAND (WISBECH)

Curiously enough, design is weakest at the architectural end of the scale. Consequently, furniture suffers from being treated too much from the side of pattern and ornament and too little from the side of proportion and form. And even the more delicate kinds of applied art betray here and there this lack of an all-round sense of suitability and balance. For example, one of the most novel and vigorous of the women-students' designs strikes us as making an admirable decoration for a bathroom wall, but turns out to be for printed muslin. On the other hand, a hanging cupboard, instead of being kept flat and compact, spreads forward into the room with a diffusion of curves which clearly demand a solid base resting on the floor. These lapses of judgment only illustrate the value of training both in large structural work and in fine pattern at the same time.

The plaster models include some good decorative panels and friezes, as well as a number of careful designs for work to be carried out in other materials. The dainty little low-relief studies from meadowsweet and other

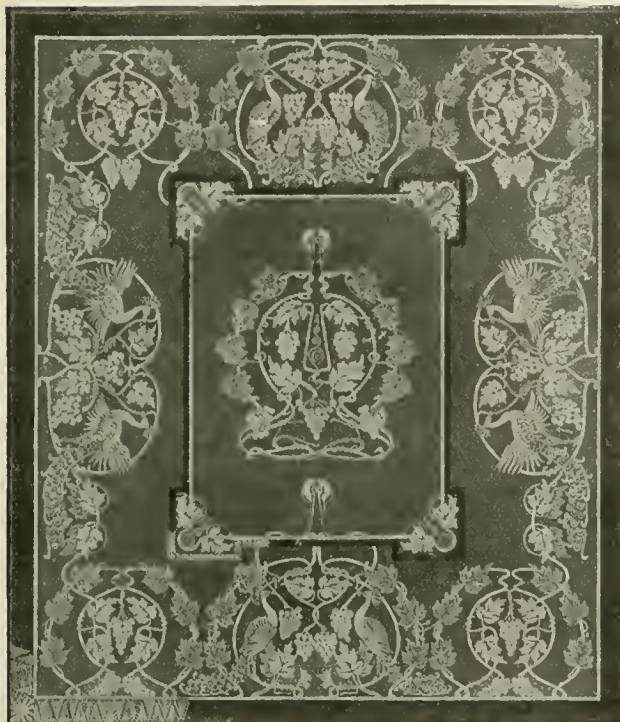
growing plants, by William S. Whelan (Dublin), show excellent feeling for decorative possibilities and a fine restraint in the treatment of surfaces. There is also a welcome originality and refinement in a panel of foliage by Cicely Carrington Steele (Hyde), and another by William Henry Young (Redditch). These three students have illustrated plaster-work at its best, in pleasant contrast with the coarse and lumpy exercises of older days; and have brought to it a more penetrating and constructive spirit than that of the mechanical copyist. The designs for wall-papers are numerous, and sustain a very fair level of quality.

Among the best are those by E. May Brown (New Cross), who succeeds in a fresh and



STENCILLED WALL FILLING

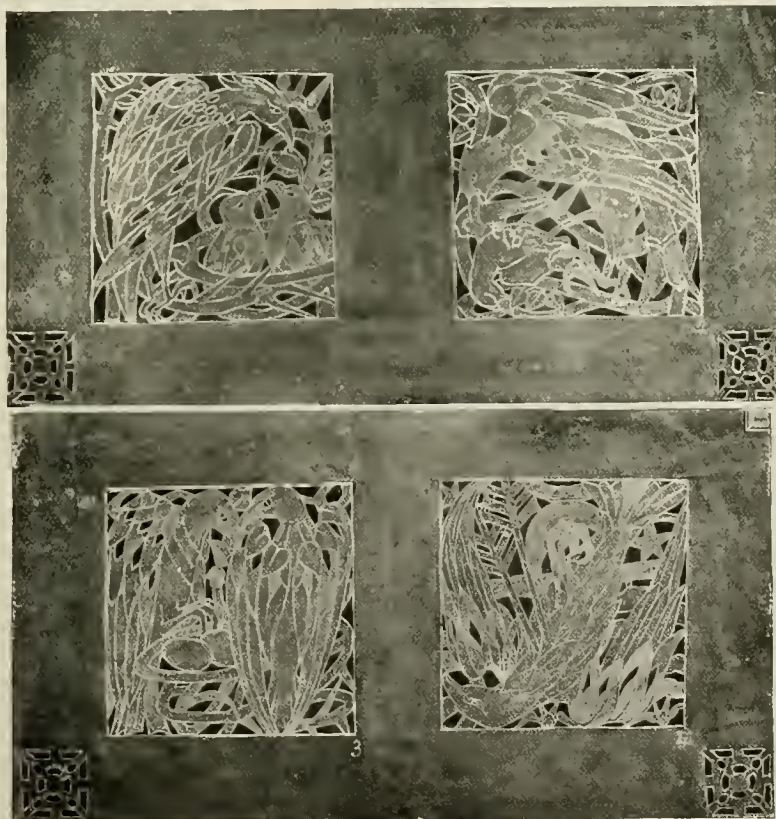
BY HARRY SMITH (DUNDEE)



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED COUNTERPANE  
BY JAMES STOOPE (BELFAST)

bold treatment of the dandelion, and by Alice Tyrer (Blackheath). Still better are the stencilled friezes and wall-decorations for other methods than paper. A wall-filling and frieze, by John H. Sayner (Leeds), is especially good in its strong and unpretentious treatment of that unwearying theme, the rose. The design by Margaret E. Martin (Wolverhampton) perhaps errs a little on the side of elaboration in pattern, but contains much careful construction, and in colour is harmonious and quiet. Stencilling, however, seems to demand a severe treatment of line, and attains its charm rather by sparse and broad figures, allowing for the play of a few well-chosen tints. The same criticism

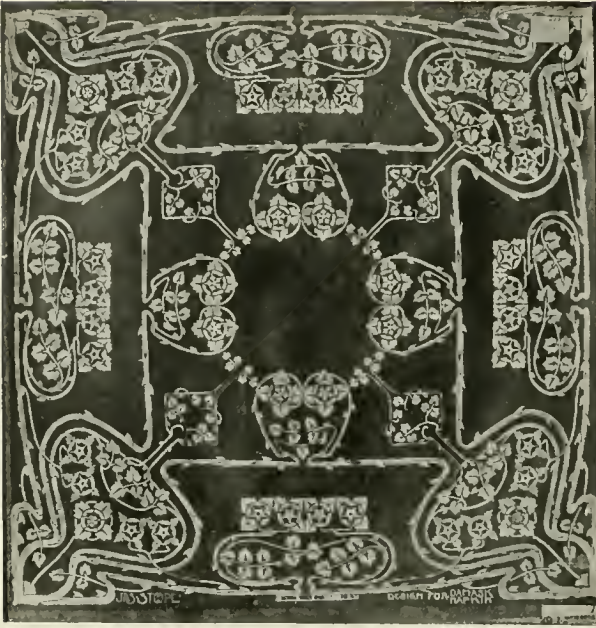
applies to a stencilled frieze by Harry Tattersall (Heywood), in which a close and complex pattern, well within the limits of a textile or paper, is another instance of conscientious labour misapplied. In designs for embroidery and muslins there are several fresh and dainty patterns by the same hand. Perhaps the best of the friezes is by Harry Ward (Taunton). It is a stencilled decoration for self-coloured canvas, admirably suited to its purpose and material, and drawn and executed, both as regards the design and the actual stencilling, in a thoroughly workmanlike way. The same conscientious finish in the setting-out of the working drawing in its several stages side by side with the applied design is happily shown by Eric H. Swinstead (North London) in his designs based on the nasturtium, including a bureau-panel inlaid with boxwood and fitted with a pewter handle and lockplate combined; and by William H. Wilkinson (Leeds) in his design for



DESIGN FOR A CUT-WORK TABLE CENTRE BY MINNIE BOLTON (BIRMINGHAM)



## *The National Competition*



DESIGN FOR A DAMASK TABLE NAPKIN  
BY JAMES STOOPE (BELFAST)

a newel-post, which is very simply and pleasantly treated, the post well-proportioned and the ornament interesting. The complete drawings with detail of ornament are, of course, shown beside the actual post. Some designs for the decoration of a music-room, by Charles Gascoyne (Nottingham), are a little lavish in colour, but agreeable and sound in their general scheme. In the architectural exteriors a little plaster model for a fountain, by David H. Hodge (Plymouth), is one of the most promising efforts of the year. Designs for the larger kinds of metal-work are fewer than usual; but Thomas W. Bisgrove (Holloway) has a graceful little convention from the violet applied to a letter-box frame for cast bronze, and Walter Hayes (Birmingham) a vigorous modelled design for a door-plate and handle on a rather massive scale. In cartoons for stained glass, the Liverpool, Birmingham, and Nottingham schools sustain their reputation of

previous years; the Glasgow work is very unequal, but several examples are distinctly good.

The use of gesso seems to have waned a little in the favour of the competitors, and indeed it is at the best an exacting and limited medium—all the more fascinating perhaps for certain subtle effects in decorative colour. A good example of its qualities occurs in a smoker's cabinet, ingeniously and very tastefully planned, both in structure and decoration, by Edith James (Bradford). Here

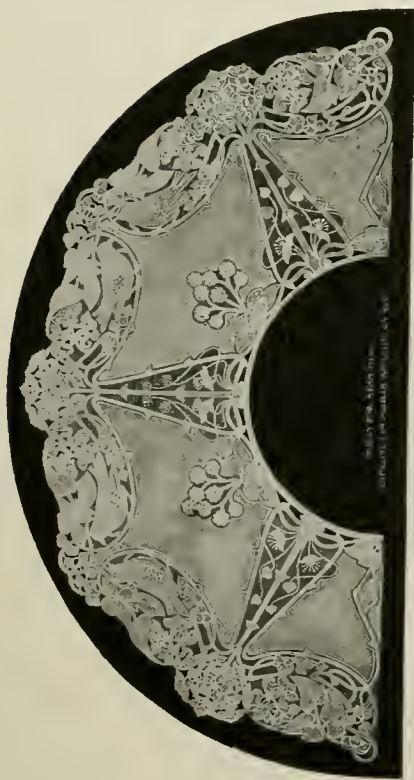


DESIGN FOR A PLATE BY THOMAS DICKINSON



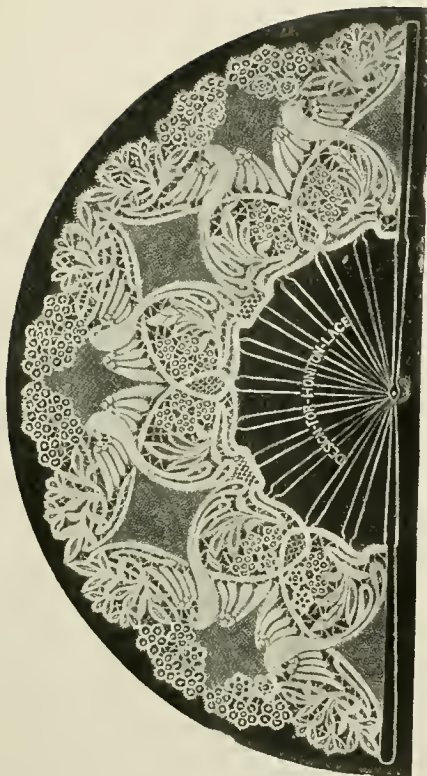
LACE COLLAR

BY EDITH EMERSON (DUBLIN)



DESIGN FOR A FAN

BY ANNIE STOOK (TAUNTON)



DESIGN FOR A FAN

BY LYDIA C. HAMMETT (TAUNTON)

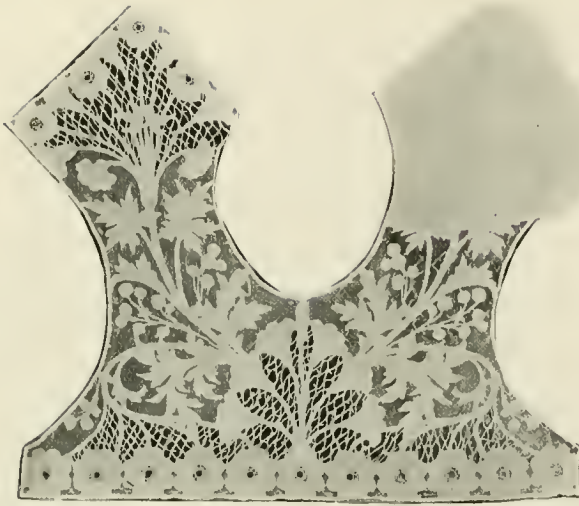


DESIGNS FOR DOYLEYS

BY ANNIE FELLOWS (BIRMINGHAM)

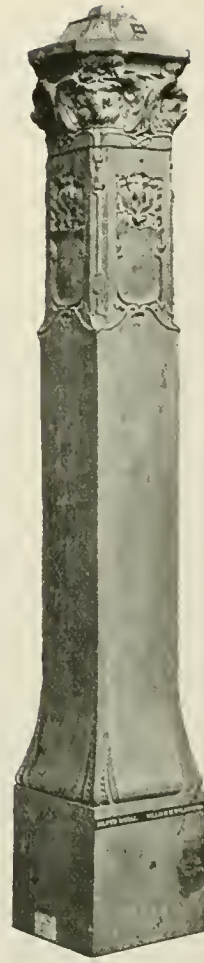






DESIGN FOR A LACE COLLAR BY LILY M. PRATT (WORCESTER)

again the details of the working drawing are admirably set out. Screens, on the other hand, have been a little overdone of late years by the amateur needle-woman and flower painter, and later by the too prolific worker in *repoussé* metal. Yet, as their utility and decorative value are assured, it is for the well-equipped designer to rescue them from the standard of the charity bazaar and build and adorn them after better models. Hilda Myers (Bradford) breaks new ground in this direction in a striking but admirably simple design for a folding fire-screen with embroidered panels. The colouring of these is bold and the design full of feeling; the gold is used with excellent judgment on a ground of shadowy purples; and the brown wood of the frame is



NEWEL POST  
BY W. H. WILKINSON  
(LEEDS)



DESIGN FOR FICHU AND CUFF

BY ETHEL HEDGELAND (DOVER)

stained smooth and left restfully free of carvings or mouldings, so as to distract in no way from the decorations within. In a quite different manner Kate Allen (New Cross) has adapted the theme of an eighteenth-century garden to an embroidered decoration for a screen. This is treated on a large scale, and demands a spacious room or corridor to focus it pleasantly, but the arrangement of the close-clipped trees, the peacock and sundial, and the brilliant heads of hollyhocks just seen over the

wall, is on the whole a very fresh and bright treatment of familiar material. In fact, the quality of textile decoration generally, whether in



DOORPLATE AND HANDLE  
BY WALTER HAYES  
(BIRMINGHAM)

stencil, embroidery, or printed pattern, has undergone a marked improvement, and influences of one kind or another are steadily weeding out the cumberers of the ground. Another New Cross student, Freda Garrad, sends a simple but very effective convention of peacocks' feathers for an embroidered screen. One of the most charming stencil designs of the year is for a silk hanging, by Smith Ashby Neate (Bath). The pattern is worked out in dull greens and purples, and the limits and possibilities of a quick and light method applied to a delicate fabric have been very well observed.



DESIGN FOR A LACE FAN

BY LILLIE HOWIE (SOUTHPORT)

Christina Corbett (Carlisle) is not quite so successful in a more ambitious *portière*. There is a tendency, both here and in some of the wall-papers, to expect too much of a plain repeat, and to make

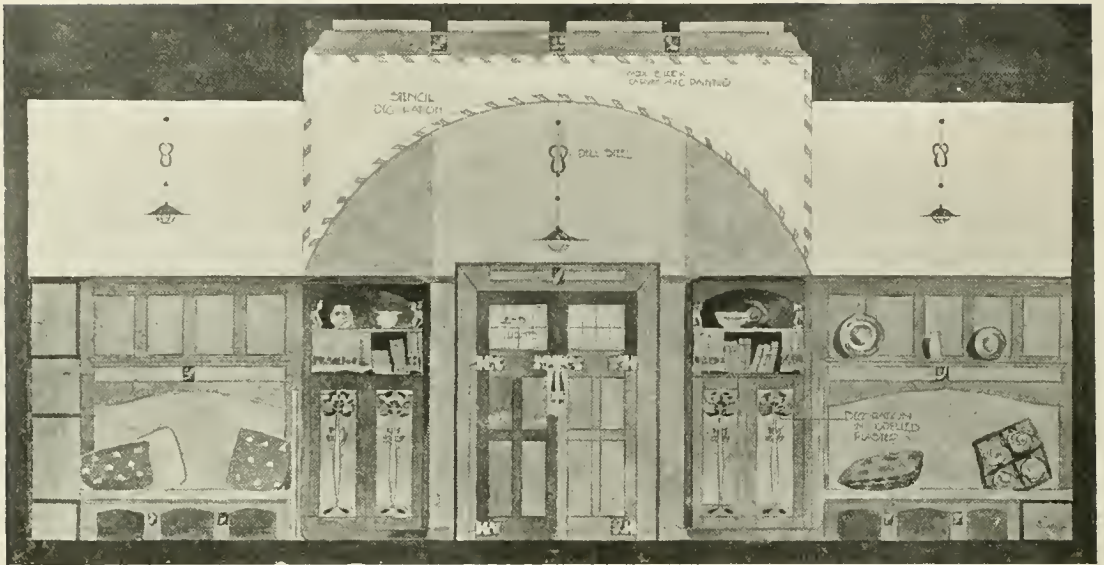


RURAL FOUNTAIN

BY D. H. HODGE (PLYMOUTH)



# *The National Competition*



DESIGN FOR THE DECORATION OF A MUSIC ROOM

BY C. GASCOYNE (NOTTINGHAM)



DESIGN FOR THE DECORATION OF A MUSIC ROOM

BY C. GASCOYNE (NOTTINGHAM)

mere strings of conventional leaves and flowers serve for lines and curves without much justification, and perhaps for lack of imaginative resource. There are one or two excellent cushion covers this year,—another field that had to be rescued from the dominion of crazy-patchwork and Berlin wool. One by Amy Hinton (Battersea) has an excellent decoration from the clematis, and there are some remarkably good designs by Elizabeth E. Stephenson (South Shields), and some by Winifred Turnbull (Liverpool) in which a delicate and very lightly coloured floral figure is used with interesting effect. From Liverpool also come the dainty little d'oyleys by Helena G. Shaw, embroidered in silks with praiseworthy handiwork, and from Birmingham an equally pretty set of d'oyleys by Annie Fellows.

Among the designs for damask or white linens, in which the help of colour is foresworn, a number of creditable works are to be noticed. One of the most ingenious and pretty decorations for a bed-spread is by Theodore Barker (Salford), and here



DESIGN FOR A FOLDING FIRE-SCREEN  
BY HILDA MYERS (BRADFORD TECHNICAL COLLEGE)



WINGS OF A FOLDING FIRE-SCREEN  
BY HILDA MYERS (BRADFORD  
TECHNICAL COLLEGE)

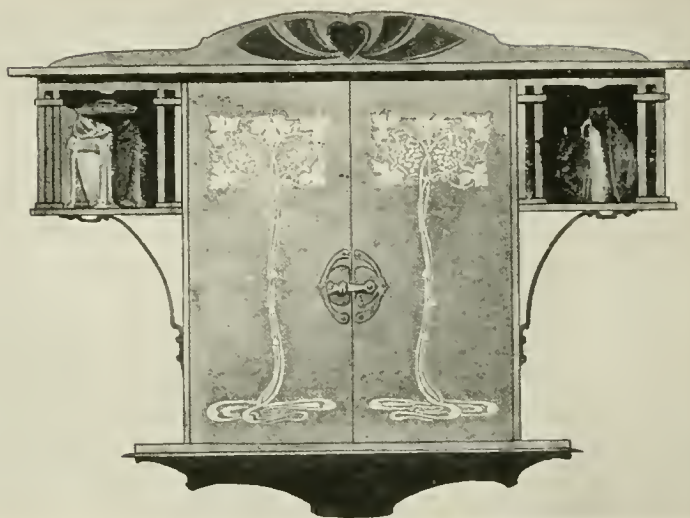
the symbolic owl and bat are admirably used in the several parts of the design. James Stoope (Belfast) also uses owls effectively in the decoration of a *portière*, and has some excellent work in damask. The construction of the design for a table-napkin is extremely good, filling the ground in a way that is satisfying in the mass and interesting in detail. May Barmby (Scarborough) also shows good exhibits in this class. An agreeable novelty is afforded by some cut-work decorations for a linen table-centre by Minnie Bolton (Birmingham). These are very tastefully conceived and beautifully executed, but would be much better seen if mounted on a coloured background.

Lace forms a considerable section of this





DESIGN FOR A SMOKER'S CABINET



BY EDITH JAMES (BRADFORD TECHNICAL COLLEGE)



PANEL OF SMOKER'S CABINET  
BY EDITH JAMES (BRADFORD  
TECHNICAL COLLEGE)

year's display, and though not distinguished by any great originality of idea, maintains a very fair standard of craftsmanship and design. A great many students seem to have had their attention turned to this branch of work by the tendency of fashions during the last two seasons, and there ought to be scope in these competitions for the design of wearing apparel as to its general form as well as its decoration. Some beautiful examples of lace are shown by Lydia C. Hammett (Taunton), who is already favourably known in this class, and by Lily M. Pratt (Worcester), Lily Howie (Southport), and Edith Emerson (Dublin). Another Taunton student, Annie Stook, has a clever little design for a fan muslin appliqué on net, and Ethel Hedgeland (Dover) shows excellent work in a lace dress-panel with fichu and cuffs. There seems no reason why designers of real capacity and artistic feeling should not be opportunists in the matter of design, and take advantage of every phase of popular taste that offers any chance to raise the standard of material and decoration in attire.

Battersea again takes the lead in designs for printed muslin, in which this school was so happily distinguished last year. The exhibit by Sarah C. V. Jarvis only suffers from being too large and architectural for a delicate fabric; those of Frederick Hoare (Battersea), Robert J. Emerson (Leicester), Fanny Eastland (Wisbech), James A. Hancox (Mansfield), Ethel Bullock (Blackheath), Maude R. Smith (Watford), and E. May Brown (New Cross) are full of interest and charm, and though none of these excel the first in power of decorative

## The National Competition

composition, all are more suited to the material for which they are meant.

There is still a lack of individual development in the field of black-and-white illustration. Some of the best students go through a phase of imitative Celticism, if we may so describe it; and on the principle that we must all begin by imitating somebody or other this must not be too unkindly discouraged. The work of Allan Inglis (Dundee)

The Lambeth students again distinguish themselves in designs for colour-prints, and those of Daisy Hansford, Gertrude Steel, and Ruth Burgess deserve special praise. The fact of their charming chiefly in their colour debars them from ordinary reproduction, but the drawing in nearly all is substantially good. Unfortunately, side by side with these really delightful and workmanlike examples of the craft, one sees a tendency

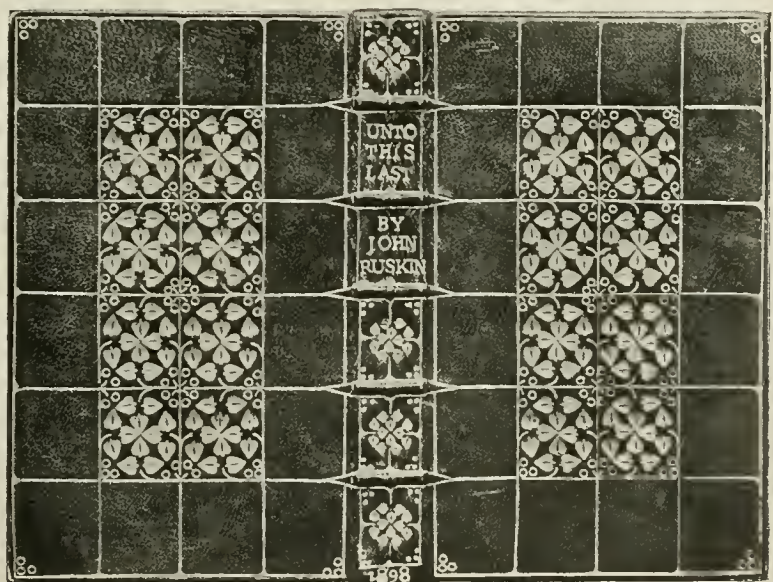
towards colour-prints of an inferior kind, both prolific and slovenly, and threatening to lower the standard here in a manner that should be sternly repressed. The work of Gertrude Steel, it should be said, is equally admirable in colour-print designing and in black-and-white. Janet Simpson, of the same school (Lambeth), also shows excellent feeling for composition in black-and-white, though her drawing is not quite above reproach. Near this group are seen a very successful little series of stencilled Christmas cards by Florence Laverock (Liverpool), which affords one of the best examples



DESIGN FOR A BOOK COVER

BY EDWARD HEALEY (HULL)

promises to outlive these temporary influences and to show fine qualities of its own, while that of Harry Wanless (Scarborough) has already done so, and his decorative drawings and other designs show a steady increase of power, especially those intended for colour prints—a department which gains in interest every year. The black-and-white studies of Arthur G. Watts (New Cross) show a good sense of decorative line in landscape, and his sea-coast drawings of East Anglian character are very pleasant.



TOOLED LEATHER BINDING

BY WILLIAM TERRY (CAMBERWELL)



## The National Competition



DESIGN FOR A STAINED GLASS WINDOW BY KATE M. EADIE (BIRMINGHAM)

of a dainty decoration, just sufficient for its purpose, achieved by simple and artistic means.

The book-cover designs, though small in scope, are praiseworthy in quality; especially those of

David A. Baxter (Liverpool). He sends an excellent binding for the *Love Poems of Shelley*, two magazine covers—for *The Flamingo* and *Modern Design*, another for Mr. L. F. Day's book on embossed leather (though here the lettering is a little too fanciful and obscure), and a remarkably clever and effective design of beetles for a steel-and-enamel binding of *Insect Life*. This decoration is as simple as it is striking, and would have borne a little more careful detail in the working drawing. Edith M. Collier (Chiswick) sends a good cover design for the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a still better one for the *Memories of Burne-Jones*. The work of Edward Healey (Hull) errs a little on the side of elaboration, but contains much thoughtful and conscientious effort: his *Nicholas Nickleby* is the best of his cover designs. An admirable example of the actual tooling is shown by William Terry (Camberwell), who exhibits his process from design to execution in the fullest and most workmanlike way. In this group of decorations there are some very charming and delicate end-papers by Laura Brocklebank (Blackheath), which are obviously impossible to illustrate, but must not be passed without praise.

Jewellery does not present much novelty this year. The New Cross students maintain their good repute in this direction, and among the new-



DESIGN FOR A COLOUR-PRINT

BY HARRY WANLESS (SCARBOROUGH)



DESIGN FOR A COLOUR-PRINT

BY HARRY WANLESS (SCARBOROUGH)

comers may be noticed Mary Howland (Hammer-smith), who sends a graceful little design for a pierced silver buckle, and Frederick Gordon (Burslem), whose belt-clasp in silver and enamels is very well contrived. This last student is also represented by an agreeable flowing design for tiles, arranged for a vertical border. Another restful and satisfying tile-pattern is by Rowland

Gill (Colchester); and the finished set by Thomas Hammond (Coalbrookdale), tastefully mounted and hung with the working drawings, is among the best tiles of the year. Pottery is a stronger feature than usual, and it is good to see that in this department also the exhibition of the finished object as well as the design is at last being encouraged. A sgraffito vase by Frances Baker (Blackheath) is here very pleasantly conspicuous. Among the designs for plates may be noticed a



STENCILLED FRIEZE BORDER

BY HARRY WARD (TAUNTON)

familiar subjects with freshness of touch and imaginative ardour is an art sometimes hid from the wise and prudent and revealed to beginners, of whom this exhibition discloses a very promising band.

## STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—It is to be regretted that the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington should have adopted the title of "New Art" in describing the examples of furniture, pottery and glass, purchased by Mr. George Donaldson at the Paris Exhibition of last year, and generously presented by him to the Museum. It is true that the objects show more individuality in design than is usually apparent in modern work. But is individuality in art new? Is not all great art essentially individual?

The objects themselves should be criticised upon their own merits. Some of the furniture is faulty in constructive design, although certainly not more so than many designs by Chippendale and other acknowledged masters. The ornamental details are in several cases decidedly weak, and show a lack of decorative knowledge on the part of the designers. The workmanship, however, in nearly all the exhibits is entirely satisfactory, and may be studied with advantage by many of our practical cabinet makers.

The most successful piece of furniture in point of design is the table by M. Colonna, exhibited by M. Bing, and already illustrated in *THE STUDIO*. It is entirely French in conception, restrained in outline and decoration, though less severe in form than the best British work.

The examples of pottery by Chaplet, Bigot and Professor Max Läger, and the lustre glass by Lötze are especially good. Both in Germany and France a great advance has been made in recent



SGRAFFITTO VASE

BY FRANCES BAKER  
(BLACKHEATH)

series by Thomas Dickinson (Lancaster), who has made an original and pretty border with a decoration of field-mice nibbling corn. To handle



years in the artistic quality of earthenware, not only in those varieties which depend for their beauty upon the selection and management of the glazes, but also in those decorated by ornamental patterns. The selection exhibited is not sufficiently extensive to do justice to the great advance which has been made, but it is interesting enough to merit especial attention.

The handsome casket in bronze, silver, enamel, and precious stones, designed and executed by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, which is illustrated on page 271, is to be presented by the Corporation of Capetown to Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell.

Landscape painters have many kinds of stupidity to contend against. The popular notion that a painted landscape ought to represent "a real scene or place," and be topographically accurate, is one kind, and it has kept many a painter of imagination from winning his merited reward of success. It has certainly been unkind to Mr. F. F. Foottet, whose unfamiliar phases of poetic thought in

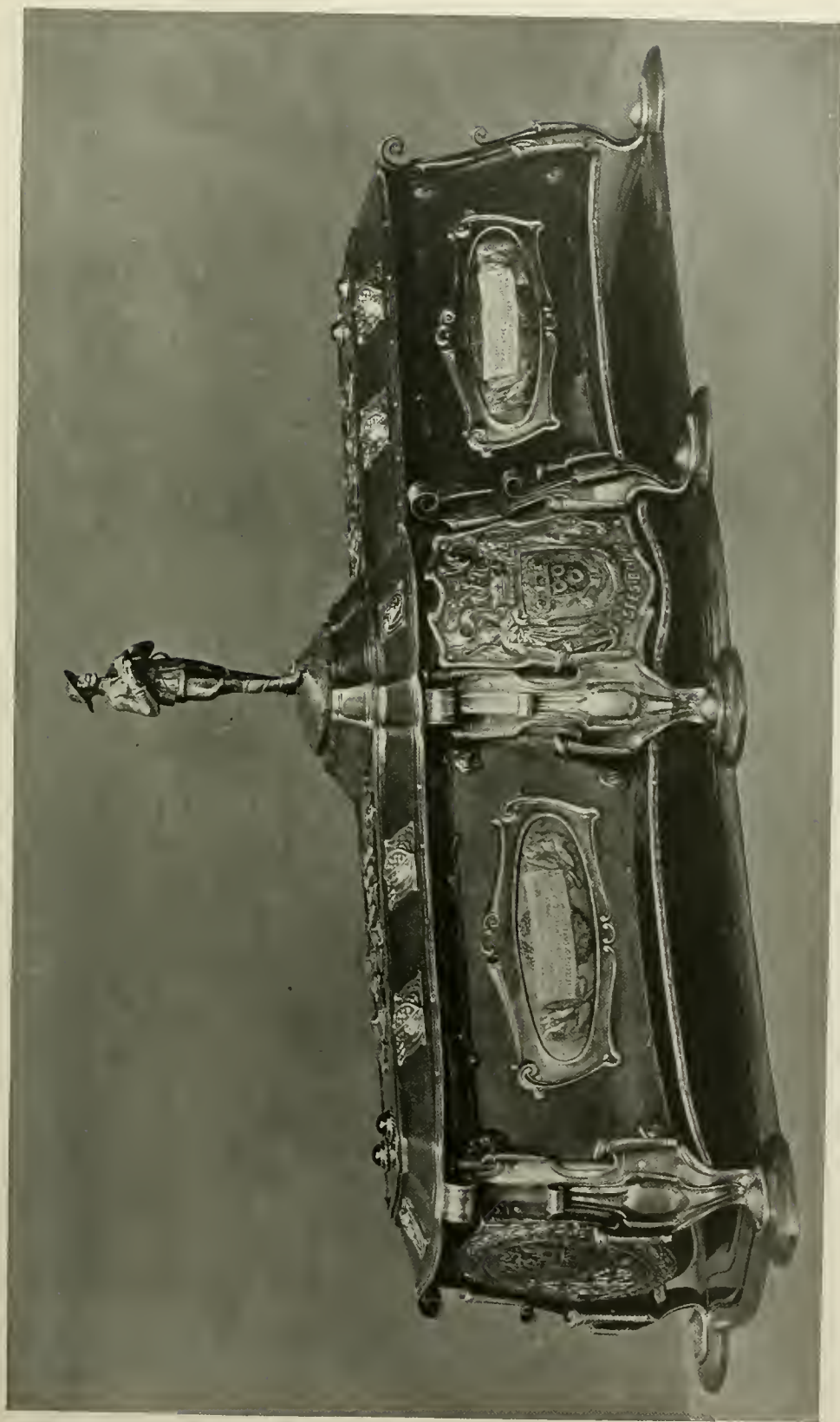
landscape art are not appreciated as they ought to be, in spite of their claims on all who take delight in originality. Mr. Foottet's pictures are at times as remarkable for their eeriness as the landscapes described by Edgar Poe; while at other times their impressionism is truly decorative in its large suggestions of design. The danger that Mr. Foottet has to avoid is a tendency to rely overmuch on mysterious effects of colour, and to place insufficient value on well-observed drawing. This tendency may be seen in the illustration that is given here of a picture entitled *Twilight*, which would lose none of its uncommon merit if the trees gripped the earth in a natural way.

Though a new-comer in the ranks of the etchers, Miss Bauerle already deserves note for the cleverness with which she makes use of her difficult medium. *The Goblin Market* has abundant fancy, and a playful grace and sympathy give a charming interest to her idyll of childhood, *When the World was Young*.



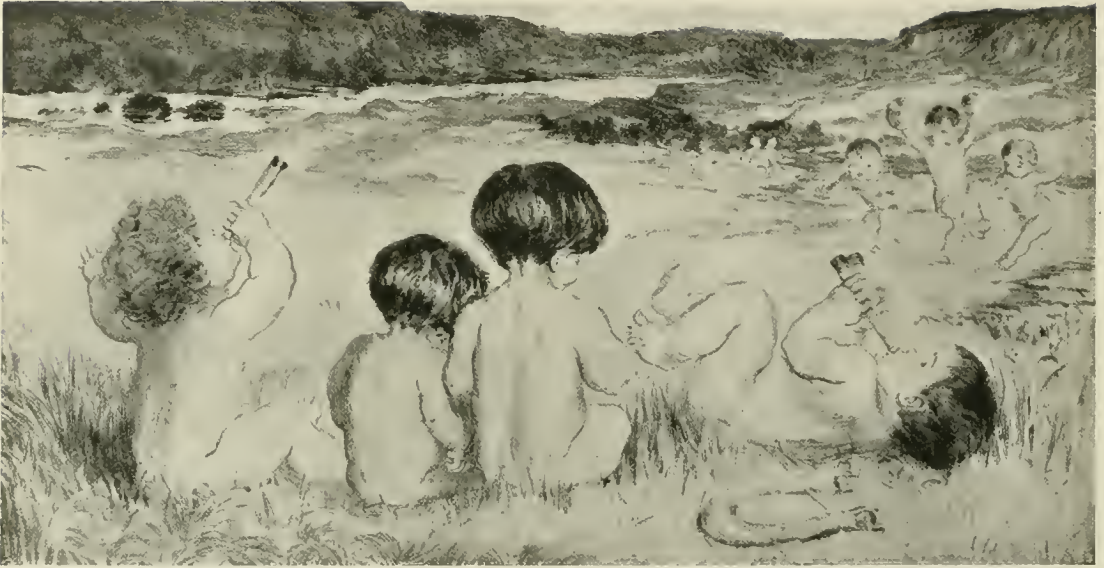
"TWILIGHT"

BY F. F. FOOTTET



CASKET DESIGNED AND  
EXECUTED BY NELSON  
AND EDITH DAWSON





"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG"

(See *London Studio-Talk*)

FROM AN ETCHING BY MISS BAUERLE

Miss Adeline S. Illingworth, in her pen-drawing of Westminster Abbey (reproduced on page 273), achieves a noteworthy success, the craft of line being admirably delicate and firm. The distribution of light is effective, the lost details are suggested with good judgment, and the drawing as a whole could not well be improved.

EDINBURGH.—There is at present on view in the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy, National Gallery, a collection of works by Sir Henry Raeburn and other deceased Scottish painters, and, considering the great demands that the Glasgow International has made on the generosity of collectors, it is

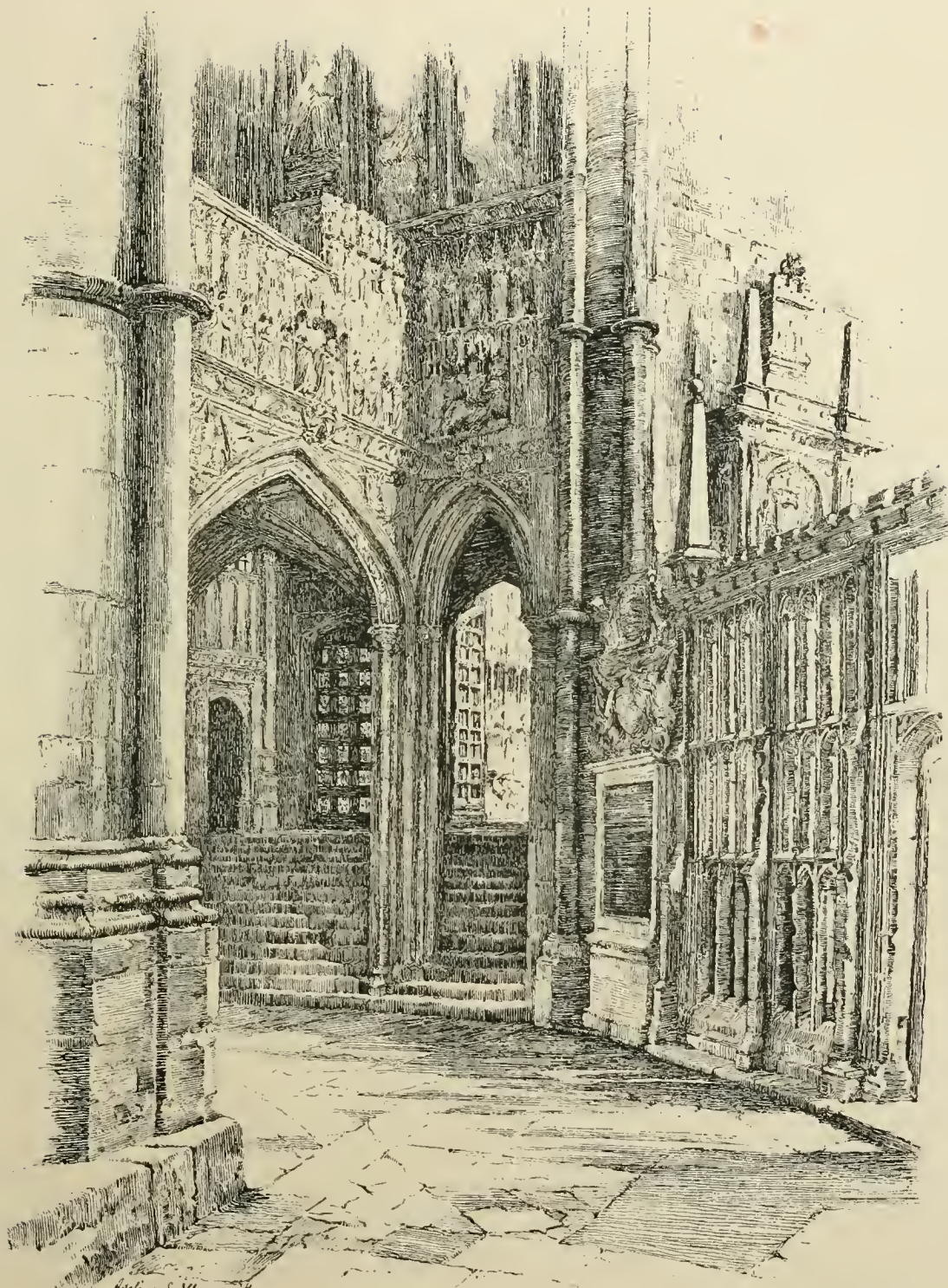


"THE GOBLIN MARKET"

(See *London Studio-Talk*)

FROM AN ETCHING BY MISS BAUERLE









"WESTMINSTER ABBEY" FROM  
THE PEN-DRAWING BY  
ADELINE S. ILLINGWORTH



wonderfully good in quality. Absence of anything by McCulloch, who, whatever his shortcomings, is the most characteristic Scottish landscape painter of his period, or Milne Donald, or Graham Gilbert, is to be regretted; and it is a pity that the few Scotsmen who have done anything in sculpture are completely ignored; but, on the whole, the exhibition is fairly representative of the past of Scottish painting.

One room has been devoted to Raeburn, and as nearly forty of his pictures, including a considerable proportion of his finest achievements, have been brought together, one has an admirable opportunity of estimating the powers of this great painter. But if Raeburn dominates the exhibition, he does not exhaust its interest. Three or four characteristic Wilkies, fine portraits by Geddes and Watson Gordon, several first-class Phillips, and many typical landscapes, among them *Castle Baan*, perhaps the loveliest picture painted, by Thomson of Duddingston; two David Scotts of rare quality, an exhaustive representation of Sir W. Fettes Douglas's remarkable work in still life, *genre*, and landscape, several beautiful things by G. P. Chalmers and some exquisite landscapes by Wintour and Alexander Fraser; and a fair representation of Duncan (the two *Prince Charlie* pictures), Harvey (*Sheep-shearing* and others), Dyce, the Scott Lauders, Sam Bough, and Pettie sustain the interest from first to last.

While the galleries on the Mound may be said to represent the past of Scottish painting, the Society of Scottish Artists' exhibition, now open in the French Gallery, Princes Street, shows what is being done by a section of the younger men. Despite its name, the Society is almost

exclusively an East country combination. Mr. McTaggart marks his honorary vice-presidency by sending a characteristic picture to the show of his young confrères. Mr. W. Y. MacGregor's little landscape, one of his finest works, and Mr. Roche's *Study of a Girl's Head* are also complete and rounded performances; and Mr. Edwin Alexander has a large and masterly water-colour of a *Pea-hen and Chickens*. Among other notable things mention may be made of two landscapes by Mr. Campbell Mitchell; of Mr. Robert Burns's *The Lute*—the completest thing he has yet shown; of Mr. Charles H. Mackie's *The Japanese Picture Book*, and Mr. MacGeorge's *A Day on the Shore*. The smaller space available this year necessitated the abandonment of the usual loan collection, and without its aid the weak points of the Society were rather apparent

J. L. C.

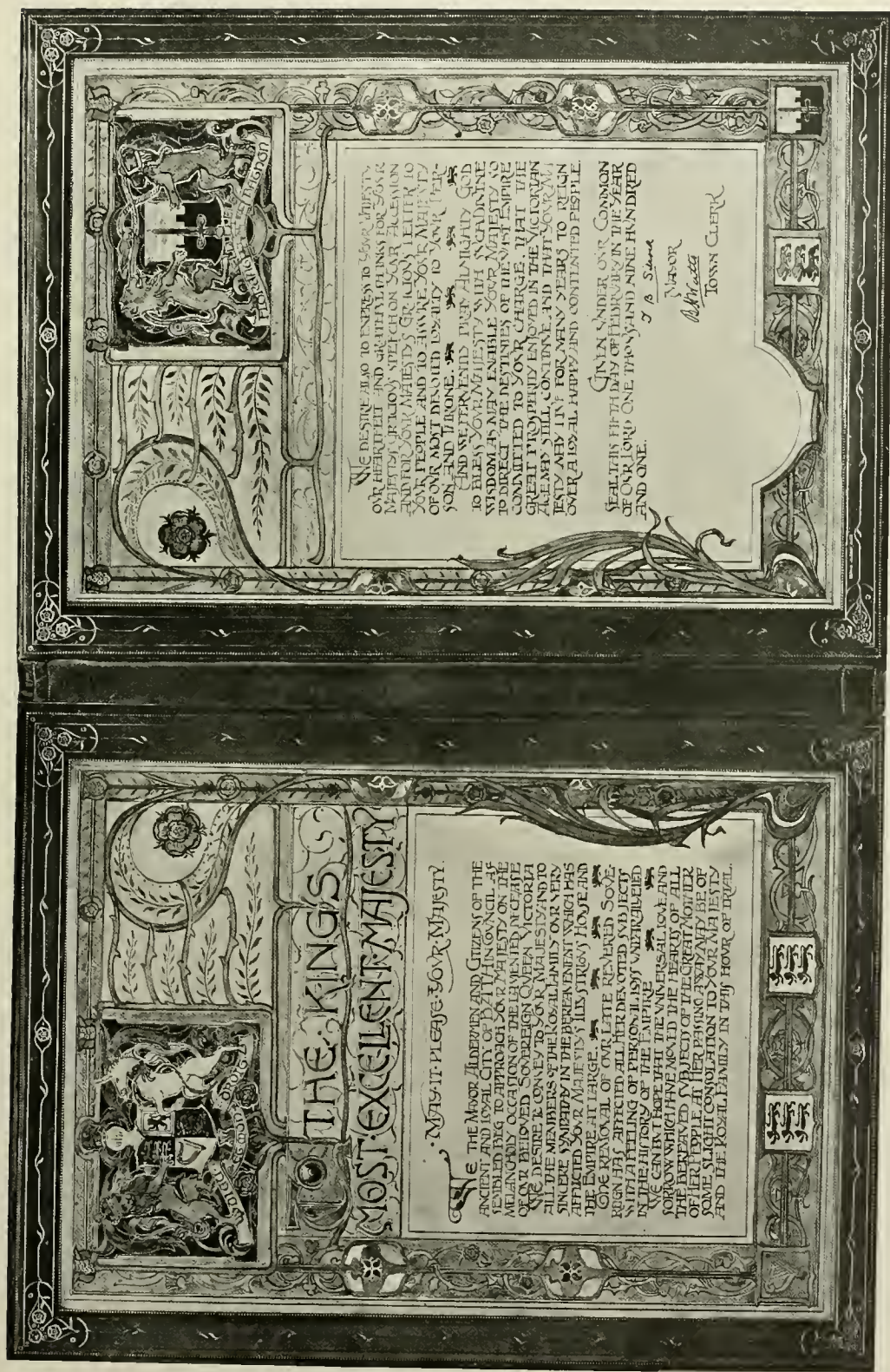


EMBOSSED LEATHER ADDRESS COVER

DESIGNED BY H. G. FELL

(See Bath Studio-Talk)





ILLUMINATED ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE  
DESIGNED BY H. GRANVILLE FELL

(See Bath Studio-Talk)





DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN

BY MISS C. A. WALKER

**B**ATH.—The address of condolence presented by the City of Bath to His Majesty the King, which is reproduced on page 275, was illuminated and bound in the studios and workshops of Mr. Cedric Chivers, Portway, Bath, where Mr. Granville Fell's designs for the embossed leather cover and inner illumination were carried out by Miss Alice Shepherd and Mr. Poole.

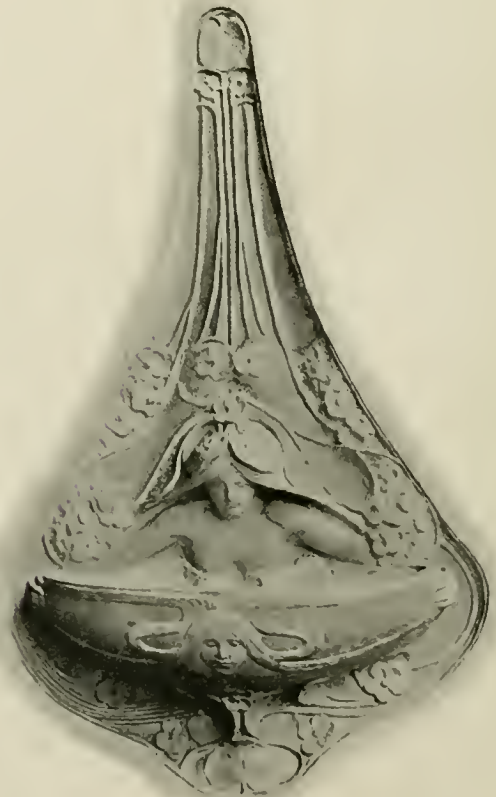
It is interesting to note that the address inaugurates a new departure. It is carried out in a new process invented by Mr. Chivers, which he calls "Vellucent," a combination of the words "translucent" and "vellum."

"Vellucent" is produced by carrying out a design in the usual way on paper, upon which is superimposed a sheet of vellum rendered transparent. This is then subjected to pressure,

and the result gives the painting the appearance of being on the vellum, whilst in reality it is under the surface and therefore much more lasting and durable. Inlays of iridescent shell are introduced under the vellum, and the gold tooling is then proceeded with on its surface to give the finishing touch of richness.

**L**IVERPOOL.—A very satisfactory exhibition of the work of the students of the School of Architecture and Applied Art was recently opened by the Lord Mayor at the Walker Art Gallery. The drawings of the architectural students show that they are instructed in good practical details as well as in artistic design suited to every-day requirements. Skilful planning, associated with characteristic design, entitles F. G. Barker and A. Stevens to the first and second prizes awarded for the term's work. F. Rimmington, Guy Blood, and W. T. Clarke also show commendable drawings.

Clay modelling from the life and for competitive designs for fountains, altar panels, and other sub-



DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN

BY MISS R. D. CARVER







jects, stands out prominently in this year's exhibition. Excellent compositions made from life studies are contributed by Miss C. E. Martin, Miss C. Jackson, Miss C. N. Thorburn, and A. R. Martin. Miss M. Collen's low relief "altar panel" won the first prize in this competition; and for a "drinking fountain" Miss C. A. Walker and Miss R. D. Carver took first and second prizes. Modeling from the cast has produced good results in the term's work of Miss Ruth Bare, H. Anderson, T. Shaw, and Miss F. G. Craine. Drawing and painting from life does not show any very marked success this year, the foremost students in this branch being Miss C. N. Thorburn, G. W. Harris, and H. Stabler, while there are some notably good posters, book covers, and title-pages, by Miss C. A. Walker, Miss M. Collens, Miss Phœbe McLeish, and Miss H. M. Crossfield.

Praise must be awarded to Miss C. Gwatkin for great industry and much skilful design in several of the handicrafts, wherein she shows much promise. The needlework of Miss P. McLeish and Miss S. G. Dowie, and the stained glass executed

by T. W. French, deserve also to be noticed. W. T. Pavitt has worked a gracefully-designed clock case in beaten copper. The other metal work which attracts attention is a clever grille panel by W. J. Blackburn, and a grotesque door-knocker by A. Pettigrew, both in wrought-iron. The chief contributors to the display of enamels are L. G. Phipps, C. E. Thompson, and W. Fazakerly. The class, though very recently formed under the instruction of Miss L. Day, has already attained some very excellent results, and is decidedly improving.

H. B. B.

PARIS.—At the "Art Nouveau" M. Bing had recently a most interesting display by modern Japanese artists, members of the "Nihon-Gwakai" of Tokio.

The "Nihon-Gwakai" is a society of painters analogous to our European artistic associations, but with perhaps somewhat more of union among its members, each of whom, while preserving his own artistic personality, is closely concerned in the



"VILLA SOUS LA PLUIE"

BY KOTEI



well-being and development of the society to which he belongs.

The dominating tendency of the "Nihon-Gwakai" is to resist to the utmost the daily-increasing spread of European influences, and thus to prevent the extinction of the national spirit, which for ages past has constituted the strength and the unity of Japanese art.

Can it be that in their heart of hearts these artists hold the sincere conviction that the ancient methods of Japan are capable of enduring in the future, and that a dying tradition may be galvanised into new and durable life by the sheer will of a handful of enthusiasts? In other words, that it can be kept alive, as it were, artificially. The Japanese art of old is dead, quite dead—which is by no means the same thing as saying that Japan is dead artistically.

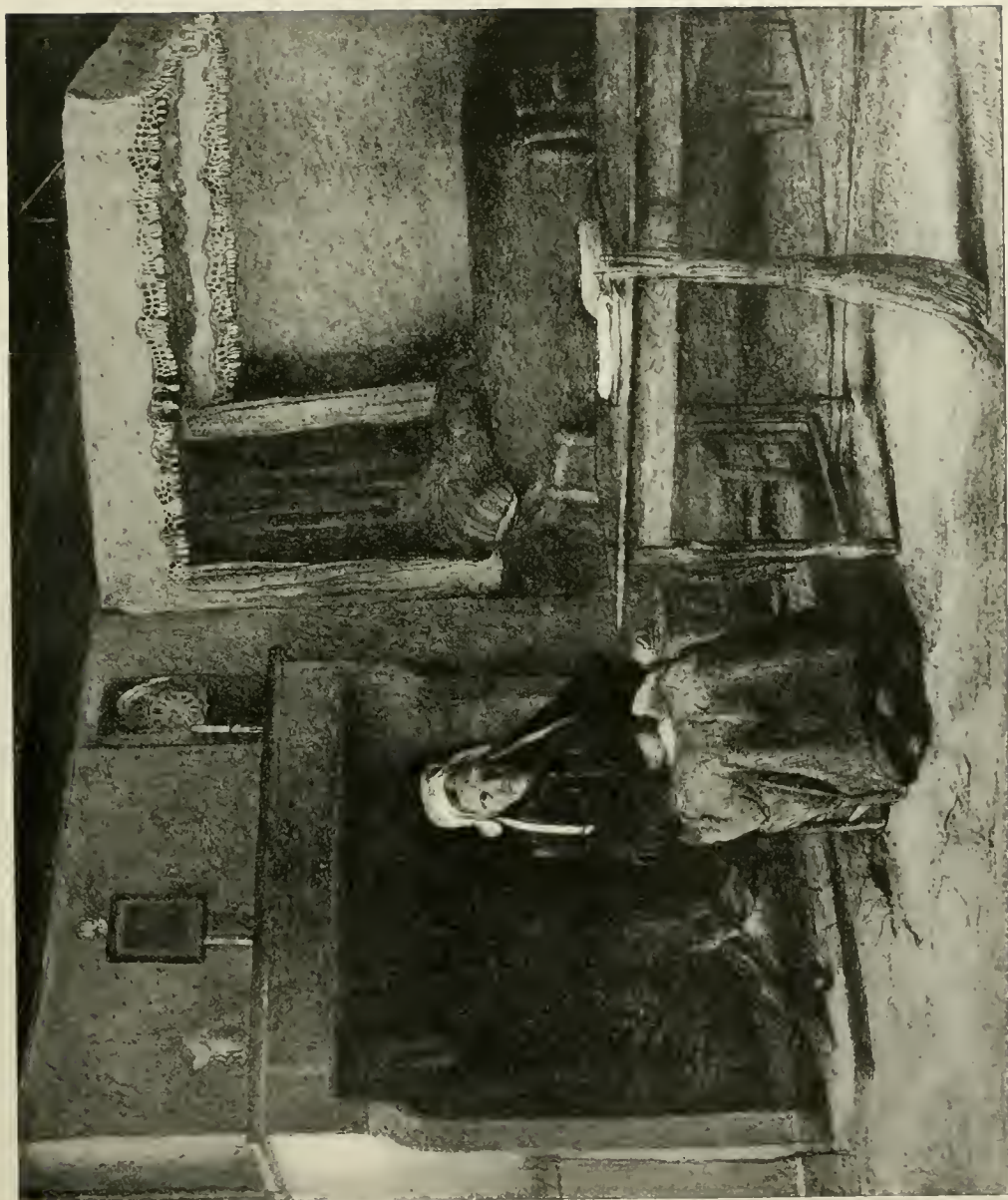
New forms must needs take the place of the old. What was must be followed by what is, and what is to be. The freshness, the still vigorous sap of Japan will come victoriously through the crisis. From contact with the Western world will spring a mingled art. The present period is one of transition, and the works it produces are interesting in that they mark a stage between that which is no more and that which is to come.

Thus does M. S. Bing express himself in the short preface he has written for the catalogue of this exhibition. The author of "Japon Artistique" has very happily characterised the aims and ambitions of the artists whose fresh and charming works he has been displaying to our view in the galleries of the "Art Nouveau." In most of these productions one was conscious of an interesting striving after novelty, a spontaneous effort in the direction of modernity, coupled nevertheless with a respect for tradition, in which there was no



"VUE D'UN PORT"

BY KWASON SOUZOUKI



"EN BRETAGNE"  
FROM A DRAWING BY  
CH. MILCENDEAU



suspicion of slavishness. The landscapes, the studies of flowers and animals—all were full of that fine ardent feeling of Nature which with the Japanese is almost a religion.

Two of the most remarkable and the most characteristic of these works are now reproduced here—the *Vue d'un port*, by Kwason Souzouki, and the *Villa sous la pluie*, by Kotei—both of rare delicacy of conception and exquisitely deft in treatment

Warm thanks are due to M. Bing for giving us the opportunity of gaining so clear an idea of the modern art movement in Japan.

We give on page 281 an illustration of M. C. Milcendeau's fine drawing entitled *En Bretagne*.

G. M.

**T**URIN.—We have pleasure in giving an illustration of the clever poster designed by the well-known Italian sculptor, Signor Bistolfi, to advertise the important ex-

hibition of decorative art which is to be held in Turin next year.

**F**LORENCE. — Professor Ussi has left 125,000 frs. to the Accademia delle Belle Arti in Florence as a fund, the interest of which is to be used every five years to furnish a prize of 20,000 frs., more or less (but never less than 16,000 frs.), for a painting in oils by an Italian artist. The painting is to be absolutely, not comparatively, worthy the prize, which is to be awarded by a commission formed of five painters. Two of them are to be appointed by the Accademia and three by a majority of the votes of the artists who present their work. Should none of the pictures sent in be worthy the prize, the matter is to stand over for another five years, when two prizes, increased by the interest which has meanwhile been accumulating, are to be offered. Should there be again no "excellent work of art" presented, an international competition shall be opened, after the lapse of another five years, for a single prize, formed by the accumulation of the two previous prizes and their interests.



POSTER

BY L. BISTOLFI









"TESORI"

BY PLINIO NOMELLINI

In this latter case the jury shall be composed of three well-known Italian artists and two foreigners named by the competitors. The pictures which receive the prize are to become the property of the Accademia, and to form a collection bearing the name of the founder; "not," says Professor Ussi, "from any sentiment of personal vanity, but simply because I desire that the association of my name with this institution may be a proof of my great love for art, and a spur and example to others, inciting them to work for her glory." I. M. A.

GREECE.—We have pleasure in giving a coloured reproduction of a cleverly worked and somewhat unconventional piece of embroidery by Madame Anna Papadopulo (*née* Mélas). Madame Papadopulo, who resides in Euboea, has adopted the methods of embroidery employed by the peasants of the island, who carry out their work without the aid of

any pattern or previously arranged design. The charm of the piece here illustrated lies in the successful massing and composition of the colours and in the frank subservience of detail to the requirements of needle-craft.

VENICE.—It is specially due to the Secretary-General, the Deputy Antonio Fradeletto, that our International Exhibitions have attained unflinching success with public and artists alike. This year the display is especially fine, and affords compensation for the poor show made by Italy at the Grand Palais in Paris last year. The young Hungarian School—exhibiting for the first time—showed works which were not seen in Paris. Many of these are notable things. Apart from László, already famous, the artists who specially distinguish themselves here are Horovitz, Kernstock, Magyar-Mannheimer (the last-named) with an



excellent painting, *La figlia del Maharadsha*), Pallya, and Ziegler.

The English gallery is one of the most interesting, both on racial and on technical grounds. There were several splendid drawings by Burne-Jones to be admired, together with the *Sogno di Lancillotto* ("Lancelot's Dream"); and "Peppercorn" sent three most harmonious landscapes. Alfred East is represented by three large canvases, Orchardson by several works shown in Paris; and we also have works by Boughton, Frank Brangwyn, and Walter Crane. The attention of public and critics alike is attracted by two canvases by Byam Shaw—*Dove?* and *Giochi d'Amore*, the last-named being the most popular. The Glasgow School is represented by Lavery, who sends four works of different sorts; by Paterson, Robertson, Kay, and Walton, whose *La Sera*, together with a landscape by Alfred East, has been purchased for the Galleria Moderna of Venice.

Among the Americans the most generally appreciated are Sargent, the two Bensons, Callender, Davis, Homer, Melchers, and Thayer. From North Europe we have works by that most powerful artist, Ancher, from Irminger, Ilsted, Hesselborn, Fritz Thaulow, Fiaestad, Pettersen, and Munthe; while Poland sends a highly esteemed artist in the person of C. Strabrowsky, and Russia relies on Maliavine, whose enormous *Il Riso*—acquired by the Venetian Gallery—has been discussed with considerable bitterness. The Germans are here in force—the illustrious Böcklin, lately deceased, with several interesting unfinished works; Leibl, with two charming little canvases; Lenbach, with a *Bismarck*; Kaulbach, with three portraits; and Franz Stück, with some marvellous little bronzes. Other Teutonic representatives are

Oppler, Dettmann, Jank, Leistikow, Brütt, and Bartels. French art, too, is worthily displayed, its chief exponents being Carrière, Besnard, Raffaëlli, Martin, Ménard, Royer, and Simon, the last-named exhibiting "costume" paintings; also Cottet, with a powerful sea-piece; and Gaston La Touche, with three of his fanciful productions.

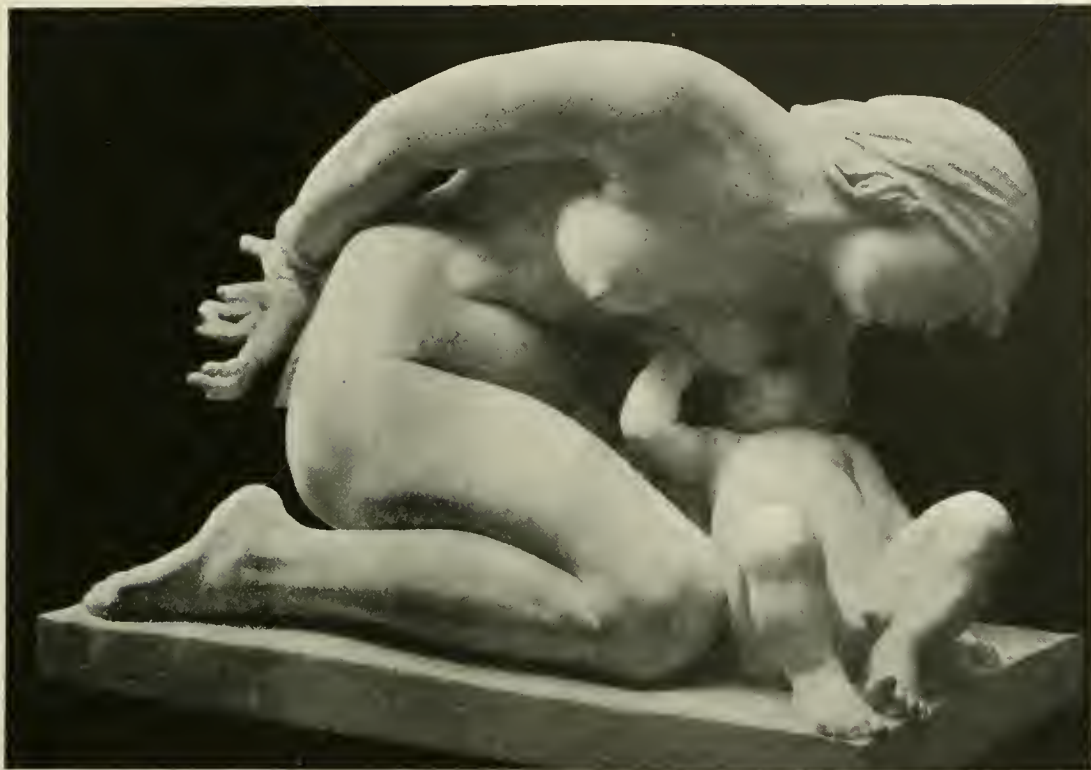
Prominent among the Belgians is Fernand Khnopff, whose little portrait is delightful; and he is well supported by Frédéric, Heymans, Mertens, Buysse, and Claus. Switzerland's champions are Burnand and Weymann, while Spain contributes, through the medium of Sòrrolla, two landscapes and a characteristic figure piece.

A special gallery is devoted to the numerous exhibits of Auguste Rodin, always the subject of keen discussion; or Meunier, not discussed but



"IL MULINO DEL DIAVOLO"

BY MARIO DE MARIA



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

(See Copenhagen Studio-Talk)

BY PROFESSOR SINDING

universally admired; of Braecke, Van der Stappen, Lambeaux; while Cazin and Charpentier send numerous *plaquettes*.

To come now to the Italian galleries. An interesting attempt is being made to divide the artists according to districts. The difficulty is that not all the artists from one particular place are natives thereof; moreover, many of the best-known men are not exhibiting, or at least have nothing new to show.

The honours in the domain of sculpture are divided by two admirable artists—Pietro Canonica, of Turin, and Domenico Trentacoste, of Palermo. The first-named combines perfection of form with a strong sense of character, as may be seen in his busts of the *Duchessa di Genova* and *Tommaso Vallauri*. The other, who has notably broadened his style of late, is seen to great advantage in his *Cicajolo*. Leonardo Bistolfi carries the picturesque sentiment somewhat to excess, while Prince Trubetskoy, whose little bronze groups were highly successful in Paris, again attracts attention by his "nervous" work. Good things are also sent by

Marsili, Quadrelli and Romagnoli. Two painters are also seen in the sculpture gallery—Tito and Sartorio—who exhibit leaping horses.

Collective exhibitions are steadily growing in avour. There were four of them recently worthy of mention. The most important was that of Antonio Fontanesi (1818—1882), who was influenced largely by the French art of 1830. Then we had Gaetano Previati, of Ferrara, a genial idealist, but somewhat lacking in sureness of expression. The works of Luigi Nono, of Venice, on the other hand, were full of observation. That much lamented Neapolitan artist, the late D. Morelli, exhibited four pictures of various periods, which, however, did not give an adequate idea of his splendid gifts. Morelli apart, the Neapolitan display was saved from the charge of mediocrity by the excellent work of Michetti and G. de Nittis. Prominent among the Roman exhibitors were Costa and Cabianca, fine as ever; Sartorio, with a series of views; Coleman, Parisani, Cellini, Carlandi, Farretti, and Beniscelli. A. de Carolis displayed the only decorative painting in the whole exhibition, a truly delightful *Concerto*. Tuscany was worthily represented by the deceased



Signorini, by Fattori, Cannicci, Gioli, Tommasi and Chini.

The coloured etchings by Francesco Vitalini, of Rome, were much appreciated, as were the lively drawings by A. Martini, of Treviso, who has illustrated the classic comic poem, "La Secchia rapita."

Plinio Nomellini exhibited several notable works in the Ligurian section of the International Exhibition, his treatment of water being full of fancy and mysterious sentiment. The picture *Tesori*, reproduced on page 285, has just been purchased by the Government.

Among the Piedmontese Calderini, Tavernier, and Delleani give further proof of their abilities; Bertieri and Thovez display some new effects, and Giuseppe Ricci—lately deceased—charms by the delicate poetry of his religious pictures.

Among the artists of Lombardy the place of honour is taken by Segantini, although his portrait is certainly not one of his best productions. V. Grubicy in his little landscapes reveals himself at once as poet and anatomist. Giuseppe Mentessi, in an audacious triptych, endeavours to show the vanity of *Glory*. Cairati, Belloni and Chiesa are also worthily represented.

Venetian art is worthily and numerously represented. Mario de Maria, a forceful artist, complete master of colour and of solid technique, would seem to have discovered the secrets of the Old Masters. Pietro Fragiaco displays several landscapes remarkable for nobility of sentiment; and Cesare Laurenti, by means of portraits and a diptych, reveals his mild and graceful method to perfection. Impetuous modernity is seen in the works of Tito; while interesting in their several ways are the productions of Ciardi, Chitarin, Bezzi, Luigi and Lino Selvatico, Milesi, and Sartorelli.

R. P.

COPENHAGEN. — Some two or three months ago we published a reproduction of Professor Stephan Sinding's latest great work, *Terra Mater*, and

now we have much pleasure in giving illustrations of three of his most famous previous groups—works which have won for themselves the highest honour and an almost world-wide reputation. They tend to illustrate as it were different stages in Sinding's artistic development, but they all bear testimony of his unusual originality and of the rare pregnancy of his imagination. In the *A Mother with her Dead Son* a somewhat rugged power, coupled with much pathos, is the most distinctive feature; whilst the later group, *Two Human Beings*, is full of restful, tender harmony, however fervent the embrace in which the man and the woman cling to each other. Sinding dislikes



"A MOTHER WITH HER DEAD SON"

BY PROF. SINDING



"TWO HUMAN BEINGS"

(See Copenhagen Studio-Talk)

BY PROFESSOR SINDING

everything savouring of conventionalism, and his works almost without exception have the hall-mark of a strong and independent personality.

G. B.

**H**OLLAND.—An Exhibition of considerable importance for art-industries is now open at The Hague.

In the Gothic Hall, kindly lent for that purpose by the Queen, a unique collection is brought together of old furniture, carved in ebony and ivory, teak and djati-wood, of the sort called Old Dutch or Indo-Portuguese, of which there are some few specimens in the South Kensington Museum and at Penshurst Place. The tables, chests, chairs and beds were wonderfully ornamented by Indian workmen on types of European furniture of the epoch. About fifty pieces are brought together here from private collections in Holland.

The textiles give a perfectly complete survey of all types of the art of weaving as practised by the aborigines of the Dutch Indian Archipelago, in their simple and artistic manner. Among them there are many Java "batiks" (dyed cotton), giving nearly all the motives and delicate colours that have been handed down for centuries in the different noble Javanese families of Djocja and Solo.

There are also woven cloths in silk and gold and silver thread, in cotton and bark of trees, from Atjeh, Bali, Palembang, the Battaks and Dajaks, the Talaet and Sangir and Timor Isles.

These valuable pieces were kindly lent for this special Exhibition, which was organised by the Society "Oost en West" by many collectors and by the museums of Leyden, Haarlem, Utrecht Rotterdam, etc. This remarkable exhibition contains about one thousand specimens that will probably never again be seen together. PH. Z.



BUDAPEST.—With regard to its public monuments, Budapest shares the fate of all modern cities: it has practically no good "memorialists," if so we may term those who design memorials. It is not within my province here to discuss the why and the wherefore of all this; moreover, it would lead one too far afield, in any case. Very different is it if we turn our gaze from the living to the abodes of the dead. In the Kerepeser Cemetery in this city one looks in amazement at the abundance of really fine memorials. Here our best sculptors—George Zala, Alajos Strobl, and Gyula Donáth—have excelled themselves, the last-named being responsible for the greater part of the work. His first production, the memorial of Adolf Huszár, the sculptor, is a poetically conceived figure, revealing beautiful, delicate lines, and thoroughly original treatment. The happy blending of the Hellenic idea and the symbol of Christianity—one of the Fates leaning against the Cross as he cuts the thread of life—is altogether novel and effective. Then in sequence come the monument to the painter A. Ligeli, *The Tragic Muse*; that to the Peténiji family (*Fuit*, a Spirit extinguishing the Lamp of Life, which holds no more oil); that of the lately deceased Burgomaster of Budapest, K. Kammenmayer; that of the poet, János Vajda; and that of Peterffy, the Hellenist. All Donáth's works are characterised by high sentiment and beautiful line, allied to a masterful sense of form. A. T.

ROME.—In the course of February last the question of inaugurating the new bronze statues for the fountain in the Piazza Termini was considered. The Municipal Council offered vigorous opposition, regarding the figures of the Naiads as being unduly nude. As if Rome had not already its fair share of glorious artistic nudities! And one fine night the crowd knocked down the railings of the monument—an original form of inauguration which must surely have pleased the Council. The four boldly-modelled bronzes are by Mario Rutelli, a sculptor of Palermo, well-known and esteemed as the author of other grand allegorical works.

But Rome was his first love; for there he spent a great part of his youth, and there he wedded the beautiful Angiola Pascucci. I have been endeavouring—and not without success—to discover some of his early work done here. Quite unknown to the world generally is a small landscape by Böcklin, now in possession of the painter, Nino Costa, who was one of his friends. It dates back to 1850, or a few years later, and is really remarkable on account of its warm colour and its technical skill.



MONUMENT

BY GYULA DONÁTH

Arnold Böcklin died, it will be remembered, at Florence on the 17th of January.



MONUMENT TO THE POET VAJDA

BY GYULA DONÁTH

The two canvases by Böcklin, belonging to the sculptor Kopf, are the chief adornment of his Ancient and Modern gallery. The artists were on the most cordial terms, as Kopf plainly shows in his valuable memoir.

Böcklin did a portrait of Kopf in 1863—a clear, fresh work, simply modelled in the style of Holbein—and even at this length of time the resemblance is remarkable. The other painting is a small landscape, done in 1866, and resembling Corot at his best.

**B**ERLIN.—By the death of Herman Grimm, who was as much appreciated in England as in his native land, all artists and lovers of art have lost a true friend, one whose simple-hearted delight in the beautiful led him to ignore everything which

could in any way detract from it. Throughout his eminently successful career Herman Grimm maintained this position without flinching, winning for himself many an appreciative admirer outside what so often becomes a narrow literary clique. His spoken words, which were so often eagerly listened to by the University students of Germany, did much to spread the love of art and to awaken interest in subjects connected with it. His influence will, we have no doubt, live long, for it will be kept active by his literary works, which, full as they are of true romance, the outcome of an imagination thoroughly in touch with the past, have about them in the beginning of this new century something which may perhaps be called almost anachronistic.

On the very day when Grimm passed away, the huge monument erected opposite the Reichstag at Berlin to the memory of Prince Bismarck was unveiled in the presence of an immense and sympathetic crowd of spectators. Unfortunately it is impossible to feel that this gigantic example of modern German sculpture is altogether satisfactory. No little courage must have been needed to undertake it, and there is no doubt that the famous artist Reinhold Begas, who is now nearly seventy years old, has displayed rare

technical skill, and that there is about his work no little character and dash; but something more than such qualities as these is needed to ensure the spiritual force, the ideal dignity which should characterise a theme such as that he had to treat. There are, in fact, certain weaknesses about the figure of the Chancellor which no allegorical setting can disguise. Future historians will know how to value this monument, the expression of the homage rendered by the German people to one of their greatest men, and writers on modern art will, perforce, refer to it on account of its huge proportions; but they cannot fail at the same time to comment upon the contrast between the amount of material employed and the artistic effect produced, especially if they compare it with Schluter's monument to the great Chancellor or other works of a similar stamp.

L. K.





"AU BAIN"

(By permission of M. Kopy. See Rome Studio-Talk)

BY A. RÖCKLIN

## REVIEWS.

*Dictionary of Architecture and Building.* By RUSSEL STURGIS, A.M., Ph.D. Vol. II. (London and New York: Macmillan.) Price 25s.—The present volume of this work deals with subjects comprised within the letters F to N. The most important articles are those treating generally upon architecture in France, Germany, Italy, and Japan. They are concise and well written. The large number of well selected illustrations with which the volume abounds should render it both popular and useful.

*Gardening for Beginners.* By E. T. COOK. (London: George Newnes, Ltd.) Price 10s. 6d. net.—Among the numerous books which have recently appeared upon the gardener's craft the present volume will be acceptable on account of its practicability. It is full of useful and up-to-date information, and its charm is enhanced by a large number of photographs of plants and flowers excellently reproduced and printed.

*Bungalows and Country Residences: A Series of Designs.* By R. A. BRIGGS, F.R.I.B.A. Fifth edition. (London: Batsford.) Price 12s. 6d.—Some new drawings have been added to this last edition of a very popular book. Mr. Briggs is a practical architect, and his designs possess considerable artistic charm. Those about to build a house should consult this volume.

*Zweige und Ranken*, Lieterung 1 und 2. (Leipzig: Wilhelm Opetz.)—Each portfolio contains twelve large plates, representing leafed boughs and creeping herbs, which will be found of the greatest assistance to artists and art-students.

Messrs. G. Rowney & Co. have issued a series of sketch books of different sizes for the use of draughtsmen in pen and ink. They consist of a number of fine Bristol boards bound together by rings. Their great convenience for out-door use should make them acceptable to workers in black and white.

Mr. Charles H. Mackie, the painter, of Edinburgh, in his spare hours has been experimenting with a new method of hand-printing, and has produced some remarkable examples of polychromatic work. The subjects upon which he has been engaged are designs in Greek style, purporting to be representations of fragments of ancient decorated pottery. The main interest of the prints lies in the technically excellent results obtained. We understand that the work is impressed from blocks cut by the artist himself, the said blocks being of various materials other than wood. The effects achieved are quite unique, and we would like to see other subjects in a frankly modern spirit treated by the same process.

## Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

### AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

#### CLASS A. DECORATIVE ART.

##### DESIGN FOR A SUNDIAL.

(A X.)

Want of space prohibited the reproduction of the details of *Barnev's* Sundial.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been awarded to *Tramp* (David Veazey, 27 Rectory Place, Woolwich).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Barney* (Fredk. J. Baruish, 43 Bewsey Street, Warrington).

Honourable mention is given to the following :—*Bloom* (T. A. Cook); *A.D. 1901* (C. J. White); *Aurora* (I. J. Whitcombe); *Nemo* (E. J. Rouse); and *Curlew* (Lennox G. Bird); *Salt* (C. H. Smith);

*Light* (Sydney R. Turner); and *Trebor* (E. R. Brewer).

#### CLASS B. PEN-AND-INK WORK.

##### DESIGN FOR A TITLE-PAGE.

(B X.)

Many of the designs sent in for this Competition, including several of those here illustrated, are more suitable for book-covers than for title-pages.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been gained by *Coridon* (Edward Pay), 27, Milton Court Road, New Cross, S.E.

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*), by *Black Spear* (Marjory Parker Rhodes), Whiston Grange, Rotherham, Yorks.

Honourable mention is given to the following :—*Romano* (David H. Smith); *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Trebor* (E. R. Brewer); *Ajrose* (A. Wilson Shaw); *West Countryman* (Edward H. Atwell); *Patience* (Gertrude Elizabeth Stevens); *Orthodoxy* (Claire Murrell); and *Brush* (Percy Lancaster).

#### CLASS C. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

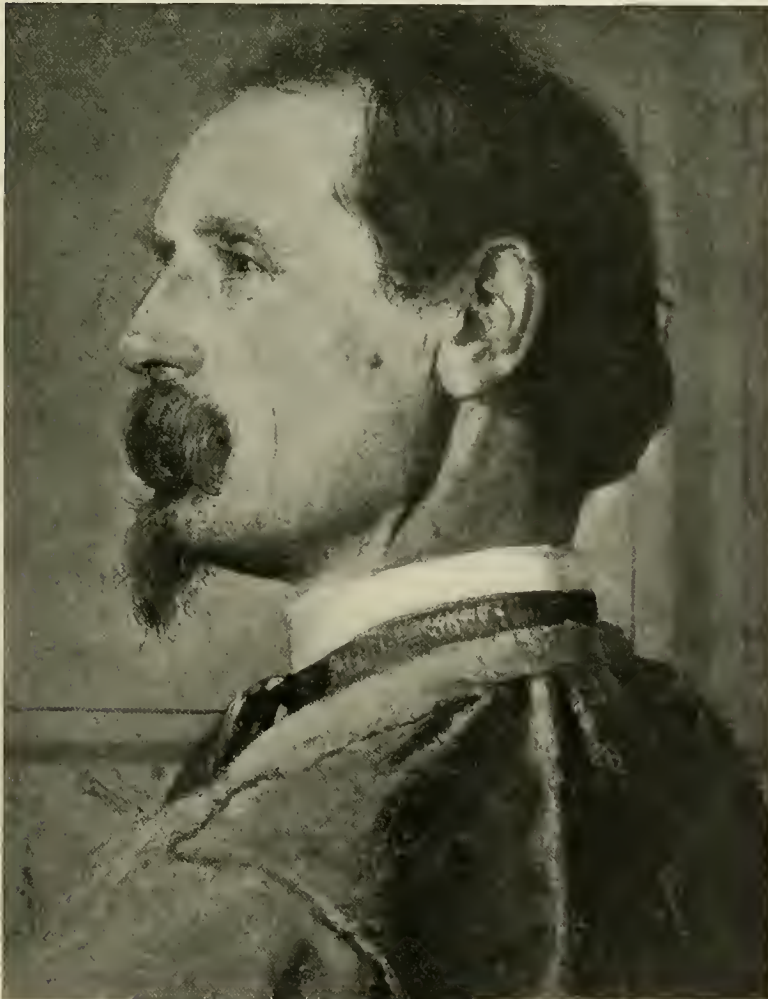
##### STUDY OF A ROSE TREE IN BLOOM.

(C IX.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Avalon* (Walter Tully, 76 Benedict Street, Glastonbury).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*), to *Fisher-Boy* (Leonard Stevenson, 6 Holly Street, Woodborough Road, Nottingham).

Honourable mention is given to the following :—*Sweet Pea* (Miss Rochussen); *Pergola* (John A. McMichael); *Bayford* (Leonard M. Powell); *Wivi* (H. Mayer Gmelin, Holland); *Dandie Dinmont* (Daniel Dunlop); *Memoa* (Henry Charles Leat); and *La Jonchère* (Louis de Crevecoeur).



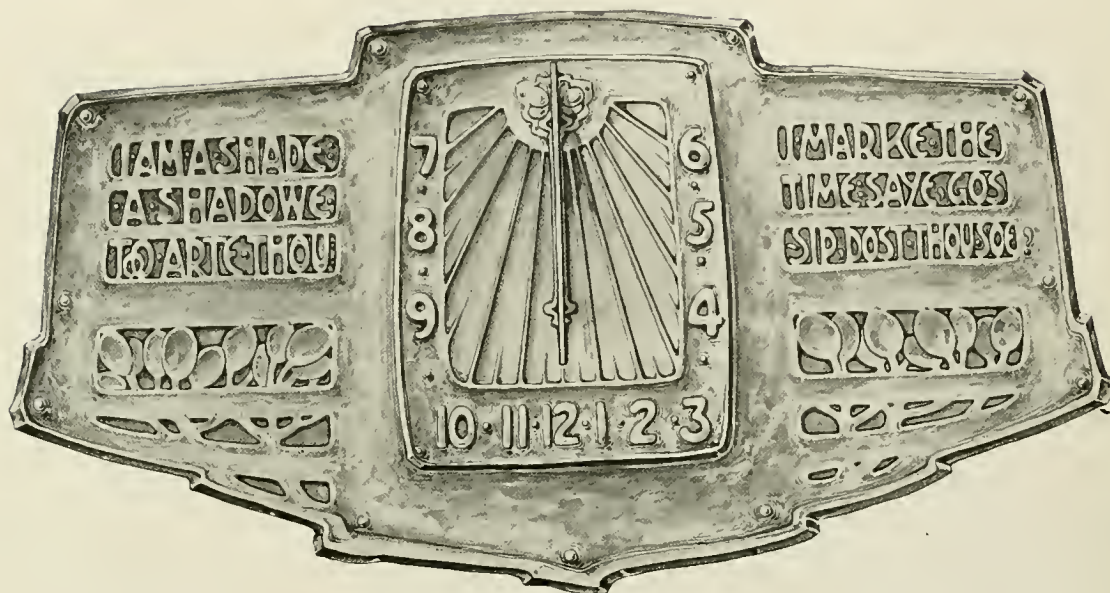
PORTRAIT OF M. KOPF

(See *Rome Studio-Talk*)

BY A. BÖCKLIN

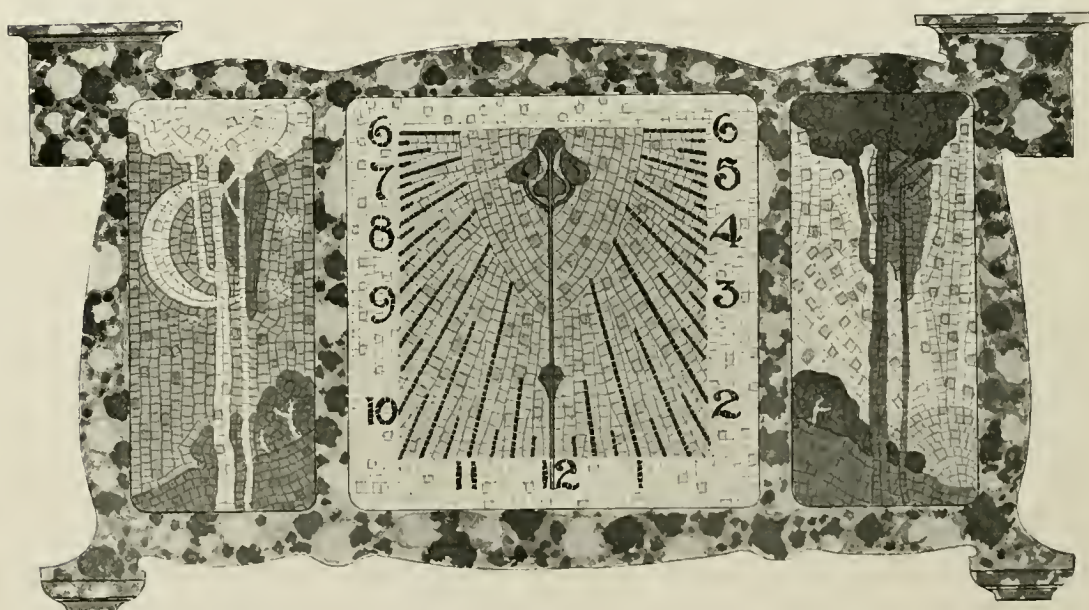


*Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions*



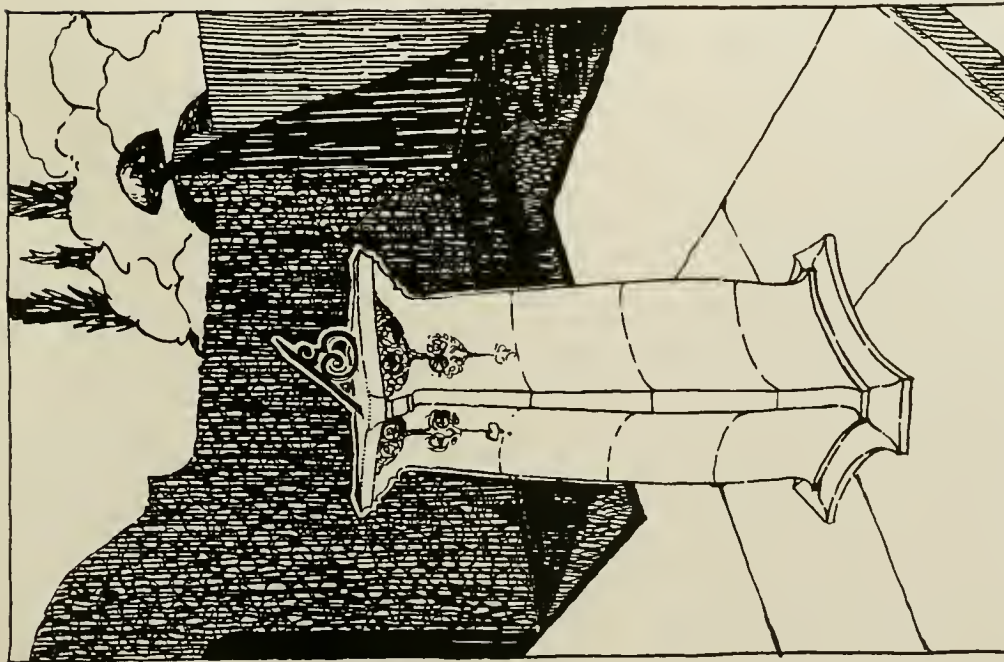
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A X)

"TRAMP"



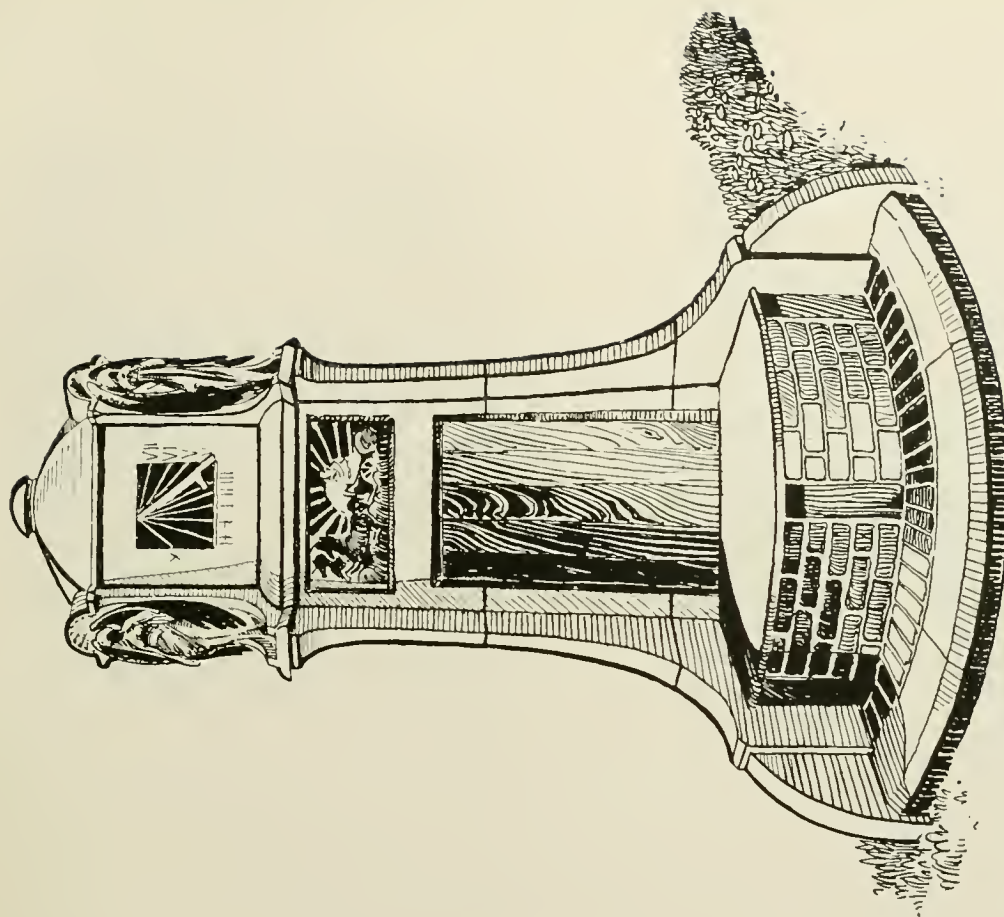
HON. MENTION (COMP. A X)

"BLOOM"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A. X.)

"BARNEY"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A. X.)

"AURORA"



# Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions



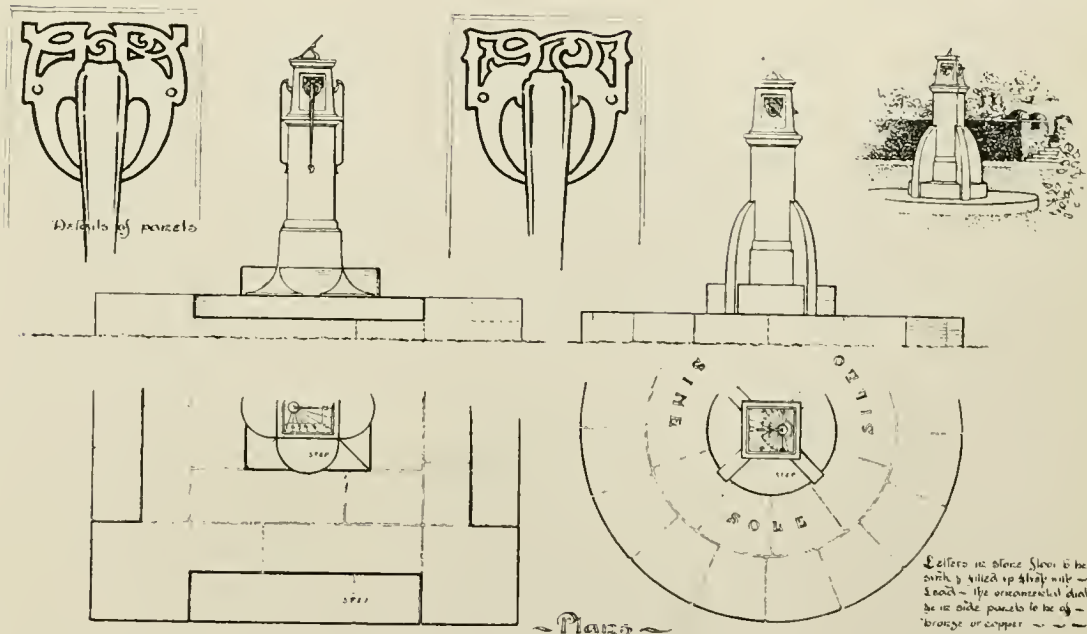
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"NEMO"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A X)

"CURLEW"

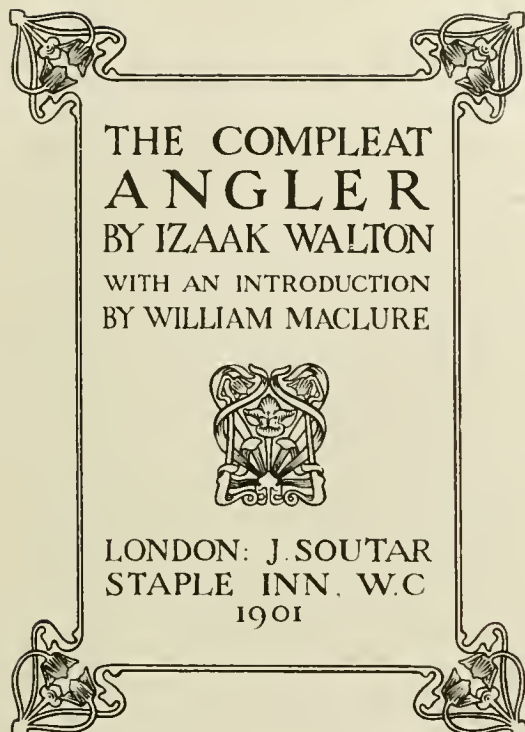


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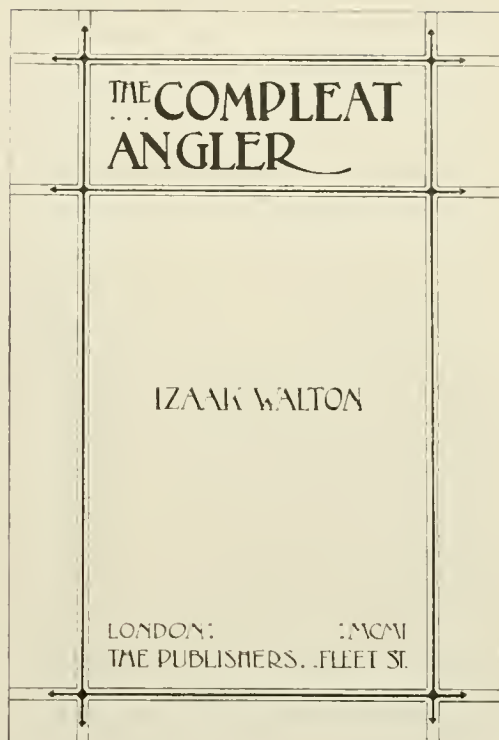
"A.D. 1901"

*Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions*



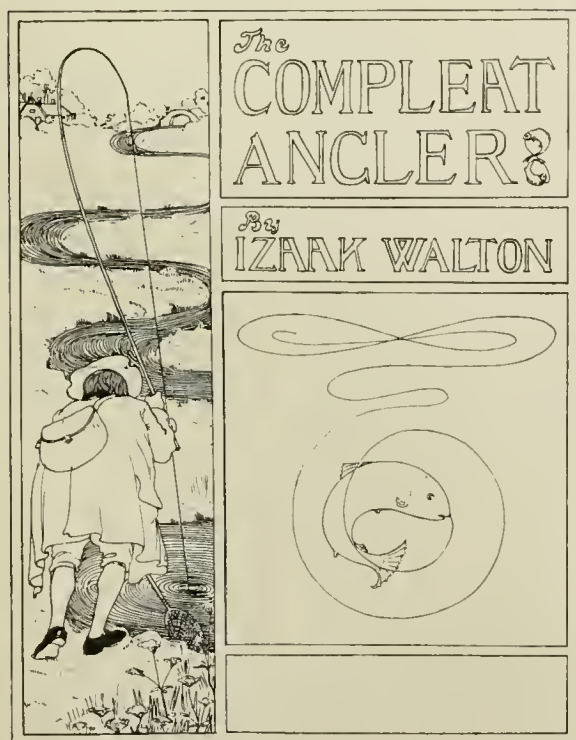
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B X)

"CORIDON"



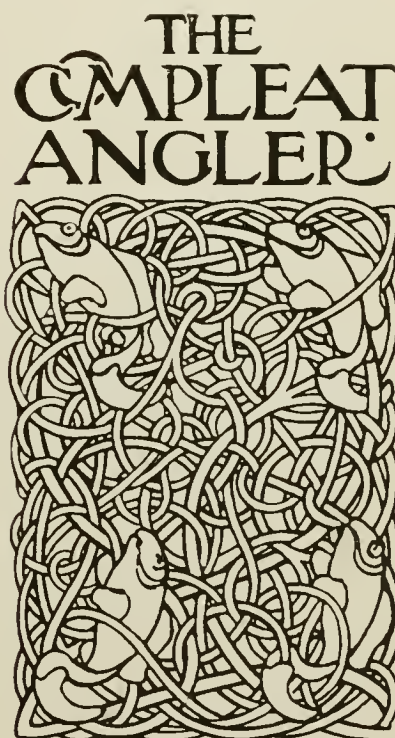
HON. MENTION (COMP. B X)

"AJROSE"



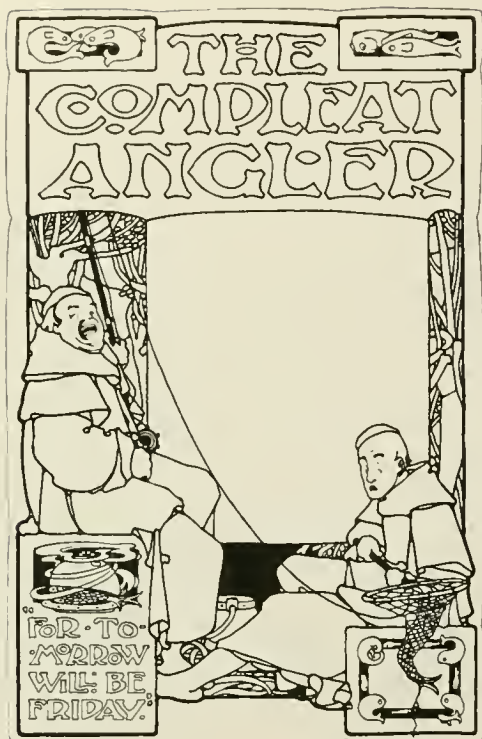
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B X)

"BLACK SWAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B X) "ROMANO"





HON. MENTION (COMP. B X) "WEST COUNTRYMAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B X)

"ISCA"

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HON. MENTION (COMP. B X)

"AJROSE"

# THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.



By



HON. MENTION (COMP. B X)

"TREBOR"



299

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C IX)  
BY "AVALON"



THE LAY FIGURE ON A DEBATE  
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“BRITISH legislators—I like to give them this long name,” said the Reviewer, smiling—“are always at their best when they prattle about art.”

“That irony is overdone,” replied the Journalist. “You might as well say that thieves are always honest when they steal.”

“I spoke quite seriously,” replied the Reviewer. “The endless loquacity of Parliament is now such an offensive thing, so full of pretentious claptrap, of mere froth and humbug, that it needs nothing so much as manly frankness; and British legislators are always frank and bluff when they venture to talk on artistic subjects. They don’t care for art, and they say so plainly; they don’t understand its services to the State, and they are honest enough to confess their ignorance. That is better than a sham enthusiasm.”

“So far, so good,” said the Critic. “Yet statesmen and politicians must be taught to understand that the commercial well-being of nations becomes ever the more dependent on the applied arts. A recognition of this truth would have prevented a great waste of public money in England, during those long years in which the national schools of art did little else but distribute certificates to drawing-masters, and pretty compliments to a host of girl painters. Such was the British way of encouraging good design.”

“But that is a blunder of the past,” said the Man with the Briar Pipe. “In this year’s National Competition for art students, there was plenty of good common sense, and a little pressure from the general public will cause the Parliamentary Mind to deviate into the same useful quality.”

“Where art is concerned?” asked the Critic, sceptically. “How much common sense showed itself on the 22nd of July, when the fine arts in England formed the subject of debate in the House of Lords? Lord Stanmore then moved for an address, praying that the King would direct the appointment of a Royal Commission, similar in character and object to the one over which the late Prince Albert presided from 1842 to 1861. This Commission, which owed both its origin and its partial success to Queen Victoria’s Consort, had three aims to work for. First, the general improvement of art in England; next, the direction and supervision of the decorative work which was to be carried out in the new Palace of Westminster; and, third, the placing of pictures and statues in the Houses of Parliament, so that great events in

history and distinguished men might not be forgotten in the turmoil of party warfare. £4,000 a year was spent by Prince Albert’s Commission. Lord Stanmore, in his speech on July 22, said he would be content if a new Commission were granted only half that sum.”

“In other words,” said the Journalist, “he asked for less money than the nation invests in machinery for a gunboat.”

“Quite so,” the Critic laughed. “Yet the Prime Minister spoke of Lord Stanmore’s extravagance. It seemed to him that £2,000 a year would be an alarming sum for any Chancellor of the Exchequer to think about in connection with any step favourable to advanced art. The Treasury would be obdurate, and the public would support the Treasury. For the British people, according to Lord Salisbury, do not care for art.”

“If that be true,” cried the Reviewer, “why were the British people the first to encourage the best forms of illustrated journalism? Besides, all who take delight in flowers and plants, like the Anglo-Saxons, have in them some of that stuff of which poets and artists are made. We may be sure of that. Englishmen certainly have not lost that love of freshness and colour which the Puritans tried to extinguish. They are not insensitive to art influences, as Lord Salisbury would admit were he to see the clever work done by children in the free schools. Indeed, one is almost inclined to think that the artistic temperament, with its feminine sensitiveness and alertness, is becoming even too common in England, for the prevalence of this temperament has always been hostile to the maintenance of an Empire.”

“However that may be,” said the Critic, “it is impossible not to agree with the excellent suggestion made by the Earl of Rosebery in Lord Stanmore’s debate. After pointing out that the Government does nothing at all for the National Portrait Gallery, he suggested that the trustees of the Gallery should be empowered to apply to the Treasury once a year for permission to entrust the execution of a portrait of some great contemporary to some great artist of whom the nation is justly proud. If this be not done, he added, we have no conceivable chance, except through the patriotism of an individual—and this is not a quantity on which you can always reckon—of obtaining portraits of great living contemporaries for the national collection.”

“A point which cannot be insisted upon too often,” said

THE LAY FIGURE.













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